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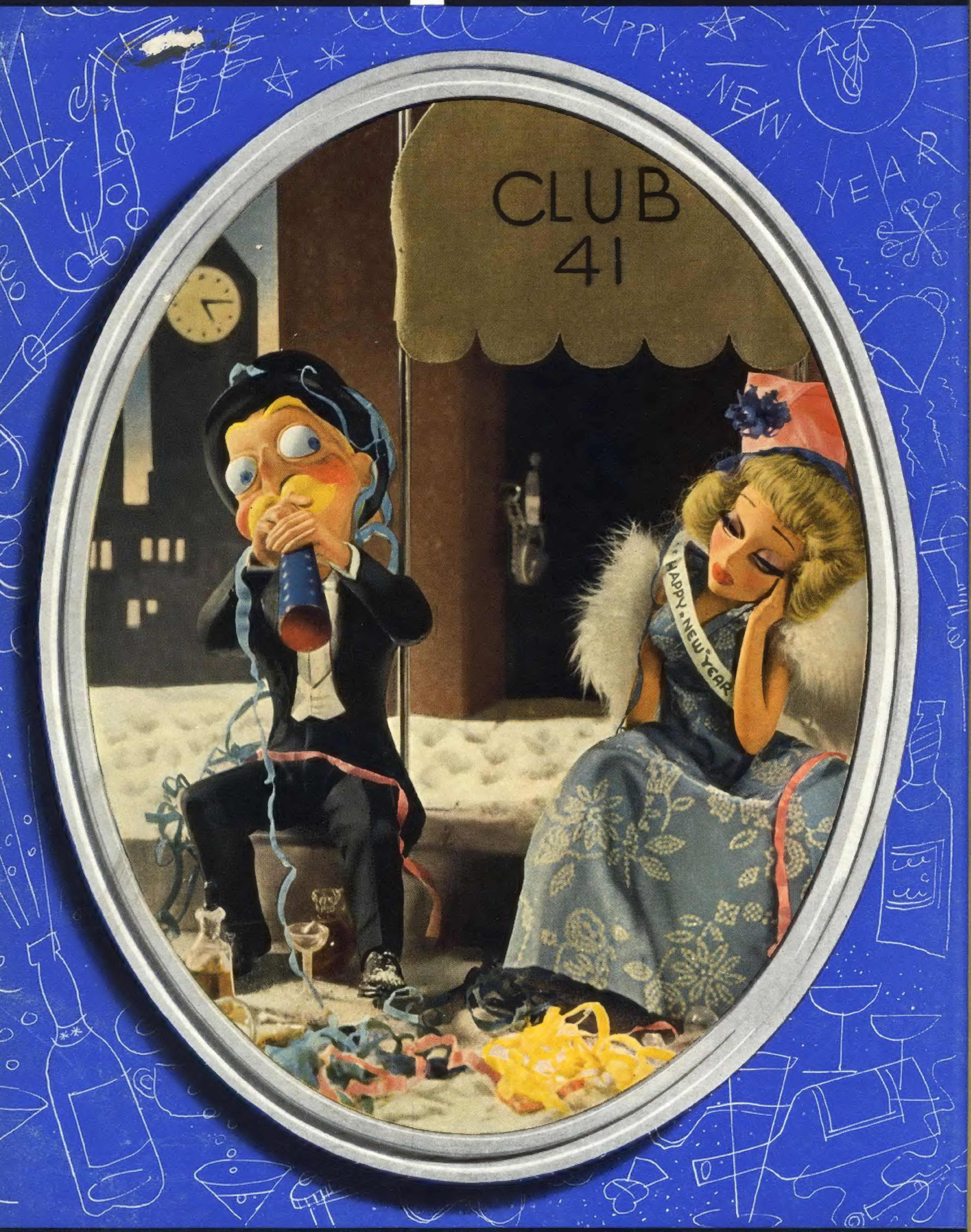
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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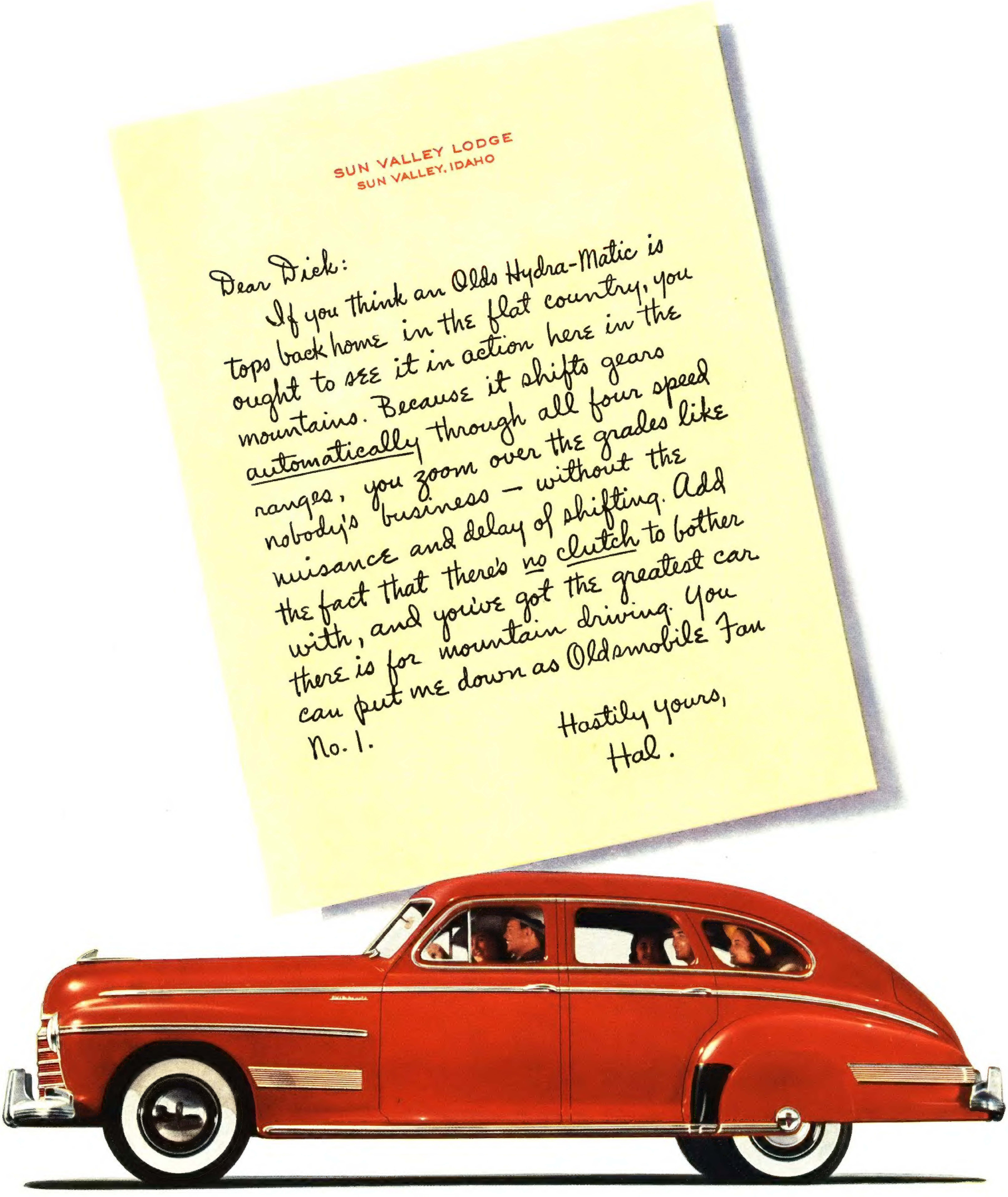

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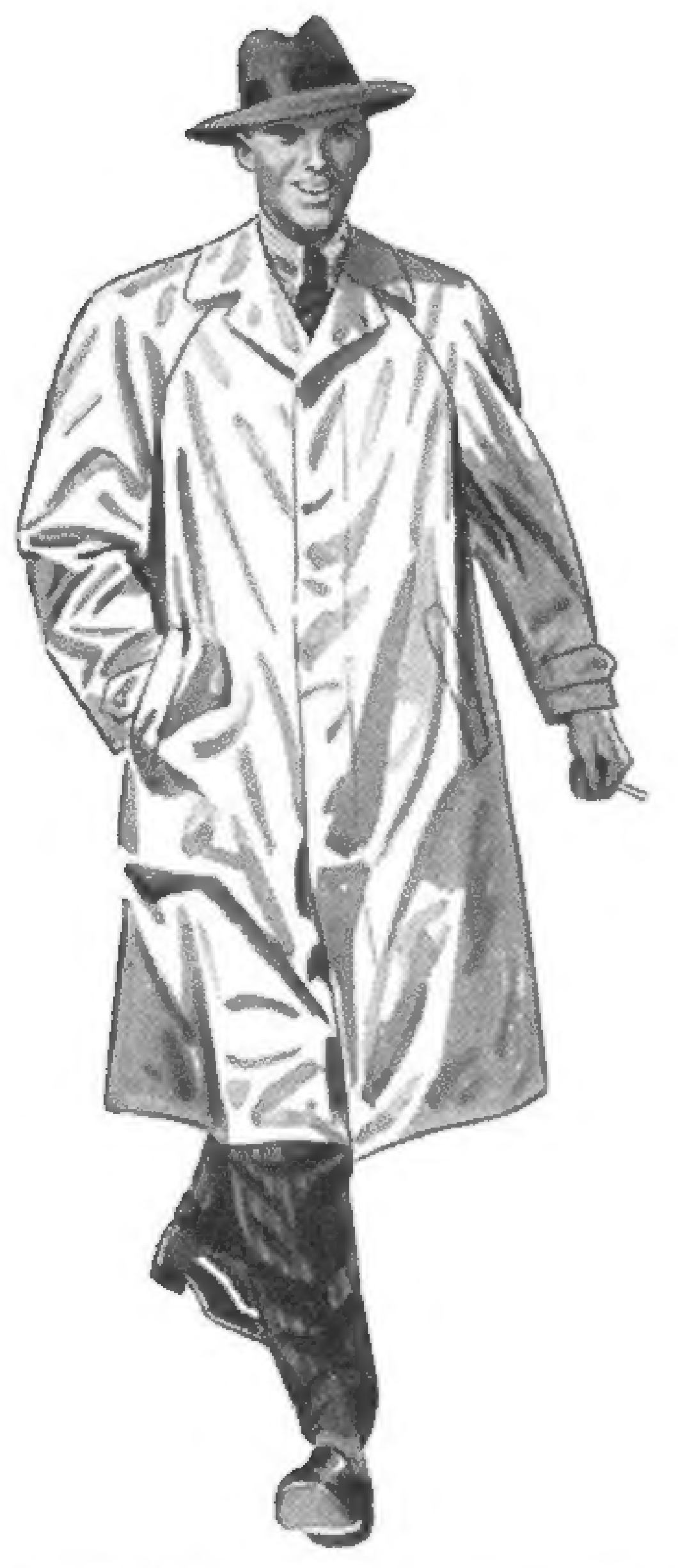

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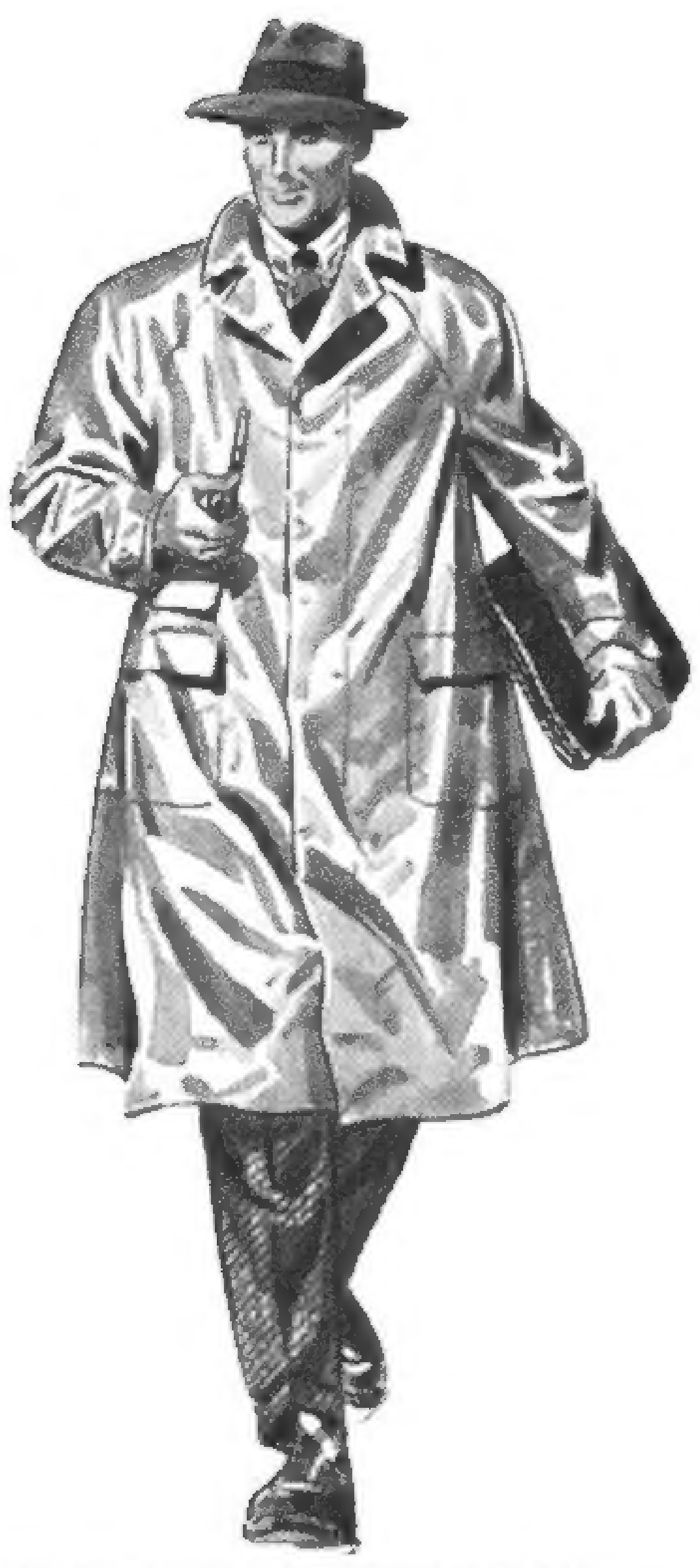

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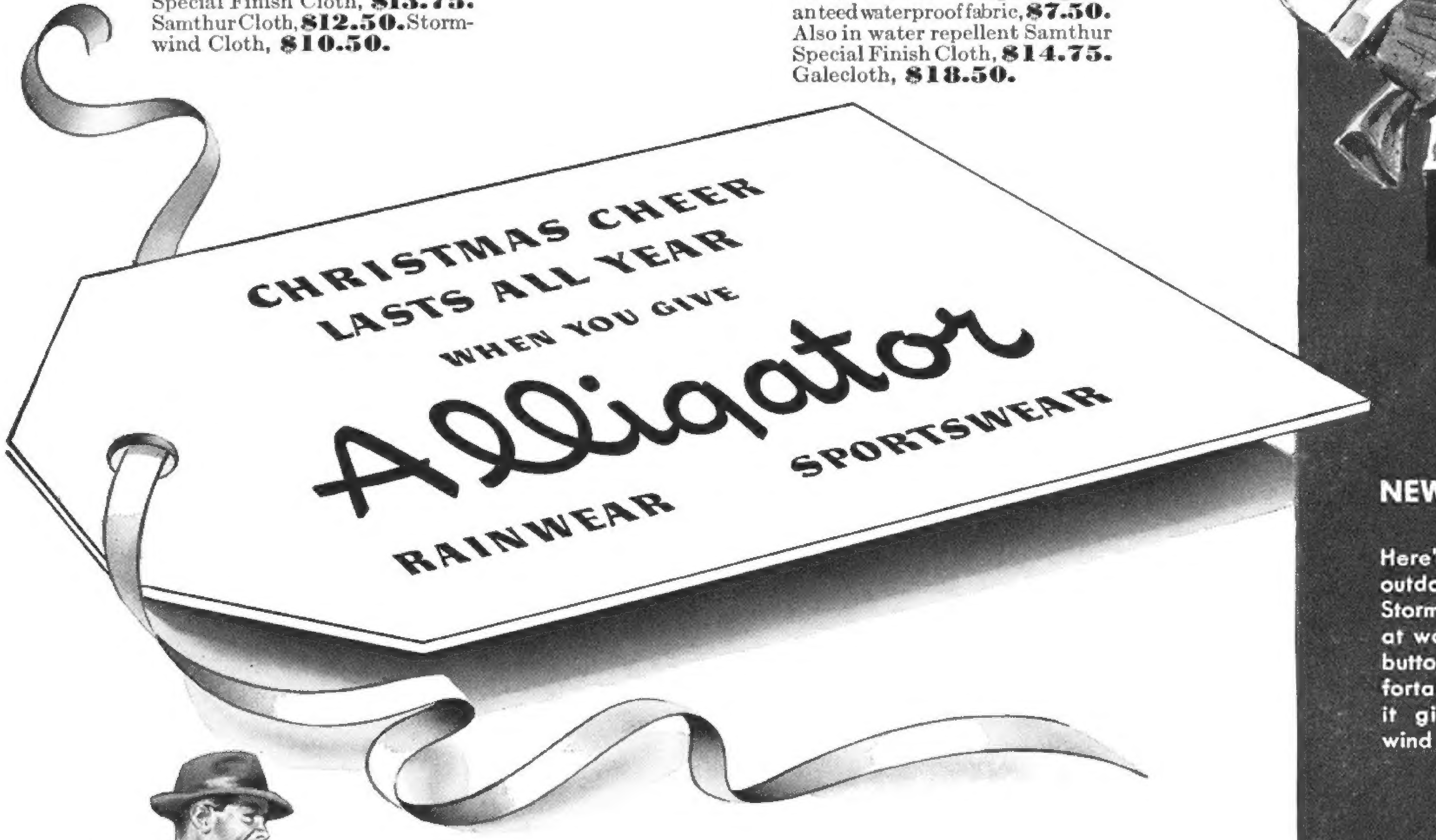

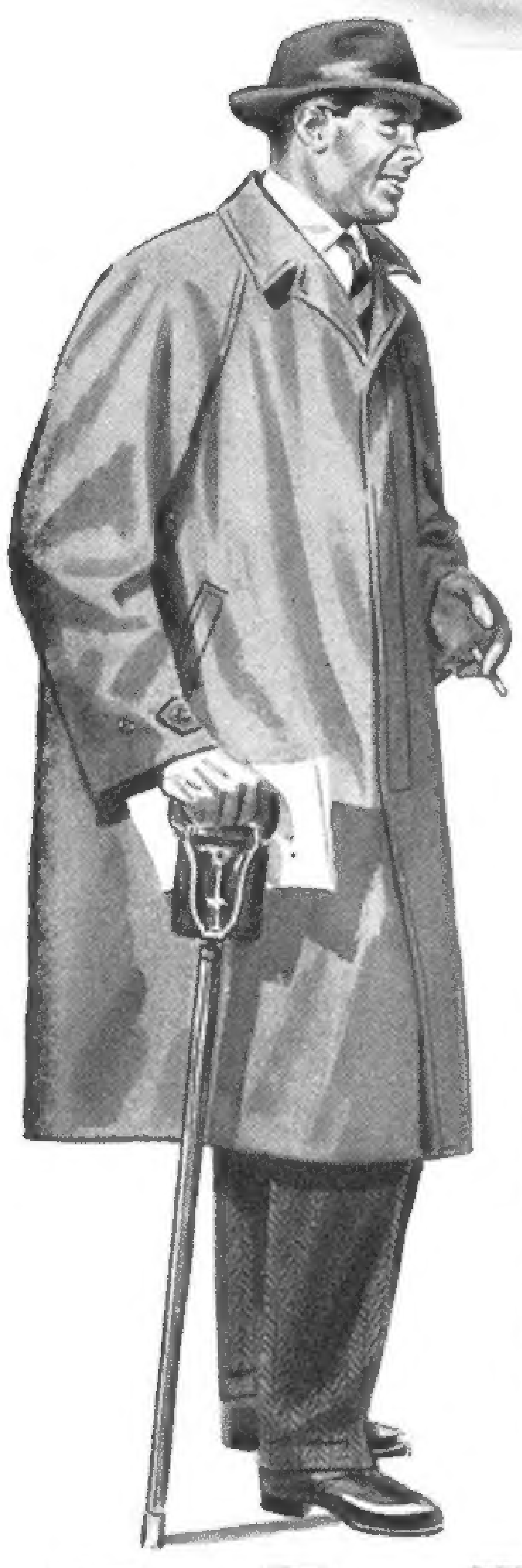

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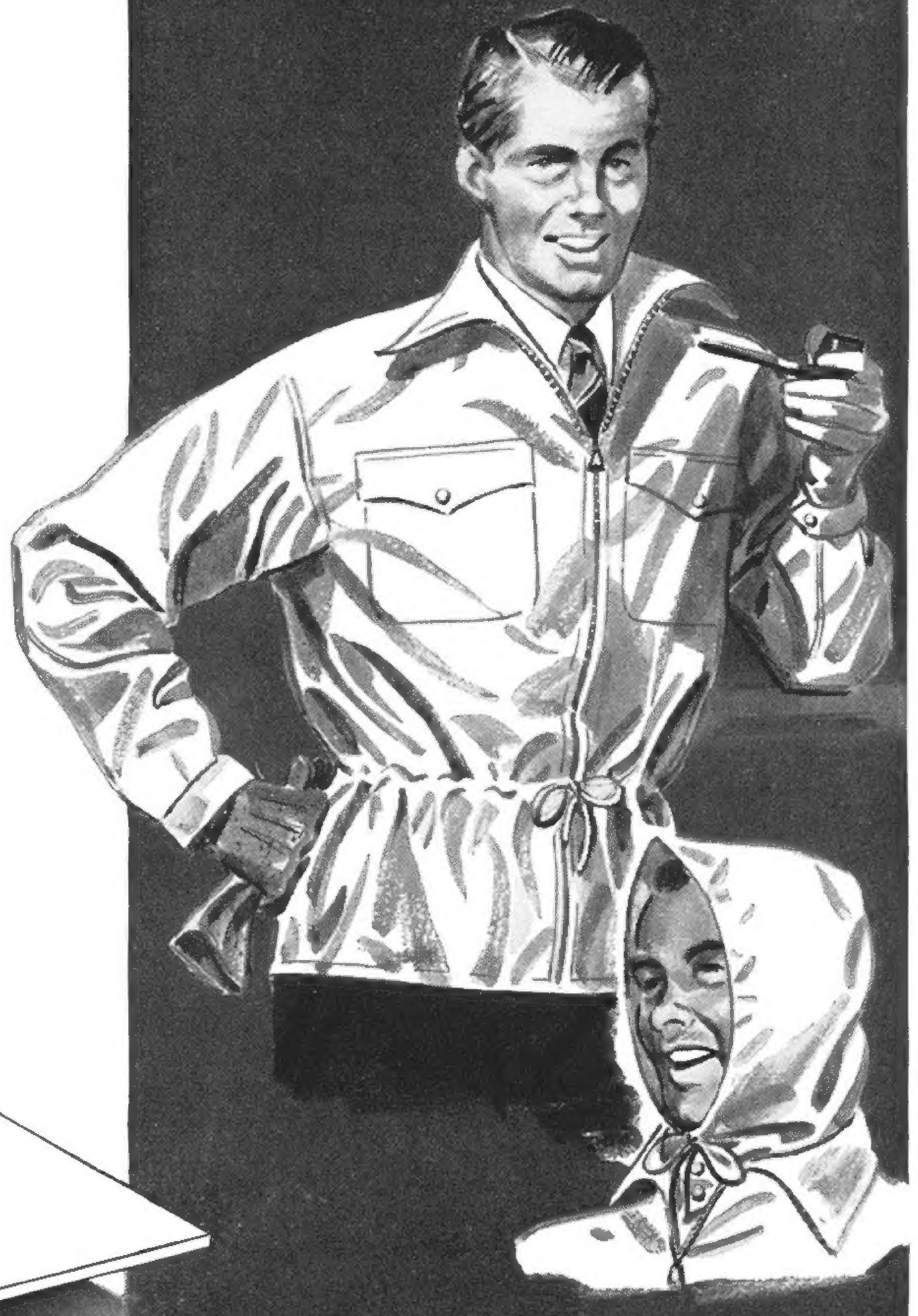

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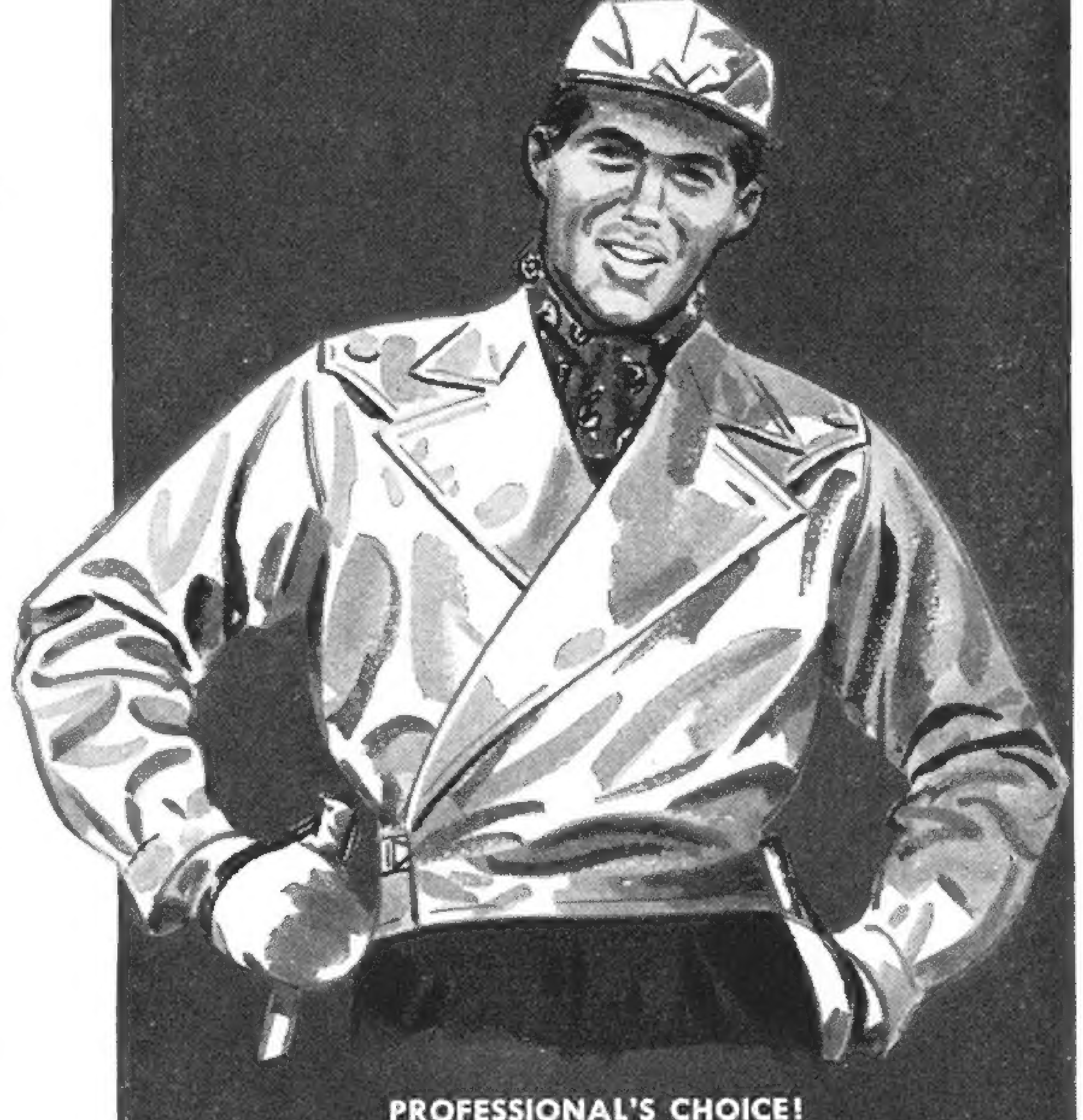

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Esquire
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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On how far is a submarine

This isn't this month's editorial, despite the fact that it occupies the monthly editorial's accustomed space. The plain fact is that the editorial seems to have outgrown this old space, so it has been moved to the page following this. If you want to read this month's editorial (and for once we sort of hope you do because it has some good news in it) this is just to advise you that now and henceforth you will find it on page 6 instead of here in its old spot on page 5.

Next month, after those who *do* read the editorial have formed the habit of looking for it on page 6 instead of page 5, we aim to give this page a pretty thorough overhauling and renovating. We hope that the result will be a Table of Contents page that will be more useful than this one has ever been.

But in the meantime, this space gives us a chance to get on record now a correction to a mis-statement in one of the articles in last month's (December) number.

The following letter from John Edwin Hogg both exhibits and corrects the mistake:

"I'm sorry to note that a mis-print crept into my December article: *Booby Trap For National Defense.* Someone evidently thought I had too many ciphers for the cruising range of the modern "fleet type" submarine—so the figure of 34,000 miles was reduced to 3,400 miles.

"3,400 miles is far below the cruising range that was attained long before World War No. 1. Otherwise German submarines could not have worked as they did in the South Atlantic. Do you remember the German commercial submarine "Deutschland" that brought a load of chemicals to New York before the United States entered the war, returning with rubber and other vital supplies? Also the German sub that bobbed up in Long Island Sound after we were in the war—to pour several salvos of shells into New London, Connecticut?

"The cruising range of the larger types of subs was well over 12,000 miles in 1918, and it has been steadily increased in all the newer vessels. 30,000 miles was attained in 1925 by the Holland-Dutch sub, Van Lindschotten, which, after being launched in Holland, took up her permanent station at Tanjong Priok, Java, via the Atlantic, the Panama Canal and the Pacific. While she stopped at Panama and the Island of Guam, she required no supplies in making this peacetime cruise nearly three-fourths of the way around the earth. Our own "fleet submarines" of the *Nautilus* and *Narwhal* type have a cruising range of 34,000 miles, which can be stretched to 36,000 if necessary. Thus they are easily capable of striking anywhere on the seven seas and returning to a continental U. S. seaport."

Now to explain how the mistake occurred. In reading proof on the article, one of our proofreaders phoned the navy department here in Chicago and whoever answered the phone hooted at the idea of a cruising range for a submarine of 34,000 miles. So our proofreader, duly impressed by such an authoritative hoot, calmly lopped one zero off Hogg's figure, without giving either the author or the editor a chance to change it back again.

After getting the foregoing letter from Mr. Hogg, we called the navy department again and this time another voice on the other end of the line conceded that there is one type of submarine, having a Diesel engine and batteries, which can re-charge its batteries when it comes to the surface, and thus increase its cruising range. When asked what the maximum distance might be, he answered that sometimes they go as far as 10,000 miles.

Our office copy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, published in 1940 (and apparently less conservative than the navy), ventures 16,000 miles as the maximum cruising range of submarines.

None of which justifies our proofreader's high-handed treatment of John Edwin Hogg's figure in his December article—but does document our oft-voiced feeling that Esquire will probably never lose its amateur standing as a strictly free-hand edited magazine.

T. M.
Reg.

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Whole No. 86

T. M.
Reg.

EDITORIAL: Variations on Beauty and the Beast

Last month's editorial appeared to such awkward disadvantage in its cramped old space beneath the Table of Contents that we finally came to the conclusion that it was time to give it its figurative first pair of long pants and let it stretch out in comfort on a full page. The extra space thus afforded the Table of Contents listings is to be used, after this month, in an attempt to help the browsing reader make up his mind about sampling the month's various attractions.

As for this new space, we'd like to devote it, this first time, to a story or two about a fellow and a girl.

I

This is in Africa. Fellow we know. He's out there, on safari, and his luck so far has been wonderful. He's always been a lucky hunter anyway. Wherever he goes he always finds good hunting and he's hunted almost everywhere. Not that he holds any world's records. Most of those are held by people who have been hunting that same game in that same region for years. But he has come into new country and knocked off specimens that were only inches shy of measuring up to the largest ever taken. That happened, for instance, the first time he ever went after Kodiak bear, up in Alaska. And now, here in Africa, his luck has been dreamlike. He has had cape buffalo, leopards, lions, a mammoth rhinoceros and even, that hunter's ultimate thrill, his first elephant. One was all his license allowed, but with that first fine careless rapture that the kill of an elephant brings (and with the spot payment of a thousand dollars) he has promptly taken a second license and has just now had his chance to use it.

He has sighted, taken careful aim, and squeezed the trigger at an elephant with tusks that must go over a hundred pounds apiece. In fact, just as he was about to fire, his white hunter standing nearby has softly cautioned him, "Mind you don't hit the ivory now," and perhaps that, perhaps a touch of overconfidence, has been just enough to deflect his bullet, with the result that the elephant has gone—not down but away, hit enough to hurt but not to kill, and is off now, into the bush, making more noise than the passage of an invading army.

Now they track the beast. His black gunbearer points excitedly, now and again, to tell-tale traces that look like torn pieces of sponge that have been soaked in red ink. Hunks of elephant lung-tissue. And now, suddenly and sure enough, here is his elephant, with its huge ears signaling its awareness of danger, its lumbering bulk turning to charge.

He slides back the bolt of his .470 Gibbs elephant gun—only to find that the bolt comes free without the shell, jamming the breech and rendering the arm useless as a broken crutch. And at this moment the elephant would decide, at last, but definitely, to charge. The elephant comes lunging forward at the approximate pace, and size, of a shunting switch engine. Dropping the Gibbs, he turns to the black boy still standing doggedly behind him, grabs his Mannlicher 6.5 (plenty big for antelope but never built for bull elephants) and draws a bead. The elephant has charged from about a hundred yards away, but by this time that ponderous bulk has narrowed the distance to a mere twenty yards. So the hell, now, with any such delicacies as concern for the state of those hundred pound tusks! He lets him have it at a point that would correspond, on a tuskless trunkless human, to the left sinus. And the elephant drops, felled as flat as a blasted building, and apparently as little likely to get up again.

He starts to run forward, but is checked by the angry voice of his white hunter, whom he had clean forgotten in the tension of the moment: "Bust him again, you blanked dashed and hyphenated asterisk, *he'll be up in a minute!*"

Nothing could look deader than that mountainous monster, downed as decisively as a grounded dirigible, but anyway he gives him another, calmly now with slow deliberate aim, smack between the slits of those little pig-like eyes. The white hunter is satisfied. The black boys may proceed, at leisure, to the all-day job of carving up the carcass.

Months later, back home in America, he is dreaming in the dead of night, as hunters do. Here comes that elephant! Gad, he's bigger than a house and faster than a rocket. Give it to him, bust him, quick, slug him for cry eye, *now!* There. Should do for him. No, he's still coming, here he comes, look at those tusks, that tusk, this tusk, *ow—oooh*—and quivering awakening, clammy in a cold sweat.

Nothing for it but to get up and walk around to calm down—and maybe, silly as it seems, to go on downstairs to the trophy room, just for a quick look around.

He goes downstairs, for another look at those big tusks, long since mounted and smoothly polished. He rubs his hand along the slick ivory, as if to reassure his dreamself. Suddenly, along toward the base of one tusk his finger strikes something it has never encountered before, in countless times of stroking that gleaming ivory. There's a tiny crevice there, never noticeable before. Picking at it, he pulls out a long-lodged lead pellet—the slug from his Mannlicher 6.5!

Well, there it is. Pretty good hunting story? You don't think so? Then maybe it wasn't told well—or maybe you'd like it better if you'd ever faced a wounded elephant at twenty yards. Why didn't the bullet show up in the tusk until months afterward, at a moment of nightmare? Can't imagine. Ask somebody who mounts trophies. Or a dream-interpreter. What about the girl? Oh, this was supposed to be about a fellow and a girl. Well, the girl's another story.

II

She is enormously popular yet her virtue is, like that of Caesar's wife, above suspicion. The legion of her admirers is bound, by their common love of her, into a cult of near-fanatic devotion, yet there has never been one overtone of scandal echoed to the mention of her name. Her creator has endowed her with a devastating abundance of the potent charm that drives strong men to delirium, and yet of this exciting fact she herself has always seemed to be most innocently unaware.

She has gone out as widely in the world of men as any woman of our time, she has had herself talked about for years, and in a dozen languages at that, and her picture has been pored over in every country in the world. She has been seen in situations that would have brought upon any other girl a reputation for being fast as quicksilver, yet she is in very truth slower than a glacier and everybody who knows her knows it.

She is never boring, perhaps because she herself is so obviously never bored. She is as patient and friendly to the admiration of any tongue-tied freshman as she is to that of a prince of privilege.

Poets have prated of one woman's "infinite variety," but hers is of such a kaleidoscopic and bewildering complexity as to leave any practicing poet mute and panting for breath. For she, who has been blonde, brunette and Titian-tressed, green-blue-brown and hazel-eyed, is as ever-changing and changeable as the colors on a pigeon's neck, yet she is any living woman's match for constancy.

Lest she begin to seem a paragon of the goody good, let it be recorded that she is no more nor less inhibited than any man she meets, and that her thoughts keep precisely even pace with his. But, while she has been everywhere and, if she has not seen everything has at least been seen everywhere, no hint of hardness has ever tempered her features. In other words, she has never lost that "nice girl" look. That is one of the more important secrets of her sustained and universal success.

But perhaps her biggest success secret is simply that she possesses, to a superlative degree, that which all women envy and all men admire: beauty that appears to be unconscious of itself and of its effect on its beholders.

She has become the darling of the dormitories and the ideal of the graduating classes, an inspiration to sororities and a sweetheart to fraternities, and to lone students burning midnight oil throughout the land she has become a bright symbol of "that not impossible she." They have addressed poetry and prose to her. They have paraphrased and parodied the classics in her honor. In fact she drove one dazzled Michigan undergraduate to steal from the most famous phrases of Walter Pater in this attempt to characterize her:

For the presence that rose thus so brightly beside the vended wares is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand cities men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all the aspirations of an age are come, and the eyelids are a little wistful. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty! It is a beauty wrought in from without upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of creature comforts and modern luxuries and exquisite adornments. All the thoughts and experience that have worked such miracles of captured energy as the gentle purr of a mighty motor lie prone to the pressure of her dainty feet, all the ruses of research and the magic of modern manufacture have conspired to woo her least whim, that her bath may be more soothingly luxurious than that of any ancient empress ever was, her girdle smoother and her clothes more softly caressing than those that any olden queen or princess ever wore. She has for the care of her skin, and the brightening of her bright eyes, lips and hair, more unguents, oils and creams than Cleopatra ever knew, she is sheltered from the winds and weather, with steel and chrome and glass, as Helen of Troy could never be, she dines in winter on fresh delicacies that would widen the eyes of Marie Antoinette, and all this has been to her but as the sound of saxophones in nightclubs, and her eyes say only "Please."

Well, that's more like it, eh? Guess there's a little life left in our poor old editor after all. But what's the connection? Oh, you mean between the fellow and the girl? Aw, you'd never guess that, so we'll just haul off and tell you.

III

Two creatures more dissimilar than George Petty and his creation, the Petty Girl, would be hard to imagine. For if the Petty Girl is a symbol, as she is, of the ultimate in enjoyment of modern living, then her creator is a curious throwback to pioneer days. Petty is the kind of guy whose happiness increases in direct proportion to the distance he can put between himself and civilization. He lives, as much of the year as the exigencies of his work will permit, in the Wisconsin wilds, far from the sight and sound of the telephone that has become his virtual trademark, and he hunts as often as he can get away from his drawing-board. Since boyhood he has hunted virtually everything and everywhere, from small game in Louisiana up to and including the biggest of big game in Africa, where his biggest kill was his second elephant, whose tusks equaled his own over two-hundred pound weight. Before leaving on a hunting expedition he studies the anatomy of his prospective quarry with a far livelier and much more personal interest than he has ever manifested in that of the subjects of his famous drawings, for the latter, after all, are his work, while hunting is his play. Petty is a big man, literally as well as figuratively. He's a broad-shouldered, barrel-chested, sandy-haired and freckled outdoorsman, a man's man if ever there was one, never so comfortable as when he's wearing old clothes and roughing it, while the Petty Girl is a lithe lissome sinuous creature who—oh, well, after all you know her as well as we do, so—

(*Say, what is this? Dunno. Must be some sort of a lecture or essay or something. Essay, maybe. Well, what's he telling, or selling, or what? Guess he's aiming to tell us that the Petty Girl is back in the magazine again—she's supposed to be, beginning with this issue. She is? Gosh, why didn't he say so? Where? The gatefold opposite page 41. Well, what are we waiting for? Hey, wait for me!*)

So—guess we'll go too.

EVER MEET A WOMAN WHO "HAD NOTHING TO SAY"?

Probably not! Modern women may talk a lot—but on one subject their husbands always listen . . . and usually agree. That subject is family purchases. Review the biography of almost any family purchase—from cars to radios to refrigerators—and you'll find that buying begins when wives say "Yes."

That's a vital fact to remember when advertising anything bought by families. For only in a newspaper that goes home and stays home can an advertiser be sure his copy will reach both men and women. Unless both are reached and sold, advertising is doing only part of the job.

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A good place for New York advertising? There's none better!

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FAIR

A red-white-and-gold angel, her candy stripe legs perched atop a towering step-ladder to Heaven, beckons the passerby into the reception room of Esquire's Christmas Fair, presided over by "Esky," whose pop-eyed face on Esquire covers greets readers every month. "Esky" has sprouted wings and sports a halo for this very special occasion.

every reader of Esquire and his friends are invited to visit . . .

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. . . where you pre-plan your entire gift program at one fell swoop

. . . where you choose from the nation's finest assortment of gifts segregated and classified for easy selection

. . . where Esquire's Gift Counselors, miraculously blending good looks and intelligence, guide you through a setting that is your own idea of Fairyland . . . giving you names of retail stores the country over where you may buy what you have selected

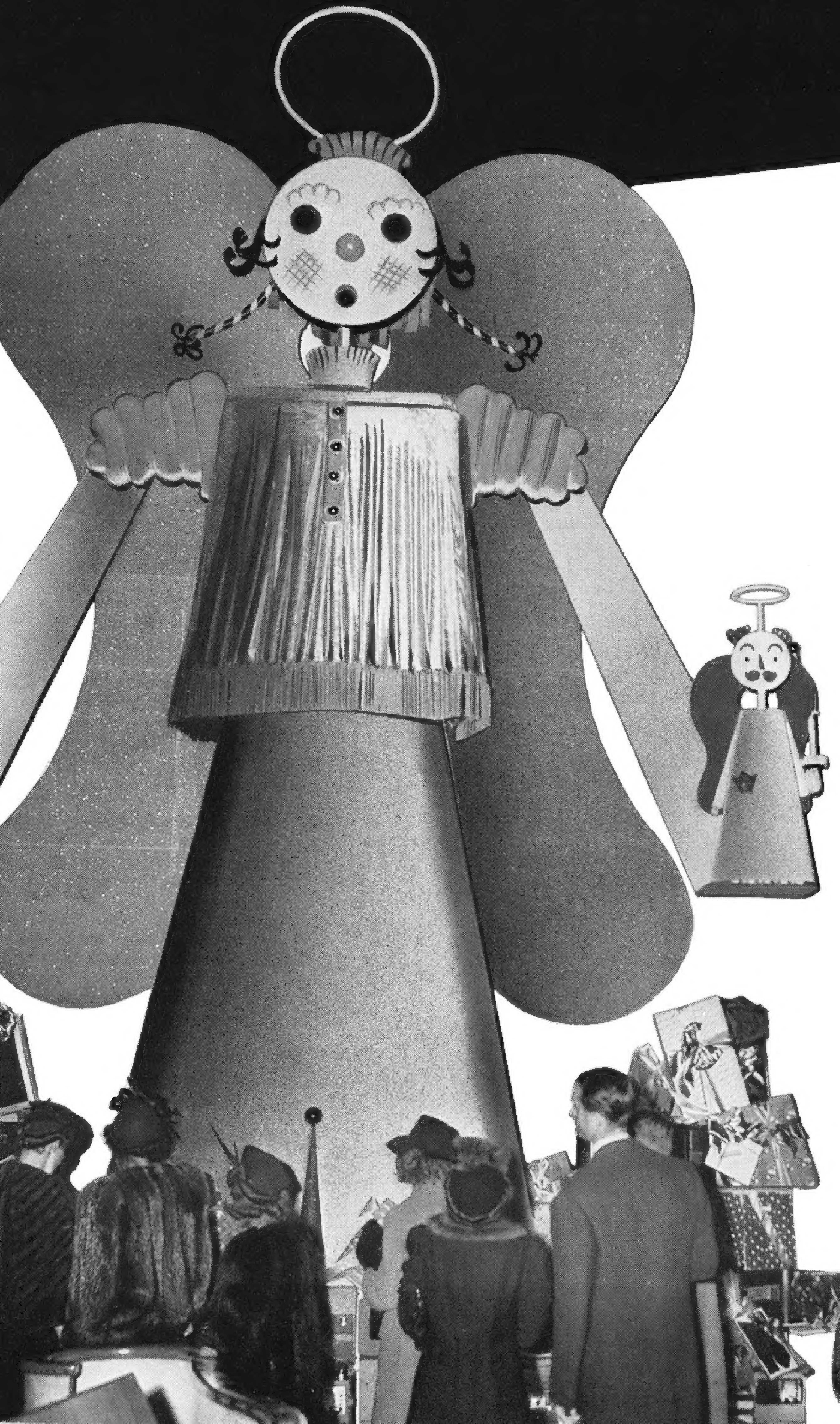
. . . where it's fun to be functional

no charge . . . return again and again . . . open now through Christmas Eve

Eastern Air Lines Building, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City

Designed by Robert Heller . . . Costumes and Displays by Tom Lee, who designed the settings and costumes for "Louisiana Purchase." Music by Hammond Solovox, R.C.A. Sound System . . . Illumination by Century Lighting, Inc.

The information booth at the entrance to Esquire's Christmas Fair at Eastern Air Lines Building, 10 Rockefeller Plaza . . . presided over by one of Esquire's attractive Gift Counselors.



above, Esquire's "brains-and-beauty" Gift Counselors wearing their specially designed Tom Lee green and red costumes. Mounted in their hats is a real electric light bulb to distinguish them among the crowds.

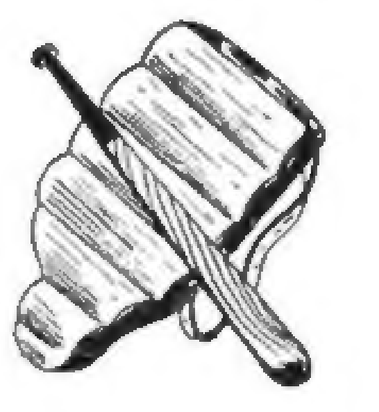
left, focal display at Esquire's Christmas Fair . . . an angel, and what an angel, over 20 feet in height. Silver-skirted, golden-winged, and lollipop-faced, she holds with ease a man-sized figure of "Esky" on each outstretched palm.

below, is she maiden or mannikin? One of the features of Esquire's Christmas Fair is this real live lady ensconced in one of the cavalcade of five fantastic gift-laden sleighs, drawn by horses, escaped from some Fairyland merry-go-round . . . festooned with, of all things, Christmas tree head-dresses.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ANSWERING TY COBB

With all due credit to Ty Cobb and other great players of Ty's generation, I believe he came to the wrong conclusions in his December ESQUIRE story.



Baseball's smarter today than it ever was before. Players are in better condition and better trained. It possibly is true that the natural players of former years stood out as supermen, but it's logical that today's more scientific competition has established a generally higher standard of play.

Changes in the construction of the baseball of recent years aided the pitcher at the expense of the batter. The past several years' casualties among pitchers also seem to indicate that the current generation of batters bears down harder and more consistently than those in the batting order of Ty's day.

Probably one of the things that has developed faster and smarter baseball players is the helpful attitude of today's veteran players toward the younger men who are coming up.

LEO (GABBY) HARTNETT
Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER STICKER ON STILWELL

I have had the pleasure of subscribing to ESQUIRE for the past 2 or 3 years besides which I am an ardent reader of anything printed.

I have never before, and never again expect to write to "the Editor" of any magazine or paper, (I'm trying to prove that I'm tolerant) but the Article—"How to Play Bridge" by one H. Stilwell was an unfortunate venture.

It is only because I have so much respect for the intelligence of your magazine that I am prepared to forget the aforementioned article, on the condition that you admit that it should have been labelled—"Satire" rather than "Article." It is difficult for me to conceive of anyone descending to such depths of inanity for the obvious purpose of creating controversial correspondence on a subject about which he apparently hasn't the faintest notion.

Sincerely,
Montreal, Can. D. S. KAYE

CORRECTION OF A QUALIFICATION

For the record, the following is a copy of a letter I have sent to your Mr. Russel Blake:

I have read your article on *The Male Climacteric* in the November issue of ESQUIRE with much interest. There is much in the article with which I wholly agree and also some points with which I disagree. I am not wholly uninformed on the subject, as your own physician could tell you. There is one very definite point with which I take exception because, therein, you announce my retirement. You state in the very last paragraph, on page 141:

"The writer interviewed a number of physicians who use testosterone in private practice and discussed the material for the article with Dr. Hans Wiesbader, director of endocrine clinic at Sloane Hospital for Women, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University."

It so happens that I have been and still am the director of the endocrine clinic at the Sloane Hospital, both in the clinical and research capacity. I have held that position since 1928. My two associates, that is, next in rank, are Dr. Michael A. Cassidy and Dr. Leo Wilson. Doctor Wiesbader is an assistant in the clinic and should reach a chiefship, considering the age of the other members, at about 1970.

Almost all the original work on testosterone in my clinic has been done by Dr. Leo Wilson who is the authority on the subject in our group. To the best of my knowledge, Doctor Wiesbader has done no original work on the subject of testosterone propionate, as evidenced by a complete paucity of publications on that subject.

I am writing this because a number of physicians have called me and asked that the statement in ESQUIRE be corrected. I am enclosing a copy of this letter to the editor of ESQUIRE with the hope that it will find its way into the column entitled *The Sound and Fury*.

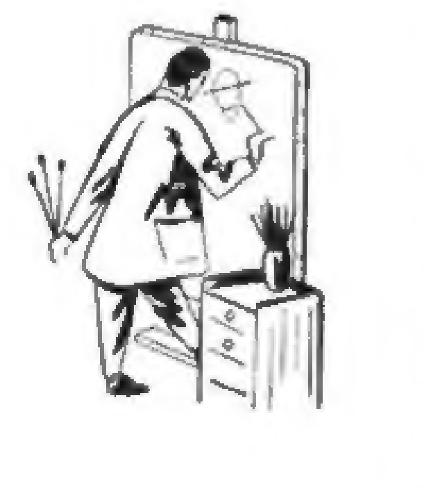
With kindest personal regards, and wishing you every success in your endeavor to bring to the public's attention a new and interesting field in medicine, I am,

Most sincerely,
RAPHAEL KURZROK, Ph.D., M.D.
New York City

PACHNER ENCORE

I think you should know about the excellent comments that are being made about the drawings of your Mr. William Pachner.

My friends say that his military sketches alone would sell the magazine. I feel the same way.



Remarks were made, "I'd sure like to see sketches in color of the R.A.F. (Royal Air Force), Black Watch or Seaforth Highland Regiments, Indian Cavalry Regiments and U.S. Marines."

The Black Watch you know fought against the French at Ticonderoga, N.Y.

It was amazing to see the interest shown in Mr. Pachner's modern work. It surely takes hold and I hope we'll be able to see more.

Yours truly,
New York City. C. B. BENTON

HOT TIP FROM TEXAS

Upon reading your Nov. copy of ESQUIRE I have reached the decision that you are gradually descending your magazine to the ladies' level. What is the trouble? Have some of the ladies complained that the book was too tough? It seems that we have enough magazines for women already such as the *American*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and the such. But now to top it all the ESQUIRE, the really only good man's magazine has gone soft. What a shame that is. What a pity.

I trust that you will not become offended by this plain-spoken letter, but really and truthfully something should be done about this outrageous disgrace to our fine magazine.

I always look forward to the current issue of ESQUIRE and when I see something like this last issue I immediately become discouraged.

So let's put some more of the good old hot ones in the next issues.

Sincerely yours,
Nacogdoches, Texas A. B. JONES

DARTMOUTH IS A COLD PLACE

I have read ESQUIRE and liked it for the past 5 years. But that does not include the last 2 issues with those positively disgusting drawings by the so-called artist, Varga. After that big build-up you gave the "Varga Girl," we really expected something nice. But what do we get? A painted face attached to a revolting nude torso.

Yes, ESQUIRE, you have sadly disappointed me, in lowering your time-honored high standards set by Petty.

Sincerely,
Hanover, N. H. DARTMOUTH

TYING UP TY COBB

Ty Cobb's claim that "baseball is slipping" in the December ESQUIRE is contradicted by statistics which present, among other figures, the highest attendance the American League has had for 16 years. In 1940 there were 44 leagues in organized professional baseball as against 13 during the depth of the recent depression. There has been an increase of more than 4,000 high school baseball teams in the past 5 years, to the 1940 figure of 10,800; and a 5-year increase to 427 from 265 in the number of college teams playing baseball as a major sport.

Ty probably was the greatest player the game has seen, and in an era that was rich in individual stars, but I doubt that any team of his time could compare with many of the present generation's teams in power and speed of action, as well as of thought.

I doubt that Ty has seen much major league baseball during the past decade, and that he realizes today's fans are not especially interested by 2 to 1, and 3 to 2 games. They want scoring in all sports.

He talks about the construction of the present day baseball as favoring the batters. He must have made his remarks without looking at the pitching and batting records of 1940. Possibly the ball is faster than it was in "the old days." So is the golf ball, the tennis ball, the football and the basketball. The faster ball calls for faster fielding and a generally faster game. The stopwatch can't be held on the old game and the baseball of these times; otherwise I'm inclined to think it might even make the traditional speed of the famed old-timers merely fast in comparison with other players of their era.

Ty fails to mention one factor that indicates plainly the game has progressed scientifically, and that factor is bat design. Old bats were big-handled. The modern thin-handled bat with a big barrel at its end has given the batter the benefit of improved design.

It's a thoroughly natural, and interesting, tendency of veterans in many sports to think that their games have slipped since they and their contemporaries retired, but figures available to decide arguments seldom give the stars of former years basis for their laments.

Chicago, Ill. LEW FONSECA
Chairman, Service Bureau, American League of Professional Baseball Clubs.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VARGA GIRL

Trying to relax in my seraglio after a fitful night (I didn't sleep a wink), I chanced to glance through a copy of the November ESQUIRE which was at hand. Suddenly I was jarred from the pleasant lethargy induced by the soft strumming of the tambours and the gentle tinkling of the sensuous sistra. I hastily reviewed my past life in a vain attempt to seek some precedent for the hideous monstrosity on the double gatefold facing page 41. But I, a connoisseur and collector of women since the tender age of twelve, had never seen the like before. Surely, I thought, this *Varga girl* is some devilish device of Shaitan to drive men mad with disgust and loathing. Surely it is a creature of Jehannum. But no, you are the abettor of this foul deed and, by the prophets, you are proud of your handiwork!

Observe the face. It is identical with that one used to advertise a well-known scalp tonic or an equally well-known eye wash. Devoid of character, devoid of beauty, the vacuous face with its porcine nose stares into nothingness.

Observe the left arm and hand. An unsightly dewlap of flesh hangs from the arm pit. The upper arm is flat and flabby. The hand is designed to hold six fingers excluding the thumb. Four fingers have been drawn and two gaps cry for the missing fingers.

Observe the breasts. One is not a mate to the other. The left is like an inverted soup bowl. The right is smaller, conical in shape, and points upward instead of inclining to the right.

Observe the abdomen. Indistinct, incoherent lines make a desolation of what should be a soft, gently rounded, feminine belly.

Observe the left hip. No human joint was ever so designed by Allah. Like a sharp knife it waits to harm the unwary.

Observe the left haunch. It stretches from the small of the back and after an interminable distance joins the thigh. I know that women are wearing skirts longer this year, but since when has fashion decreed such an impossible lengthening of the rear?

Observe the left thigh. A heavy, massive thigh suddenly joins a calf that is spindly in contrast. Realizing his weakness for depicting limbs, while blind to the rest of his faults, Varga covers the legs with stockings; or perhaps he thus attempts to add a spicy tang to the drab he has created.

Only the feet begin to approach beauty. But the ankles are too heavy, although the eye is distracted from them by the shoes. This would lead one to the conclusion that Varga is a man who is capable of drawing shoes for the trade catalogues and advertisements, and to the further conclusion that he ought to go back to the shoe business, or never having been in it, he ought to confine himself to that.

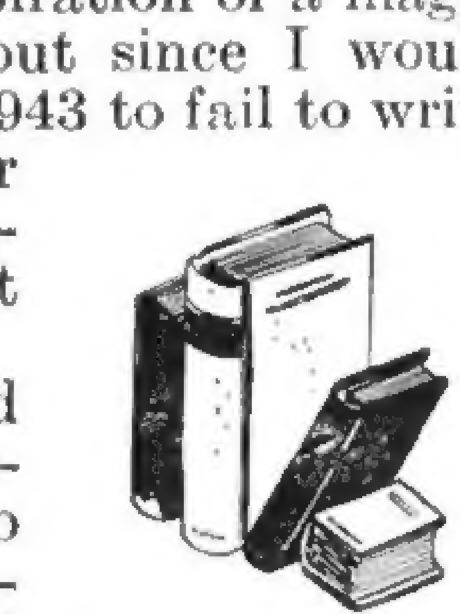
By the Djinn, cease perpetrating this uglification of the female body. Lest your sins weigh too heavily in the reckoning which awaits you in the next world, in the Name of Allah the Merciful and Compassionate, remove this eyesore, this *Varga girl*, from ESQUIRE.

Give us, oh Editor, a woman with a beautiful face and a breath-taking body. Let her have a face that will eclipse that of Helen of Troy. May she have a face whose glance leaves one speechless with admiration. And may her body appear soft and succulent. Let hers be a body that sets men's blood tingling. Give us, oh Editor, a woman we can love in our dream of dreams.

Commander of the Faithful,
HAROUN-AL-RASCHID
Ann Arbor, Mich.

A BIT OF PHOO TO BILLY PHELPS

This is my first letter of either protest or praise to any magazine. Ordinarily I believe my reactions are better expressed at the expiration of a magazine subscription, but since I would have to wait until 1943 to fail to write a renewal check for ESQUIRE I shall employ a more direct method.



I was irritated when the *Five-Minute Shelf* failed to appear in two numbers; I was nauseated when it returned intellectually emasculated.

To me Charles Rutherford's reviews served as an appetizer to the ESQUIRE meal. If you care to know precisely how I feel now, try a generous portion of dishwater as a prelude to dinner.

GLENN MINOR HERR
San Bernardino, Calif.

ELUCIDATING THE ODIOUS

I would like to let you know, after seeing the Varga girls, what an addition they are to your magazine.

Varga seems to have what Petty lacked. The real *body beautiful*.

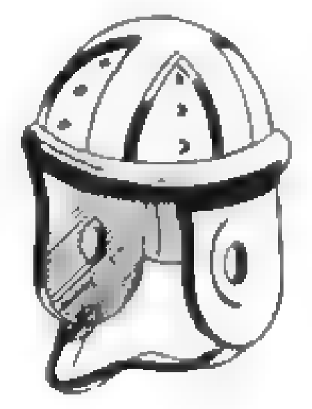
I shall look forward to each forthcoming "Varga Girl."

Los Angeles, Calif. WM. L. STONE

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DISSENTING OPINION

In the November issue of Esquire, Mr. Kearns courageously names Elmer Layden as the best coach in the character building business. Now this being America, Mr. Kearns has the right to any opinion he desires, even if that be that Pat O'Brien is the best coach. It is only when he tries to sell his idea to us in the hinterlands, that I feel he is leaving cleat marks on the reader's intelligence. So, encumbered as I am by the blindfold of Justice, the scales of Equality, and the sword of Logic, I leap merrily to the fray.



Mr. Kearns makes his case by what is known in the propaganda service as the "they say" or "it is generally regarded" system. This is great stuff for popular consumption as it requires a minimum of auditable or specific data, the public "generally regarding" any one willing to give forth with the written word as necessarily a second-string genius who can prove anything.

Mr. Kearns' adoration for Mr. Layden is based on the fact that in 1935 Notre Dame defeated Ohio State by means of a pass, properly executed, in the last quarter. If we can prove that anyone is the greatest of anything because of a single proper move, then we must also say that Sammy Byrd (remember) is the greatest hitter in baseball because in 1935 he won a game for Cincinnati by hitting a home-run in the ninth inning with the bases loaded. We can mercifully overlook for Sammy, as Mr. Kearns has for Elmer, that he didn't exactly hit home-runs with abandon other times at bat.

Mr. Kearns quotes Mr. Layden as saying that a Notre Dame quarterback is never wrong. Unfortunately Mr. Kearns has removed the lustre from this charitable statement by previously reporting that Mr. Layden found it necessary to send five (5) quarterbacks into the Ohio State game before that Taj Mahal of all football plays was executed in a manner to baffle the poor Ohio boys.

Mr. Kearns again quotes Mr. Layden as saying that his success is based, not on genius, but by playing percentage. It is very magnanimous of Elmer to allow such a secret to permeate through Footballdom. However, any coach that relied on his genius instead of percentages would, like any ordinary poker player, find himself just another Roosevelt voter on WPA.

In a business where personal opinion is so predominant, I believe that it is impossible to pick the best of anything, be he waterboy, player or coach. I'm not any better at such picking than Mr. Kearns, but if he gets a pick, so do I. And I'll put my pick up against his and prove that I've got the better man. I will prove this, not by saying that he is "generally regarded as the best" but by use of plain and easily available numbers: points scored against each other, games won and lost against each other and total games lost.

My man is Doctor John Sutherland, late of the University of Pittsburgh.

The first meeting between these two super-coaches occurred during Elmer's last year at Duquesne. We will spare the sad details as Pitt won 33-0.

1934 was Elmer's first year at Notre Dame. We graciously skip all mention of that one which Pitt won 19-0.

In 1935 Mr. Layden's second year at Notre Dame he "eked" out, as Mr. Kearns puts it, his only victory over Jock, 9-6.

In 1936 Mr. Layden spent a long afternoon in the Pitt Stadium as Marshall Goldberg took the team on a personally conducted tour of the Notre Dame end zone. Final score: Pitt 26, Notre Dame 0.

1937 was the only year in which Doctor Sutherland resorted to genius. In the last quarter, with the score: Notre Dame 6, Pitt 0, the good Doctor slapped Tony Matisi on his well filled satin pants and said, "G'wan in there." This masterful stroke caused Tony to go in and say to the boys, "Doctor Sutherland isn't going to like this." Whereupon Goldberg threw a pass to Hoffman on the 12, ran it down to the 4, from which point Frank Patrick lugged it over. At this stage of the game, a special play called a "Sally Rand" or "naked" reverse was concocted for the edification of the home boys. In this little nifty, 10 Pitt boys, hotly pursued by 11 Notre Dame boys, run merrily down the right sideline, while Harold Stebbins, accompanied by the ball, runs merrily down the left sideline to the Notre Dame end zone. Frank Patrick then lopes through center for the third marker. In 8 minutes: Pitt 21, Notre Dame 6. Sheer genius.

Having been vanquished by Dr. Sutherland's young men two years running before the great Elmer's ascension, this sort of thing was getting monotonous, so Notre Dame discontinued the series after the 1937 game.

And so the final score:

Sutherland, 105 points, 4 won.
Layden, 15 points, 1 won.

Total losses:

Sutherland, 20 in 15 years.
Layden, 14 in 6 years.

Therefore Doctor Sutherland is the best coach in the country. It's really very simple.

Your ball, Mr. Kearns.

Erie, Pa. G. George Michel

LONDON WORRIES

Speaking of the old British calm, as you were in your November editorial page, a little while back, during one of those hell raids over London, when even the most optimistic were salting away a tear for the British Empire, a cablegram arrived at the desk of John Walters, New York correspondent for the *London Daily Mirror*. It was terse, the economy of words perhaps dictated by harried censors of the fire and brimstone that was England's capital. The cable was received in the wire room of the *New York Daily News*, for Mr. Walters has his desk in the editorial department of that newspaper. A copy boy, fully cognizant of the deep emotion which must have stirred in Mr. Walters' breast during those worried days, carried the message to its final destination. Mr. Walters, one of the ablest foreign correspondents in New York and author of a recent book entitled *Will America Fight?* read the message eagerly. It contained four words. They were: IS LOIS ANDREW PREGNANT. Mr. Walters went to work on the assignment immediately. By means of four telephone calls and a wire to Hollywood he was able to report back to London within an hour: LOIS UNPREGNANT. This, though not the page one story his paper hoped for, would at least put England at ease about Miss Andrew, a sixteen-year-old showgirl who married George Jessel.

New York City Howard Whitman

APPLAUSE FROM THE EXPERIENCED

My congratulations on adding Obie Winters to your list of fish writers. What we need is a few more good writers on this subject and the elimination of a bunch of bad ones.

His story, *I'd Rather Catch The Bait*, is one of the first really good bonefish yarns I've seen in recent years, and from my personal experience of many years, it is one of the best sports there is.

Miami, Fla. Thomas Aitken

SUCCESS STORY

The article on *Waging Beautiful Friendships* by Curt Reiss seemed to me to be a masterpiece of brilliance and wit. The deft handling of the subject should receive only praise of the very highest order.

While Mr. Reiss shows that he has given a lot of thought to the subject matter of his essay, one has the feeling that he has given still more time to the art of writing than to the art of friendship; too much time to the midnight oil and too little to other forms of midnight activities.

The methods suggested are quite good as far as they go and would serve as an excellent primer or manual for beginners, but as George Ade once said "In the learned profession, many are called, but few are chosen."

In the course of a long and varied career, I have met a few men who were doozers in this art of "Waging Beautiful Friendships," although that was not the title given in those days.

Sitting assiduously at the feet of the master and with the aid of beer and other beverages, I was able to acquire from these experts a sound theoretical and working knowledge of this most interesting art.

Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a youth, Bill Smith by name. Bill had been fashioning his "friendship making" after the pattern that was taught by crooners, the "I cannot do without you" system and was getting nowhere. I suggested an entirely different technique, Bill much encouraged went on his way. Not long after I was astonished to read of his marriage. When I next met Bill his manner was only so-so, and his glance said quite plainly "you and your education."

Some time later when time had softened the blow, I asked him what had happened. "Al," he said, with a touch of awe in his voice, "the line was so good I fell for it myself."

I had forgotten to warn him of this danger. Yours respectfully,

Toronto, Ontario A. M. H.

PETTY WORRY

Oh where, oh where has Artist Petty gone,
Oh where, or where can he be?
With his women so lush
And his fancy so free,
Oh where, oh where can he be?

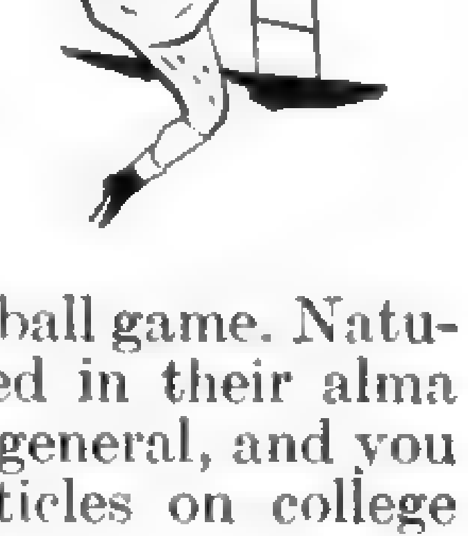
Buffalo, N. Y. N.M.

Editor's Note: *George Petty had a brief illness last spring which, as we announced, forced him to drop out of Esquire. He wasn't actually sick for more than a few weeks, but that was enough to dislocate his advertising work schedule to such an extent that it has taken him until now to find time to resume his Esquire pages. However—see gatefold opposite page 41.*

BEEF ON SPORTS

I read your magazine regular, but I don't like your sports articles. They could stand a lot of improvement don't you think? I don't mean the actual writing, but your topics are stale. Look back the last six months and see what kind of articles you have printed on sports. No variety in the least. It seems to me you only write your sport articles to one particular type of a man.

You slipped up when you didn't have a big article to usher in the football season. Where are all your Esquire readers in the fall? Of course they're out at the football game. Naturally they're interested in their alma mater and football in general, and you should give them articles on college and professional football both. Instead you come out with a dull article which only a few percent of your readers will read all the way through. The same goes for baseball and other sports. You are only writing to one sort of person.



After all a lot of your Esquire readers are young men about twenty to thirty who are potential Esquire subscribers in the future; and what are young men mostly interested in now days? I guess I don't have to tell you that. Right! Sports and girls.

Now I don't know much about the girl part of it, but I do know that you should write better articles on sports. Not only for young men but older ones as well. They're just as interested in college and pro football as the younger ones are, but not as loud about it.

Let me write you an article on a *different* sport besides golf, horse-racing, hunting, fishing, etc., as you always have. You can look it over for your approval, and if you do print it I'll give you odds I get more comments on mine than the other articles put together. Not because the article is so good, but that it would be something different. Come on Mister Editor, give a man 21, unemployed, a chance to help improve your magazine.

Richard Bloxdorf, Jr.

Kenosha, Wis.

FOR PUZZELNUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

Editor's Note: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

HARRIS' SQUARE

Here is another construction problem, not so simple as Wm. Fechter's in the November issue:—construct a square whose four sides pass through four given points: also how many such squares are possible with one set of four points.

Vancouver, B.C. A. Harris

SAILOR'S KNOT

The old question about the rifle ball and the cannon ball has come up for discussion among the undersigned with about an even number vociferously arguing on each side.

The question:

> "If a rifle bullet and a cannon ball meet on the same horizontal plane, and the cannon ball, due to its greater weight and force, causes the rifle bullet to exactly reverse its course, does the rifle bullet momentarily stop? Does the cannon ball also stop if the rifle bullet does so?"

We have unanimously agreed that a statement from *Sound and Fury* and an explanation, if it can be given, would be considered expert enough to convince all those who are wrong.

We are long time subscribers to your fine magazine and each issue is certainly looked forward to and welcomed here in Hawaii.

A stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed for your convenience, and a reply would be by one and all greatly appreciated. Sincerely,

W. H. McCarty J. K. Garnant
G. E. Mote H. C. Williams
K. Richardson F. L. Ivey
L. P. Foster

Flag Office Personnel,
U.S.S. Minneapolis,
Pearl Harbor, T.H.

AMPOOR'S LENS

Are small—and interesting problems in physics used?—for instance every one knows a convex lens magnifies—but by geometry can you prove it is a *negative* lens?—minifies the image—it not only works on paper but does in real life*—Ask some of your physicists about that— Yours interestedly!

Olin Austen Ampoor

New York, N. Y.

*Southall—*Prisms, Mirrors and Lenses.*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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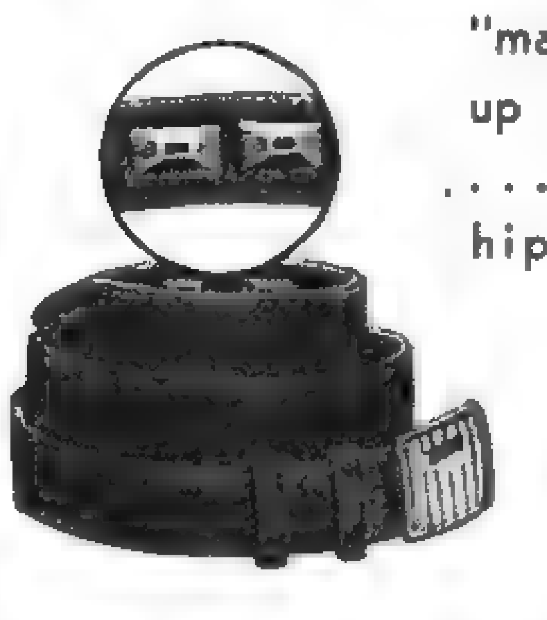
A Pleasure To Wear
BRAXTON BELTS

INSURE lasting satisfaction with this real "man's gift". Holds up trousers securely . . . . belt lies snug on hips because it's



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DOUBLE COMFORT FEATURE

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Paramount star of "Christmas in July", says, "My Braxton Belt is a dandy".

Black or Brown Cowhide $3.00
Natural Pigskin - - - 4.00
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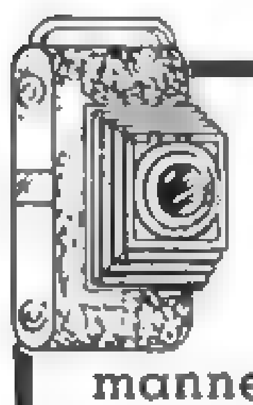
At Your Dealer Or Postpaid In Gift Box

30 DAYS TRIAL IF NOT PLEASED, YOUR MONEY BACK

BRAXTON DIVISION
QUEEN CITY BUCKLE MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



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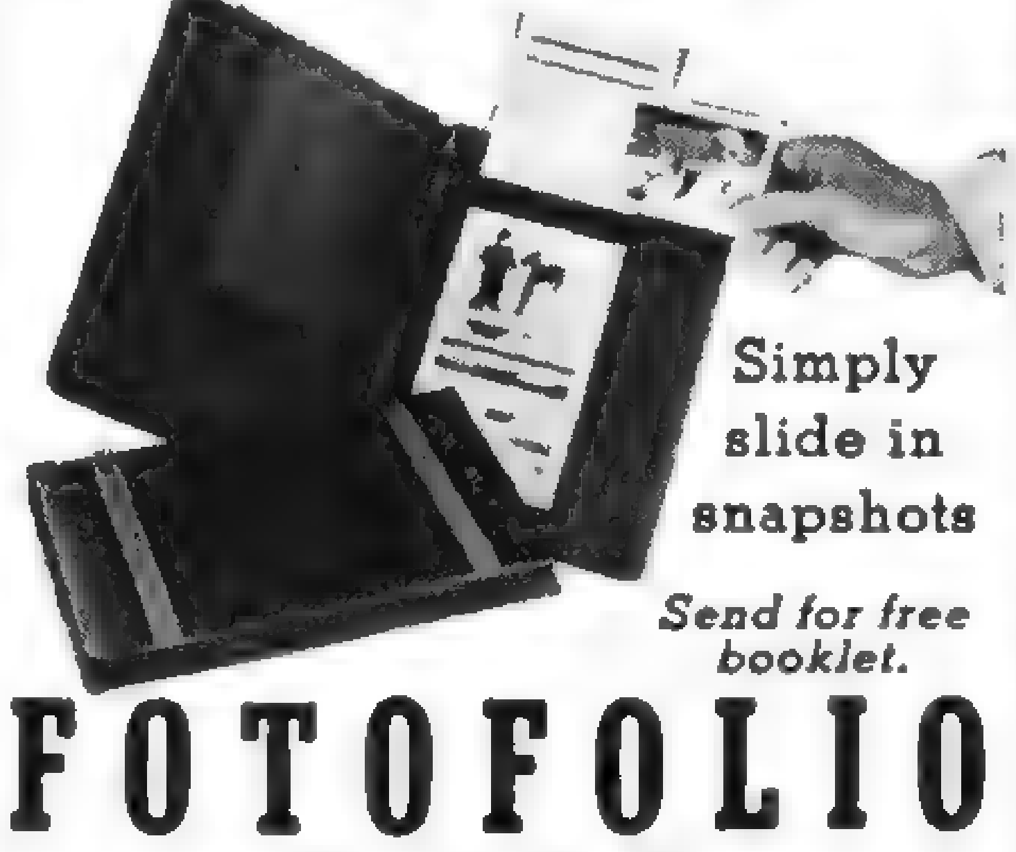

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Send for free booklet.

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Box 19

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GROUSE-MOOR

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★ TWO OF ENGLAND'S FINEST TOBACCOS

GROUSE-MOOR A select combination of tobaccos—slightly aromatic. An example of the finest type of English mixture.

AT BETTER DEALERS or send $1 for a 2 oz. tin of both Skiff and Grouse-Moor mixtures.

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Cleveland, Ohio

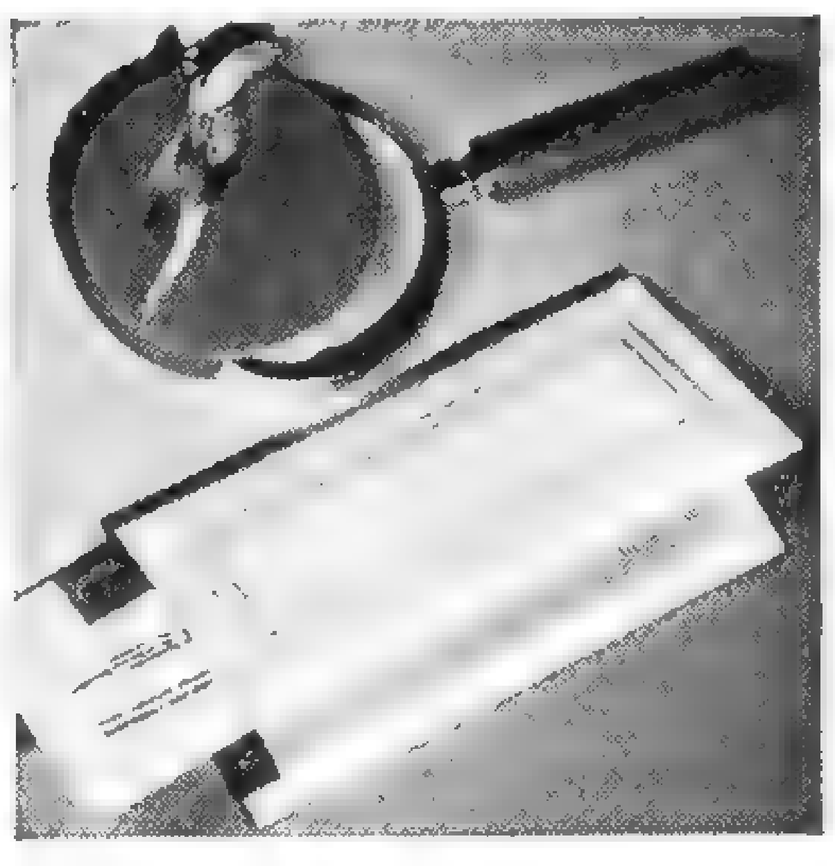
eleventh hour gifts...

ON THE HOUSE. Here are a pair of likely gifts for your favorite people—a Martini mixer made of the increasingly popular crystal; this one has the happy feature of a music box in the chrome base that plays either "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" or "How Dry I Am" when the mixer is picked up. The tray is made by Tarascan Indians in southern Mexico; this one shows a traditional floral design.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT. Aviation's the motif for many a smart gift this season—the gold filled pin is timely for more reasons than one. It's designed after pilot's wings and has a 17 jewel watch set in the center. Sophisticates will find the swizzle stick pencil useful and ornamental. It conceals a swizzler, handily released when the time comes for removing excess aeration from sparkling wines. Sterling silver or 9 K gold.

DOLL FOR BIG GIRLS. She probably thinks she's outgrown dolls, but wait till she sees this streamlined moppet. Styled and dressed like a shop-window mannequin, this unbreakable lasticoid glamour girl stands twenty-two inches high (aided by an invisible prop), has real hair and a form divine. She and her sixteen-inch-high kid sister are articulated to stand or sit. Extensive and *chic* wardrobes have been created for both.

GLITTER. Two luxury gifts for the lady who loves, and gets, nice things—a handbag for evening in fine gold kid that's a miniature version of the hatbox beloved by models. This one has a roomy mirror under the lid, a tailored bow on the strap, and is satin-lined. Daytime fabrics, too. The compact is set in patent leather, inscripted with "N" (for Napoleon) and a sagacious quotation about *l'amour*.



LEATHER LEADERS. A bird in the hand that's worth much appreciation is the brass-mounted reading glass with a hand-painted pheasant on the red leather cover. A handsome desk ornament. For a worthy vest pocket, there's a soft calf memo pad wallet with room for long papers in one side because only the bottom edge is stitched down. Hand-sewn, hand-tooled, and as durable as good-looking.

Ranger

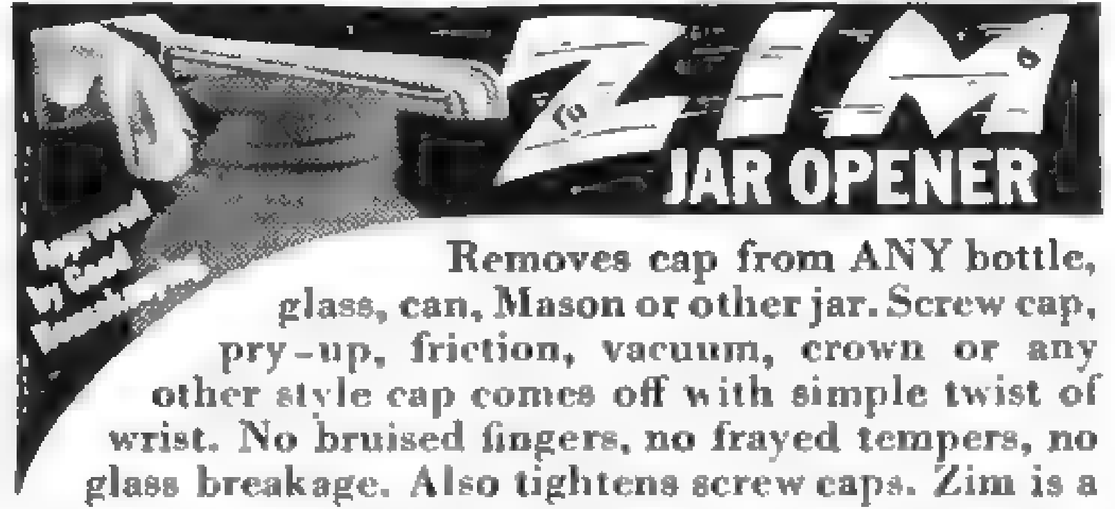
Florida Sunshine at home town Prices
with VITAN
PORTABLE
SUN LAMP

for only
$18.50
AT YOUR DEALER OR SHIPPED DIRECT EXPRESS PAID

Now you can have that healthful, smart Sun Tan at a low cost. Just 2 or 3 minutes a day will do it with VITAN—genuine Mercury VaporTube, Ultra-Violet ray SUN LAMP. Neat portable case for easy storage or carrying. Weight less than 7 lbs. At your favorite store or order direct.

J. KRISER CORP.
DEPT. E-3, 30 E. 10th ST., NEW YORK CITY

"A KISS TO THE MAN WHO CAN PLAY A HOUDINI ON THIS JAR TOP"

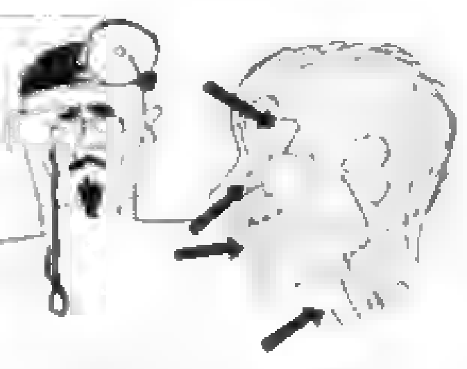


Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.25. Chromium $1.35. Silver finish $1.00

ZIM MFG. CO., 3047 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SINUS
RELIEF WITHOUT SURGERY



One of America's great Osteopathic-Physicians, Dr. Lucius M. Bush, achieved nationwide success in thousands of cases **without surgery.** His "SECRET OF SINUSITIS and HEADACHES" (with numerous illustrations), lifts the dread and mystery from this widely prevalent condition. Mail $1 bill, check, stamps or money-order to LIVERIGHT, (publishers) 386 Fourth Avenue., New York City — or booksellers.
GUARANTEE: $1 back if not pleased.

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Rush 3c for mammoth catalog of unusual novelties, 628 pages, 4000 illustrations, 9000 novelties. Roto section, 6-color cover. Radios, candid cameras, optical goods, novelty jewelry, unusual books & seeds, airplane & hobby kits, live animals, rifles & guns, fireworks, make-up supplies, joke goods, magic, outdoor & sport items, labor-saving devices, musical instruments, puzzles, wigs, auto & bike accessories, live ants, watches, knives, rubber stamps, smoker's novelties, European novelties, articles from the Orient and Far East, occult and fortune telling articles, money making outfits, muscle developers, religious articles, symbol jewelry, archery, fencing, stamps for collectors, projectors & films, etc., etc. (**De Luxe Cloth Bound Edition for Your Library, 15c**).
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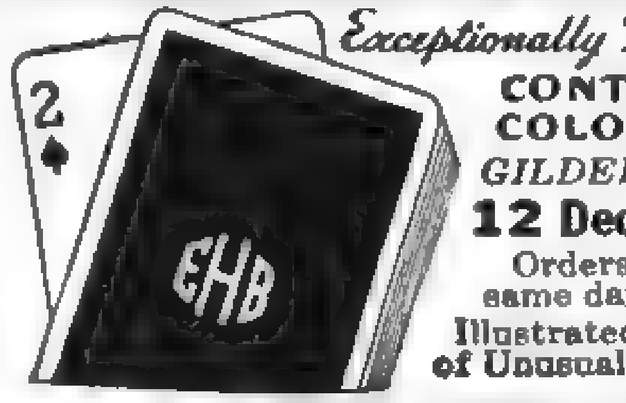
SUPER TROUSER HANGER

Patented mechanical Trouser hanger
Expands to hold each cuff separately . .
3 FOR $1
No slip never fails . . . helps hold press. Handsomely finished in satin black Jetal.
3 hangers sent postpaid anywhere in U. S. $1.00. It's different . . . makes the perfect gift.
REMARK MFG. CO., 111 Broadway, Butler, Ind.

MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS



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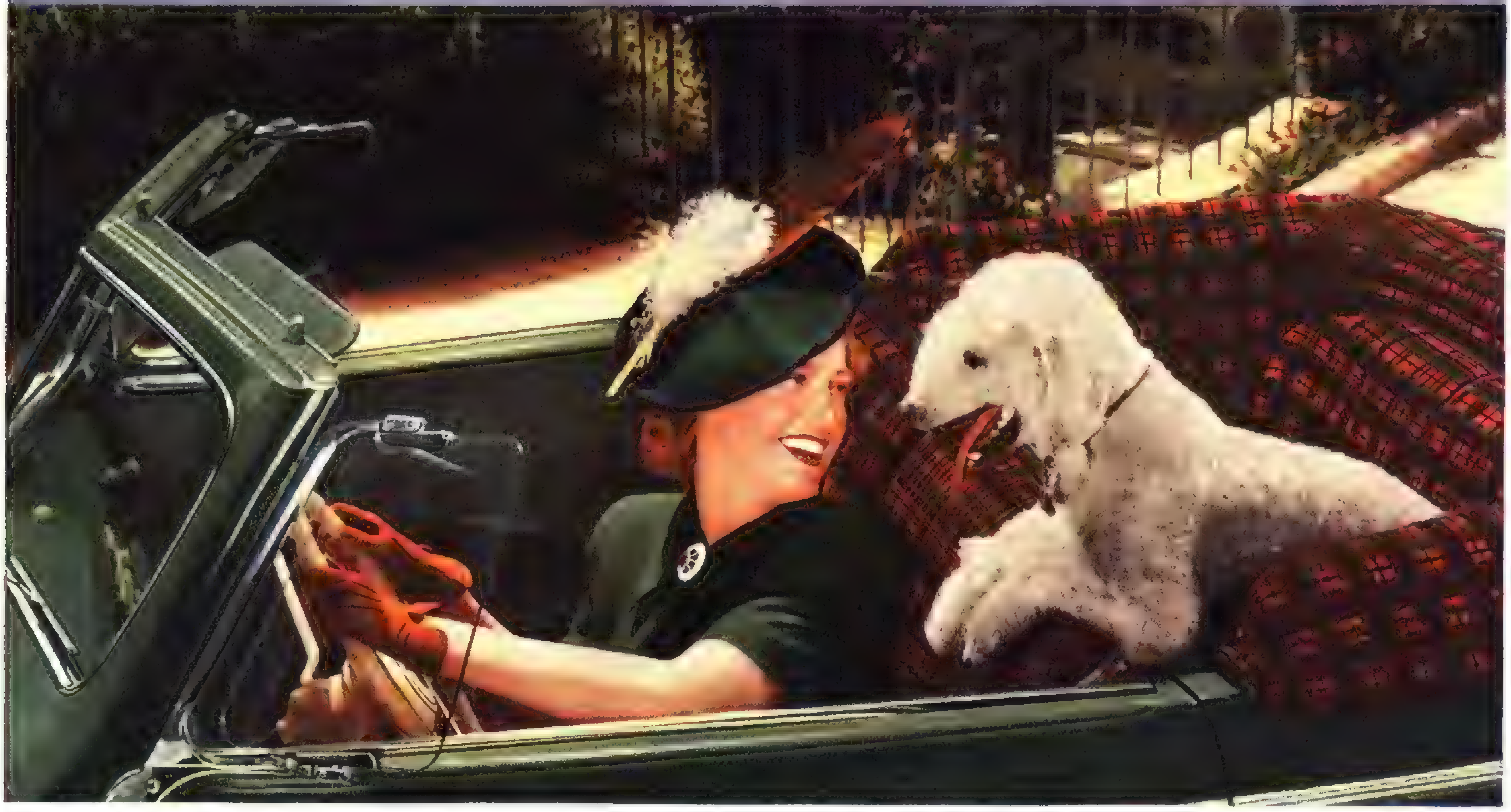
Jeanette MacDonald chooses plaid *for her* Beautiful Chrysler Convertible



Miss MacDonald is currently appearing in "Bittersweet."

JEANETTE MacDONALD, Metro Goldwyn Mayer's noted singing star, loves sunshine. Therefore her personal car is a convertible. And the particular convertible she selected is a Chrysler New Yorker with upholstery in plaid and moleskin leather.

Yes, the plaid is the clan MacDonald . . . the moleskin is a harmonizing green . . . and the combination in the sleek and low-swung Chrysler is not only outstandingly smart, but tailored exactly to Miss MacDonald's taste.

The Chrysler *you* select can be tailored to *your* taste . . . dashing or sedate . . . in gay contrasting color schemes or subtly harmonizing tones.

Pick your color scheme and carry it out. Perhaps you'll want a two-tone exterior. For the interior consider rich, smooth broadcloths or interesting pile fabrics . . . two-tones, Bedford cords, plaids, novel new materials, beautiful leathers. Select a plastic to harmonize, and see how effectively it enhances the whole scheme . . . enriching instrument panel, door panels and touches on the hardware.

NEW AIRFLOW BODIES!

The beautiful Chrysler for 1941 has wider, lower Airflow Bodies. Within its swift, sleek lines are great 5-foot cushions, extra elbow room, generous leg room and head room . . . loads of room, but none of that oversize, overstuffed look! The deep, wide seats are cushioned with Airfoam, and button-tufted like the regal products of a custom coach-maker!

Tailored to Your Taste!

PICK YOUR COLOR SCHEME AND CARRY IT OUT!

* * *

SELECT YOUR UPHOLSTERY FROM A WIDE AND FASCINATING VARIETY

* * *

SELECT A PLASTIC TO HARMONIZE!

* * *

HAVE A CAR THAT STANDS OUT FROM THE CROWD!

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

Perhaps like Miss MacDonald, you like to drive a car yourself. Then, like Miss MacDonald, you'll find *Fluid Driving* without gear shifting a constant joy!

Why struggle with gear levers, and the jolts and jars of gear-shifting, when *Fluid Driving* is so much smoother, simpler, easier and safer. Remember that *Fluid Drive* is a Chrysler "first". . . a "first" you'll certainly want to investigate before you buy any car this year.

Fluid Driving is so much a new sensation that it really can't be described . . . it must be experienced! And your Chrysler dealer is eagerly awaiting an opportunity to afford you that experience.

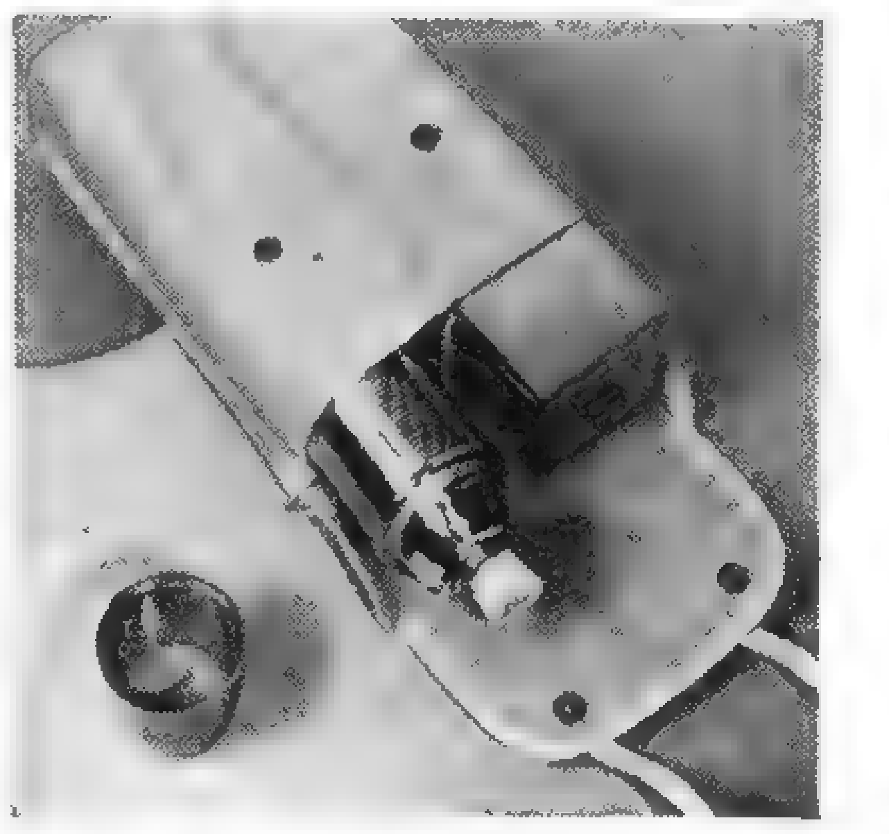
When you try *Fluid Driving,* when you explore the fascinating possibilities of having your Chrysler *tailored to your taste* . . . you'll agree that Chrysler has created a car that's an ideal choice for the woman who loves beautiful things . . . and drives a great deal herself. Why not make an appointment with your Chrysler dealer today!

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

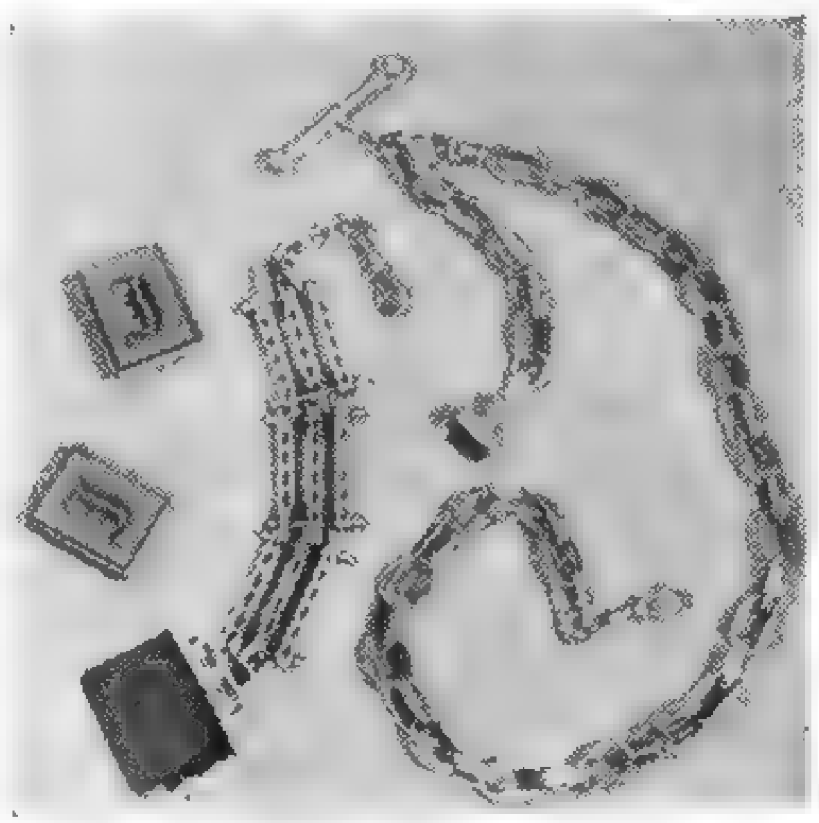
Be Modern WITH FLUID DRIVE —**BUY CHRYSLER!**

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

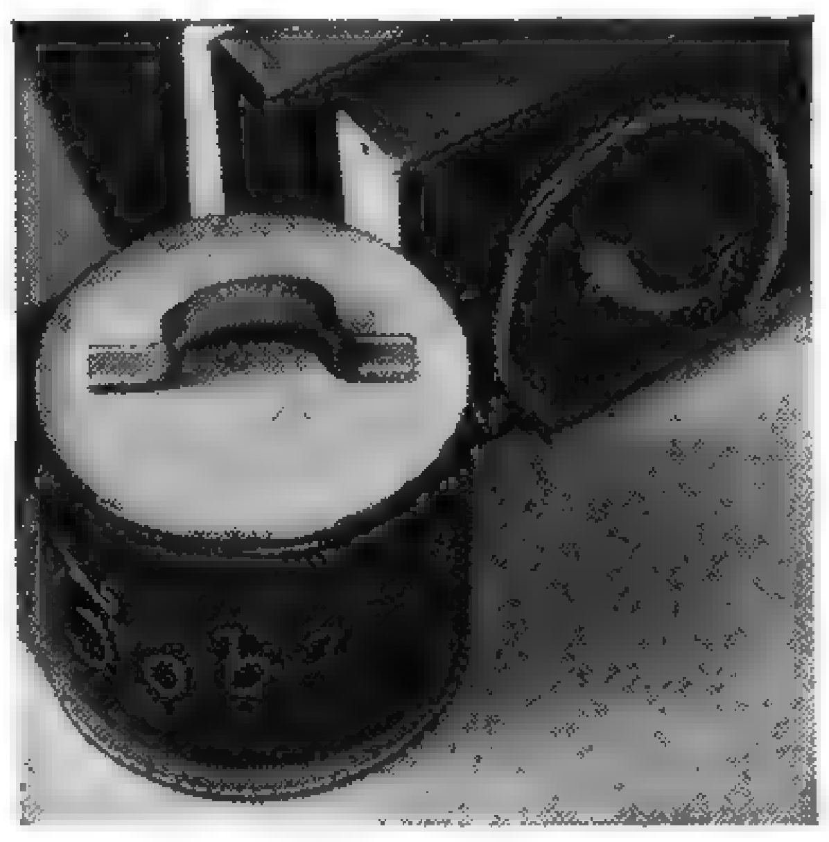
eleventh hour gifts...



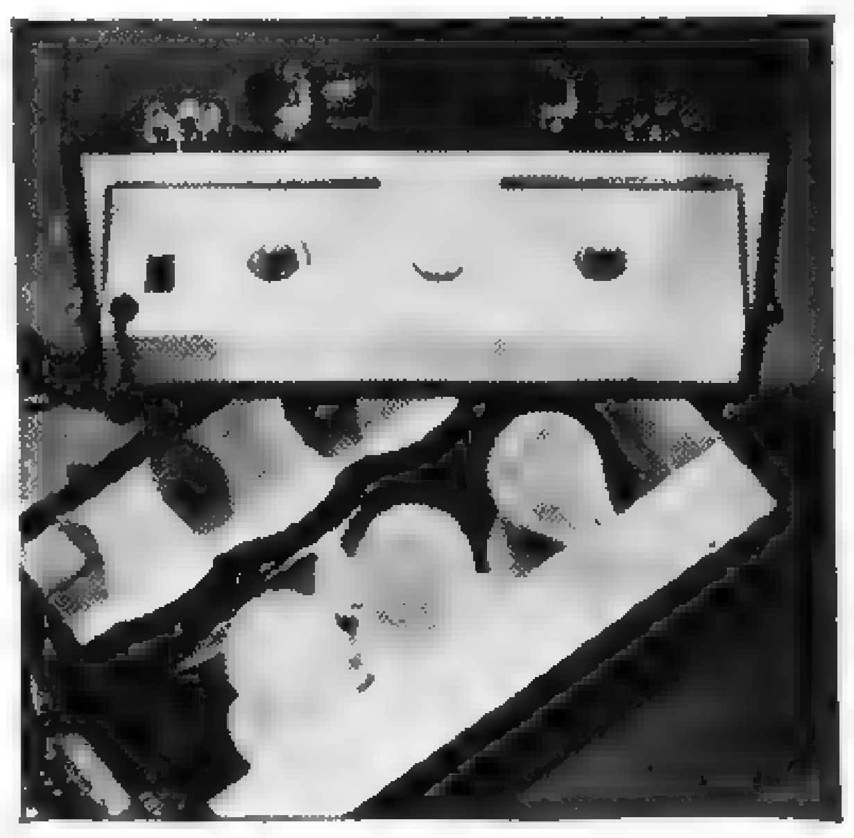
EQUESTRIAN AL FRESCO. Paul Revere could have had a midnight snack on his midnight ride if he'd had one of these saddle lunch kits. Moderns whose hobby is horses, however, may find one of them under the tree Christmas morning. The case is waterproof duck, leather-bound and backed, and can be strapped to English type saddles. Inside are a thermos bottle, cup, and stainless steel lunchbox.



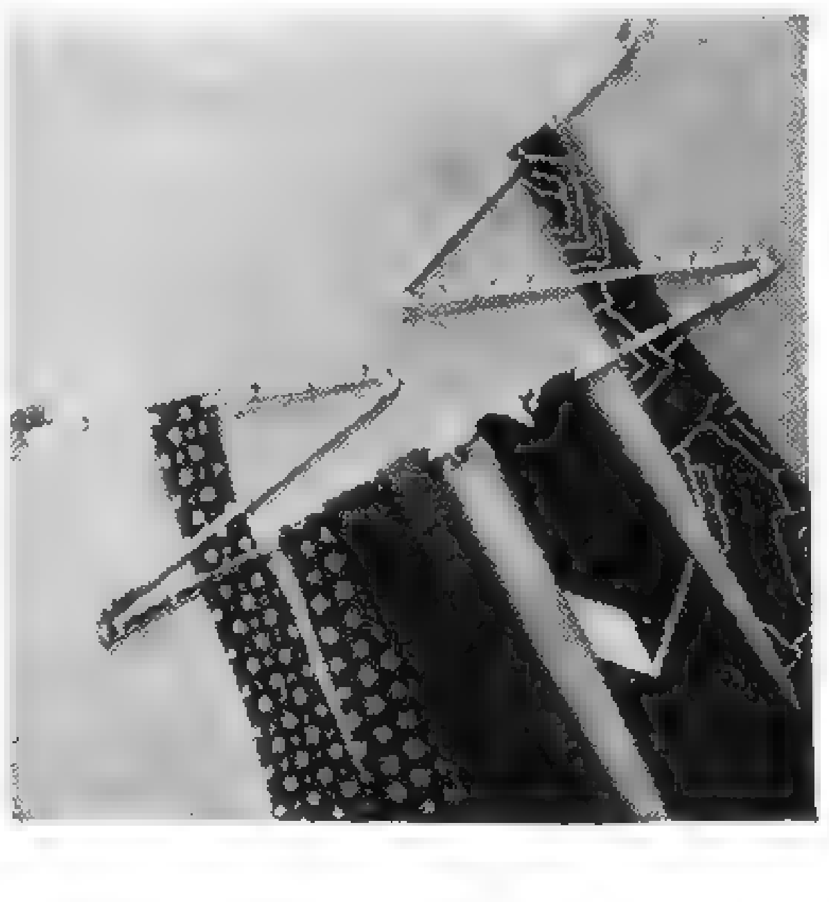
SPLENDOR IS BACK. Here's men's jewelry from a bygone day that's as good as it ever was, and better, in today's sartorial world. The trend towards massive, intricately wrought jewelry is depicted in the old English chain of embossed solid gold with an amethyst seal. The fob, 14 K gold filled, in Greek key design, is adorned with sardonyx. Also Victorian are the initialed blue and black onyx cuff links. All rare, all sumptuous.



DURABLE GOODS. Fine craftsmanship is a characteristic of gifts that last; this hand-made cowhide humidor and bookends to match have not only looks to recommend them, but an indefinite guarantee as well. They're hand-tooled; the bookends can be made up with either the sailfish design or any initial combination you desire. Separately or in combination, they come under any definitely masculine heading.



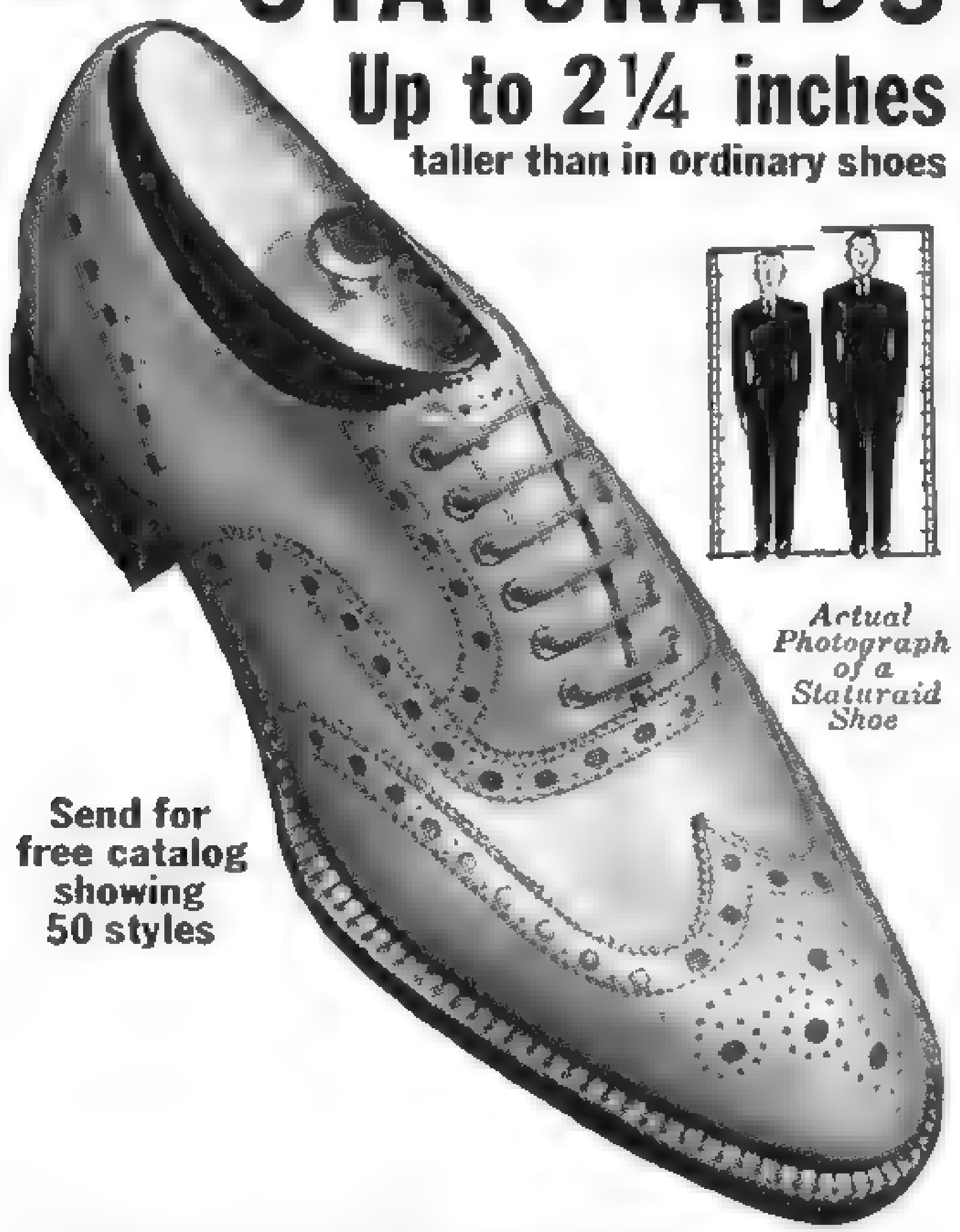
EVERY HOME A STUDIO. Anyone bitten by the camera bug—as who isn't?—would have reason to be flattered by this portable floodlight set. Each half of the case is a reflector for three photoflood bulbs; when not in use, or being carried, they fasten together and can be toted suitcase fashion. It's invaluable for color shots, for taking stills or movies at night.



PRIZE FOR TIES. Here's a Christmas tie rack that gives every tie, and the ties' owner, a break. It fastens to the wall or closet door, locking unobtrusively in place when not in use. But though it takes up very little space, it holds thirty-six ties, separated one from the other by dividing pins. Nicely made of chromium for looks as well as wear, it's an eminently usable gift.

Ranger

BE TALLER
WEAR STATURAIDS
Up to 2¼ inches
taller than in ordinary shoes



Send for free catalog showing 50 styles

Staturaids not only increase height but actually improve your posture. Worn by thousands of well-dressed men. More than fifty smart styles and a wide assortment of leathers to choose from. Write for illustrated catalog. (Sent *free* in plain wrapper). Write Dept. 31.

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★ ★ ★ **NEW PARTY RECORDS**
(Not for goody-goods)

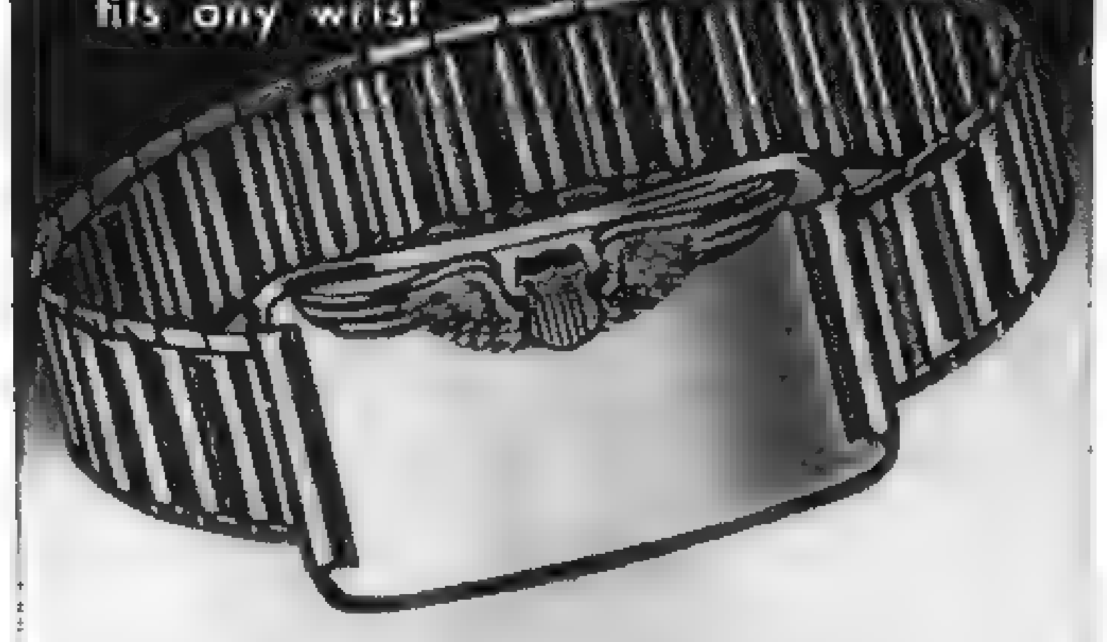
Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titillate your friends with: The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure. In special Rabson Album $5.00 (4-12″ records). While in the Rabelaisian mood order also Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 hilarious, slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12″ discs, $5.00. We Pay U. S. Postage.

Free—Write for Party Record List

RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd St. Circle 7-0070 New York

IF HE'S IN THE SERVICE NOW GIVE HIM A

Forstner
IDENTIFICATION BAND
Adjustable—fits any wrist



He'll surely want the new Forstner Identification Band! Lightweight, comfortable—*permanently* white. At most jewelers'. Any jeweler can engrave name, address, etc.

Style GE: stainless steel, with sterling silver insignia $3.50. Style G: stainless steel, without insignia $2.50.

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. A, Irvington, New Jersey

Enclosed is $..................Send..................Forstner
Identification Bands. Style GE...... Style G......
Name____________________
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Gift Problems Solved!
GIVE NEW, SMART HEAVY SHAM BOTTOM
MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

Universal favorites—popularly priced! A choice different gift—grand for personal use. Expertly hand etched monogrammed (2 or 3 letters) on guaranteed chip-proof Libbey's Safedge glass.

4 1-2 oz.—for Cocktails; Fruit Juice .
8 1-2 oz.—for Highballs; Table Use .
11 oz.—for Tall Drinks; Ice Tea . . . .
$2.70 dozen

Add 15c per doz. west of Denver. 8 each of above sizes in special ass't at $5.25. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Underline initial of last name, 4-day service—postpaid. New 28 page catalogue on request. ORDER NOW!

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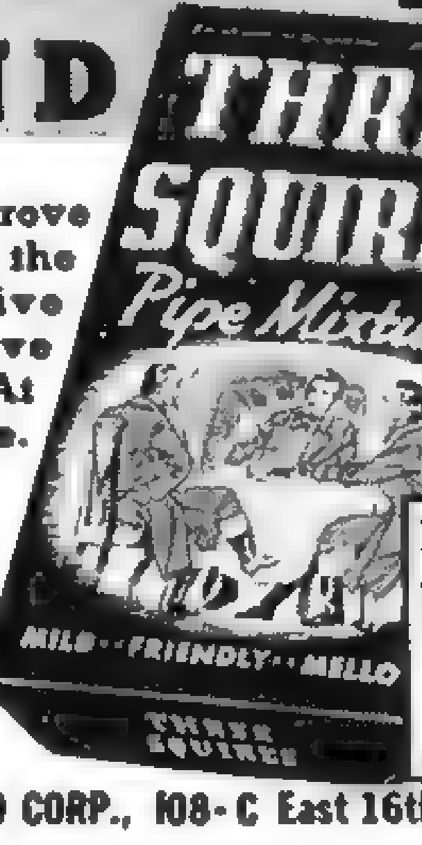
The Merchandise Mart Chicago

A NEW LUXURY BLEND *only* **15¢**



One pipeful will prove to you that here is the blend of expensive tobaccos you have been looking for. At stores everywhere.

It's MILD
It's FRIENDLY
It's MELLOW

If your dealer cannot supply, order direct.
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FREE SAMPLE

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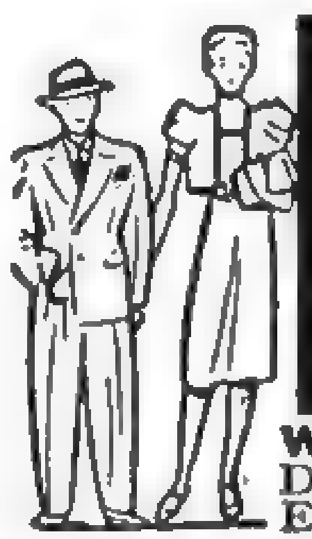

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TALLER INSTANTLY

WEAR IN YOUR OWN SHOES
Don't be embarrassed by shortness. Easy to appear taller—INSTANTLY! Amazing HITE-BILDERS fit into **your own shoes**—make you appear TALLER! Comfortable—posture improving—COMPLETELY INVISIBLE.

only $1.95 a pair

No Stretching or Exercises!
No Special Shoes!

Nothing shows—no thick soles or heels. AND THEY COST SO LITTLE! **Send No Money**—just your name, address and shoe size. Pay postman amount plus postage when he delivers CONFIDENTIAL, plain-wrapped package. (Or send money now, and save postage.) If not delighted return in 5 days for refund of money paid us. **SO-LO WORKS, Dept. H.B.54**
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Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 228 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 35 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $2.00 or more.

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119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

LOST DIRECTIONS ARE WORSE IN WINTER

KNOW YOUR WAY WITH A
HULL *Streamline* AUTO COMPASS
SAPPHIRE BEARING • BUILT-IN COMPENSATOR
ONLY $2.95 AT YOUR DEALER *Write for Circular*
HULL MFG. CO. WARREN, O. P.O. Box 246 G-1

HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS POLISH

New smart color shade for autumn wear. HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS ANTIQUE RED WOOD Polish gives your shoes that $22.50 look, hand-rubbed, rich, warm mahogany shine preferred by well-dressed men. *HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS* Polish gives shoes that "old violin" look. Easy to use, shines instantly, 25, 50c, $1. At your local shoe store, or at: Flagg Bros., Nunn-Bush, Wallach Bros., Wanamaker and Weber & Heilbroner—*or direct*

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The Gift

WITH A LIFT!

All the tingling, relaxing, delightful sensations of Swedish massage—that's what Vitalator gives, quickly and easily. It rests on the back of the hand and transmits rotary vibrations through the fingertips to the body. Nothing like it for scalp massage, beauty treatment, relief of muscle soreness, aching feet, etc. A splendid gift—different, practical, smart.

50¢ book FREE (while supply lasts!)

Written by a famous doctor, this valuable book embodies the latest medical thought on massage...tells what it can (and cannot) do for you, and how to get the greatest benefits.

In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere

MASSAGE
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT CAN IT DO?

GILBERT *Vitalator*

Chrome finish $8.95

Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95

FREE COUPON

The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

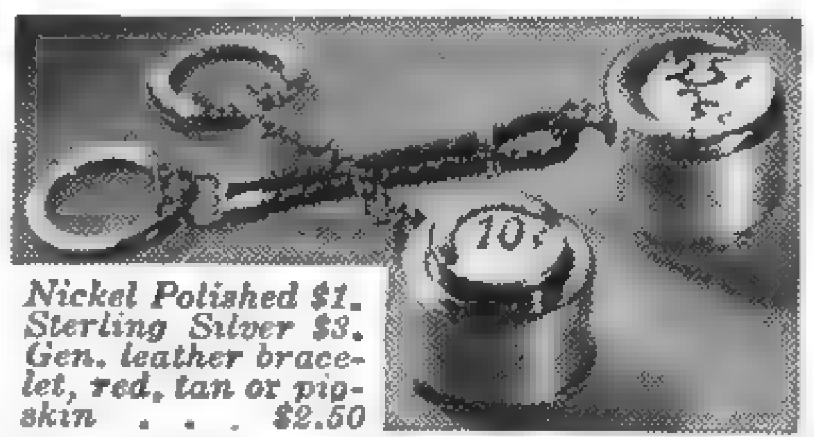
Please send me, postpaid, free copy of "Massage: What Is It? What Can It Do?"

E-1

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

COIN-CLIP KEY CHAIN



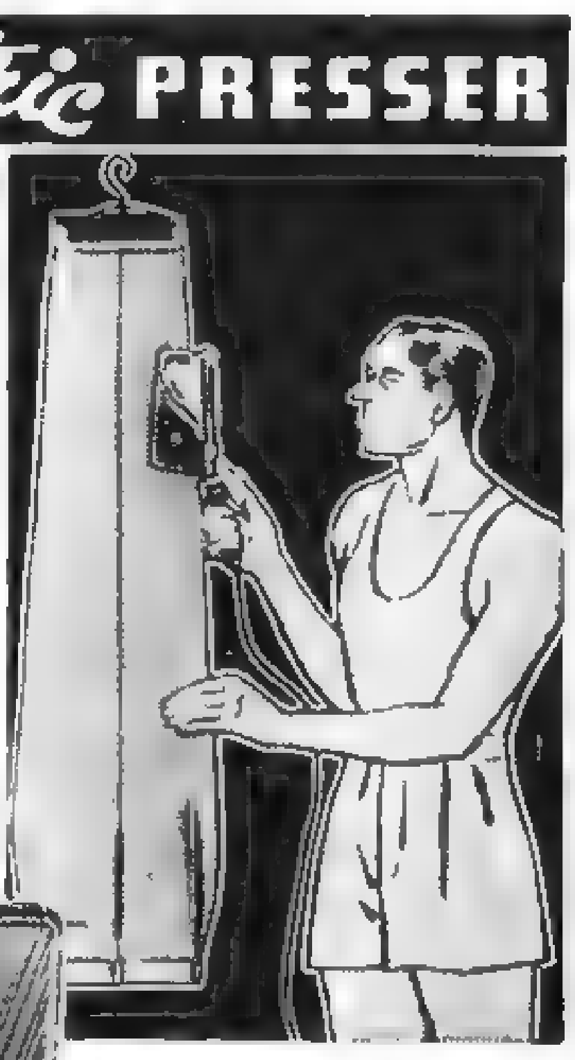
Practical, elegant—holds 5 dimes on one side, 4 quarters or nickels on the other—no more digging in pocket or purse—for car or house key—a very personal gift. At dept. stores and shops or order direct

Nickel Polished $1.
Sterling Silver $3.
Gen. leather bracelet, red, tan or pigskin . . . $2.50

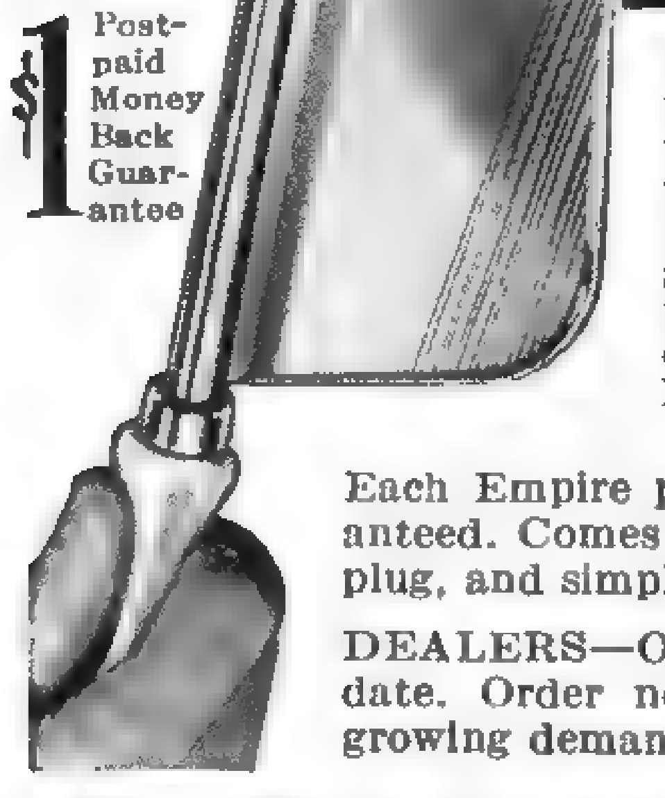
RUDSON-WOOD, INC., 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.

NEW *Electric* PRESSER

HANDIEST AID FOR BUSY, THRIFTY WELL GROOMED MEN



Do your own Pressing this modern way, at home, in office or when traveling. Easy to use. No wet cloth, board or bother. Plug in any socket and it's ready to press pants, collars, sleeves, lapels, dress pleats. And man, what it does to crumpled ties! It presses them into crisp newness before you can say Jack Robinson.



$1 Postpaid Money Back Guarantee

Saves time, money, wear on clothes. Material slides between two heated blades. Don't let another day go by without an Empire. A gift any man or boy away from home will appreciate.

Each Empire presser is fully guaranteed. Comes complete with cord, plug, and simple directions.

DEALERS—Over 750,000 sold to date. Order now to take care of growing demand everywhere.

EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO., Dept. E., 817 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

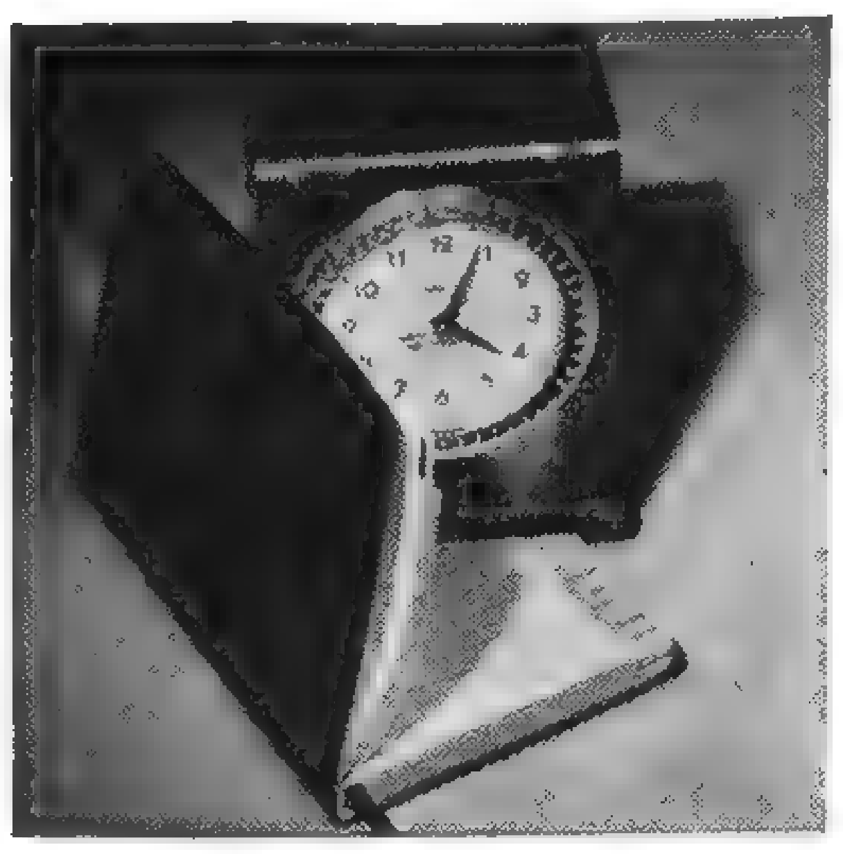
E-1

Enclosed is $1.00 for an Empire. If not satisfied, I will return it and my money will be refunded.

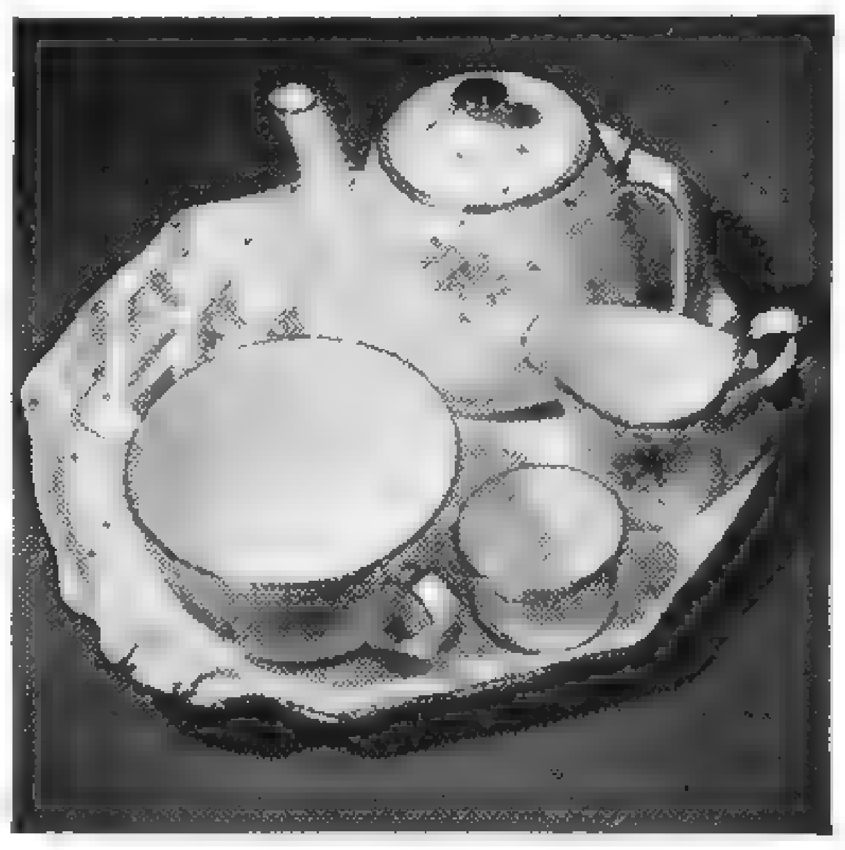
Name..

Address..

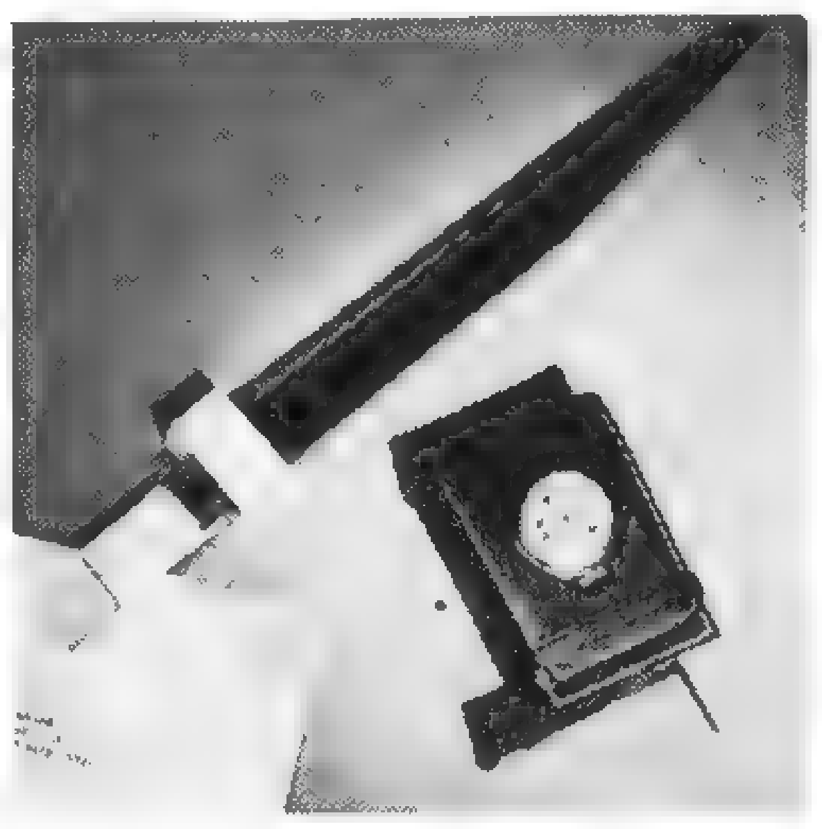
eleventh hour gifts...



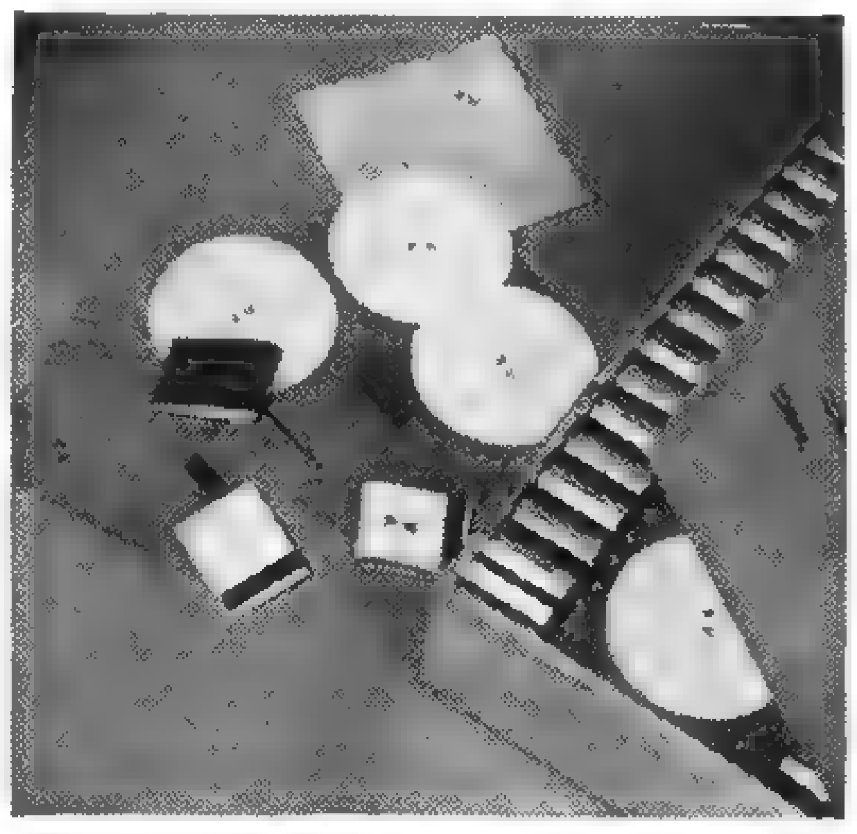
MAKE MOMENTS COUNT. To save the time of frequent travelers, here's an entirely new kind of address book. Geography-conscious, it's indexed according to states, with plenty of room for names, addresses, and phone numbers of acquaintances from Seattle to Key West. The uncanny electric clock starts the morning's coffee a-brewing, turns on the radio, and generally acts as impetus to any electrical device.



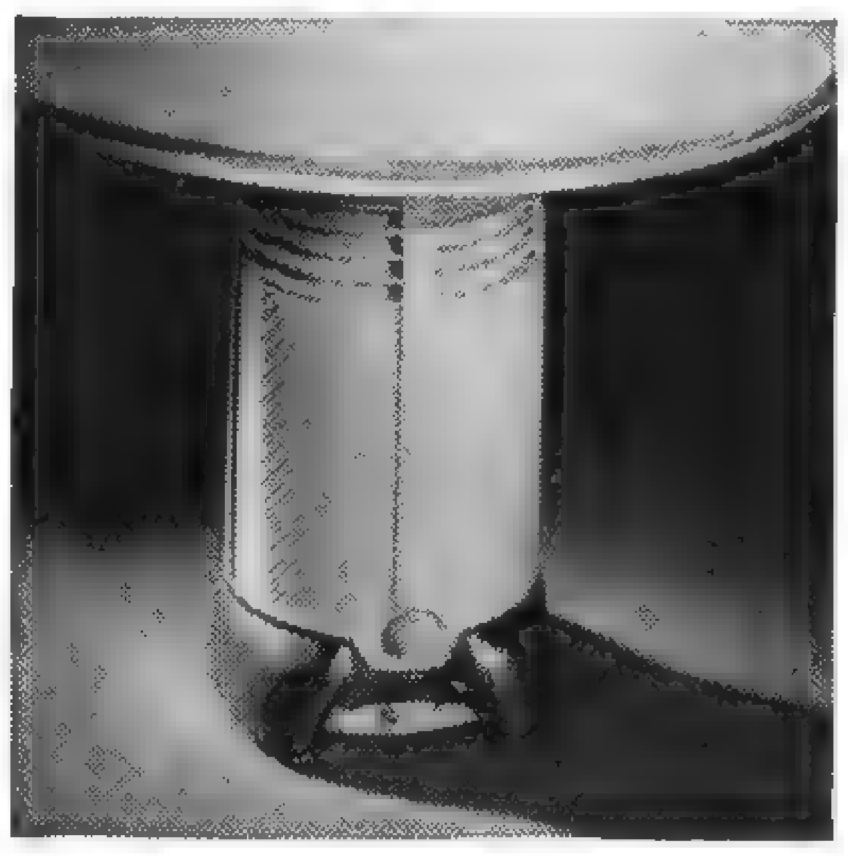
EYE-OPENER, FEMININE. The Continental breakfast of toast and coffee couldn't be served in a more appropriate setting than (a) bed and (b) this condensed version of the breakfast tray, which is just large enough to hold its matching coffee pot, cup, toast rack, cream pitcher, and melted butter container, each in its own niche. Flower-decorated, gold-edged.



DOUBLE LIVES. There are two-fold benefits in both these suggestions. More than a letter-opener is the plastic desk weapon you see. It also has a one-ounce balance to indicate whether a letter requires one stamp or two. Inexpensive; four color combinations. For the man who likes to carry a full package of cigarettes, an English morocco or pigskin case with sliding top. A trusty luminous-dialed watch is set in front.



PARTY IN A BOX. Impromptu shindigs can be fun for the shindig-giver, too, if you donate this handsome chest in advance of festivities. It's monogrammed, as are the hundred cocktail napkins in four harmonious colors, the liquid-proof coasters, and the goodly supply of matchbooks. When they're used up, the chest has jewel or handkerchief-box potentialities.



SOFT LIGHTS, SWEET MUSIC. The fact that you can now get them both under one heading makes this no ordinary household gift. To judge by appearances, it's a very presentable lamp, twenty-five inches high, with ivory plastic gold-trimmed base and ivory taffeta shade. But the base is more than a handsome holder-upper; it conceals a good five-tube radio, which operates independently of the lighting fixture on A.C. or D.C.

Ranger

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Seized *and* Sold *for* Taxes

$ 67 buys island
$ 67 buys 25 acre fur farm
$ 85 buys 18 acres lake front
$108 buys 100 acres with stream
$135 buys 81 acres on river

Our 24th Annual List, just issued in the form of a beautifully illustrated booklet, describes the above and many other choice properties offered at Tax Sale prices. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport; summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in CANADA'S minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET with full information.

TAX SALE SERVICE ROOM 630,
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PERSPIR-ATOR *only* $9.95

THE MODERN TURKISH OR VAPOR BATH FOR HOME USE

Complete with streamlined cabinet, infra-red electric heater, vaporizer, rubber apron. Portable. Roll up when not in use. Positively guaranteed. Sent postpaid upon receipt of $9.95...or pay $9.95 plus postage on delivery. Try 10 days. If not satisfied, return and we will refund your $9.95.

PERSPIR-ATOR MFG. CO.
Dept. 111 Toledo, Ohio

THE CHARACTER BLEND FOR ESQUIRE MEN

CANADIAN PLUG MIXTURE

- Cool, Fragrant
- Mild, Won't Bite

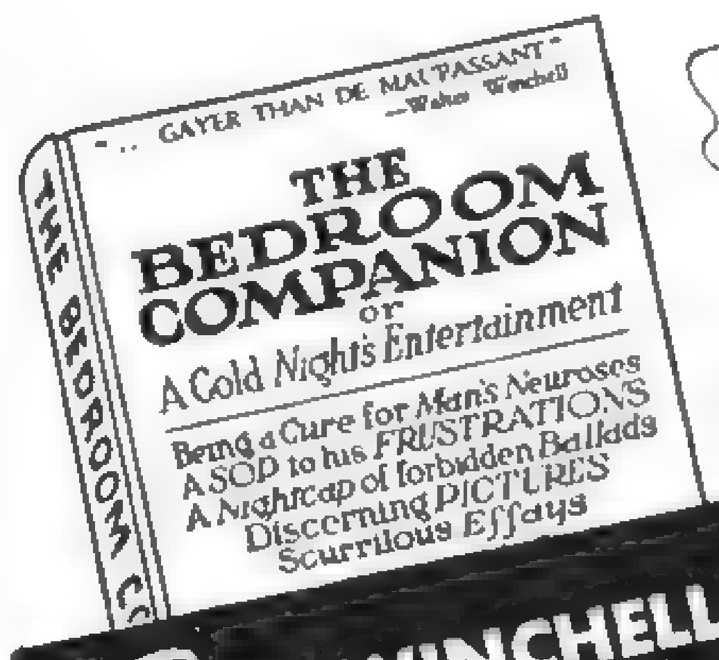
Send $1.25 for ½ lb.
2 oz. pocket pack 35c

Sample! Generous trial package for 10c

CANADIAN PLUG MIXTURE

Iwan Ries & Co.

Established 1898 • 73 W. Monroe St., Chicago



"... GAYER THAN DE MAUPASSANT" —Walter Winchell

THE BEDROOM COMPANION
or
A Cold Night's Entertainment

Being a Cure for Man's Neuroses
A SOP to his FRUSTRATIONS
A Nightcap of forbidden Ballads
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Scurrilous Essays

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Enviously sailfish leap up out of the Gulf Stream to get an eyeful of what's going on at the ultra-ultra, impressively begardened Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, with its private 18-hole golf course as backyard. Luxury here says its utmost in terms of imperial suites, Lucullan cuisine, general elegance of appointments, and service such as Mr. Aladdin of the Arabian Nights was favored with. For Floridian nights' enchantment there's balloon-lit dancing on the sea decks and in the Bamboo Room where floor shows feature the talents of such luminaries as Hildegarde, The Reyes, Paul Draper, and Maurice and Cordoba. Booked for Sunday evenings in the Great Lounge are Jan Peerce, Robert Virovai, José Iturbi, Helen Jepson, Lawrence Tibbett, Linton Wells and William White, Jr., Fray and Braggiotti, and Abram Chassims, with the Miami Symphony Orchestra accompanying . . . At Miami Beach the resplendent new Versailles Hotel indulgently lets inquisitive gourmets explore its cavernous wine cellar, located deep down below sea level, where superabundant Florida sun can't percolate to tamper with the treasures: great Champagnes, celebrated chateau wines of Bordeaux, revered Burgundies. If you were wondering where such rarities had disappeared to, well, here they are till thirsts decimate them. Bruno, of Patio Moresque fame, is catering manager. The natation pool boasts fountain displays reminiscent of those at Versailles, France . . . St. Petersburg's outstanding Vinoy Park Hotel, whose patrons mostly do their summering at the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Massachusetts, maintains its smartly conservative standards of agreeableness. Always orchestraed by Meyer Davis, it this year has Harold Sandler, hailing from Claridge's and the Ritz in London, as his official emissary, batoning and violin soloing . . . The Miami region when the sun and cocktails begin to go down, takes on a fresh tempo as tropical tuxedos are donned, and cohorts rally at the popular, dazzling Five O'Clock Club (Miami Beach) where drinks are on the house at that hour, and on the floor at five o'clock in the morning . . . On the Bay front at Miami the much frequented Royal Palm Club provides as number-wonderful entertainment as one could inquire for; its marquee chronically emblazoned with names like Harry Richman, Abe Lyman, Tony Martin, Joe E. Lewis. The place itself started out as a yacht club, but changed its minds in a big way. At that, the doorman has no prejudice against yachtsmen . . . The Carousel betters the traditional brass ring idea by letting you catch a drink as you sit as passenger on the merry-go-round. But it's a dignified carouse at that. Good food, if you care for that sort of thing . . . Jerry Benson, House Party conductor of Baldwin, Long Island whom his admirers call their bucolic Dwight Fiske, has found winter quarters in Miami. Out on 79th Street, one block East of Biscayne Boulevard, Jerry is safely ensconced for the cold weather surrounded by his faithful May and his bartender Tim . . . Much-swaddled in swank is the semi-public Brook Club at the Surfside, North of Miami Beach — conveniently removed from the exclusive Surf Club so as not to be annoying, but close enough so that the wealthy customers have no trouble in finding it. Occasionally entertainment in the flesh and plenty of entertainment when the lid is not on . . . West Palm Beach's Hotel Royal Worth, hosted by Kenneth Arnold, has had to enlarge its wining and dining facilities to take care of the élite clamor. Clark Fiers, organist-composer, will be at the console at Oolong time. Ronald Stainthorpe and his dance ensemble purvey for the ankles, as previously. Maitre Gray alternates 'tween here and the Mt. Washington Hotel, New Hampshire chef Tremblay is brought along from the Pocono Manor Inn which the Palm Beach Biltmore's host, H. V. Yeager, also general-manages . . . Much social cream is to be waded in at Palm Beach's ultra-exclusive Whitehall where Swiss Marcel A. Gotschi directs the amenities.

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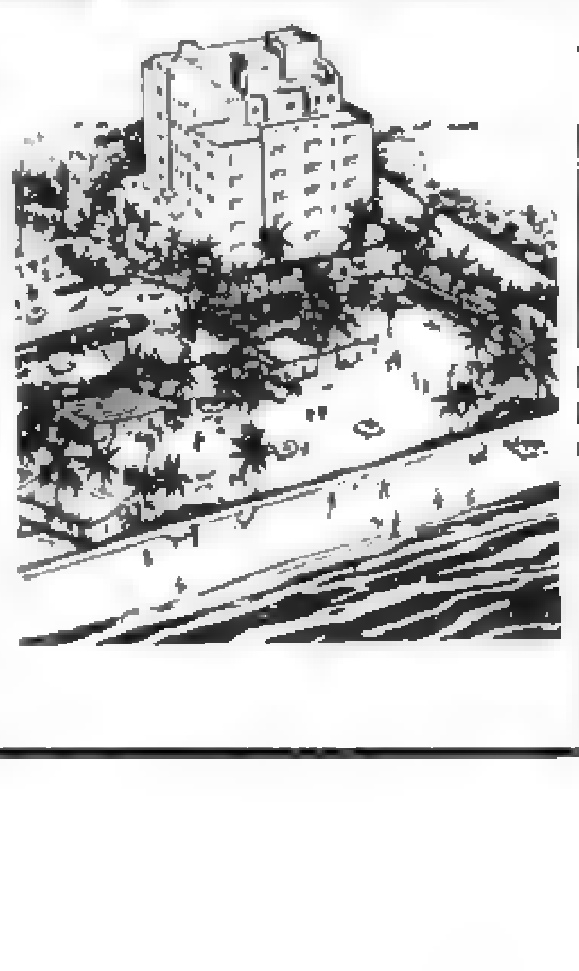

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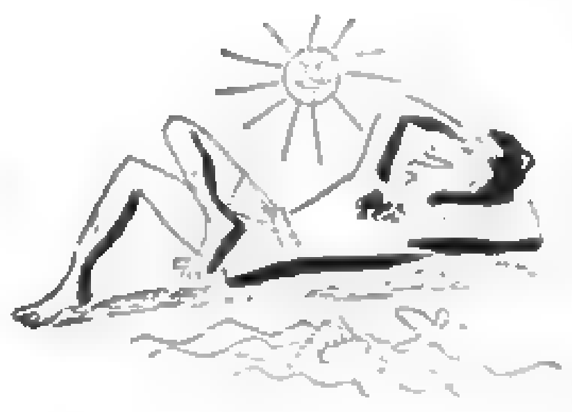

Aware that Old Sol has been short-changing them in these parts, tan fanciers are streaking southward to the Bask Region of Florida where he is more pally—heading there by land, water, and air, hell-bent for hibiscus. Not least of destinations is the stately and sportaceous Roney Plaza, Miami Beach, reigning in splendor amid its private palmdom. Here sun traps include a cabaña-fringed beach and pool, an outdoor Café de la Paix, an impressive-beamed terrace restaurant, and for a change of illumination there's dancing in the gardens by moonlight with stellar maestros wanding . . . The Cromwell Hotel (Miami Beach) improves on nature after dark by trick-lighting its trees in mystic colors of blue, red, green, and purple, so that the drinks you had in this hostelry's Jungle Room seem to have taken wonderful effect. But it's that sort of place, with a fronded Shore Club and everything. Popular Joe Barton leads the music and Silvano Carmellini rules the food and cellar, same as he did so ably at the Surf Club . . . The Dempsey-Vanderbilt (Miami Beach), where Mr. D.—Jack to you—is a winter escapist among his legion of friends, features in its tropical bar a coconut-chaliced rum something called a Jack Dempsey Knockout. One to a customer. The coconut may be carried away as a souvenir, and sometimes the customer . . . Denizens of the Whitman-by-the-Sea (Miami Beach) garb themselves for the briny in the comfort of their rooms and take a direct elevator to the sands. Cocktailing occurs to music in the blue-and-coral Sea Island Room . . . Floating gardens of Old Mexico are muraled with your meals in the Mexican Room at the Belmar (Miami Beach) with two bands on the job. Presiding over the tidy Bar is Kjell Nilson who functioned thusly at the Swedish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair . . . The Surfside (Miami Beach) set strategically between Pancoast Lake and the big blue, which its "La Vista" main dining room windows sweep neatly, is a favored caravansarai for forenoon strand lolling and cosy partying in the Cocktail Lounge till small hours . . . Genial Neal Lang, erstwhile of New York's New Yorker, is hosting in two Miami Beach hostelries at once—the by no means ancient Wofford and a just unveiled modernist establishment called The Raleigh, designed as ye last word of ye last word. Partnered with him in both is entrepreneur Thomas Cassara who owns and operates the not unknown Rhumba Casino where Tony DeMarco will sponsor conga line activities, with Paul and Eva Reyes strutting their Waldorf-Astoria laurels . . . That prize palazzo of Miami, the Hotel Everglades, begins communing with the climate up on its solarium and works down to a mere paradise of gardens and what not, Biscayne Bay competing for attention with the Atlantic. For dinner concerts and dancing, Jerome Twitchell, father of many a Florida orchestra, graces the podium in person. Cuisine has the benefit of treasured Fred Stochetti whose 46 years of experience include the Savoy and Adelphi in London and the Ritz-Carlton and the New York Athletic Club in New York. Sea air appetites his specialty . . . The pleasantly conservative McAllister Hotel (Miami) hasn't bothered to re-do its Marine Bar, since the appeal thereof seems pretty well stabilized . . . The Miami Colonial is contributing to the progress of tropical thirst art to the extent of a Shell Room—green, coral, white, and silver, with a huge mirrored shell over the back bar. Louis Hatch and orchestra perform in the Georgian dining room . . . At Fort Lauderdale the Lauderdale Beach Hotel provides soothements in its Carribean Cocktail Lounge; and meals, square as you please, in its Marine Dining Room, from the skillets of chef Dulom, who other seasons is at The Homestead at Hot Springs, Ole Virginny.

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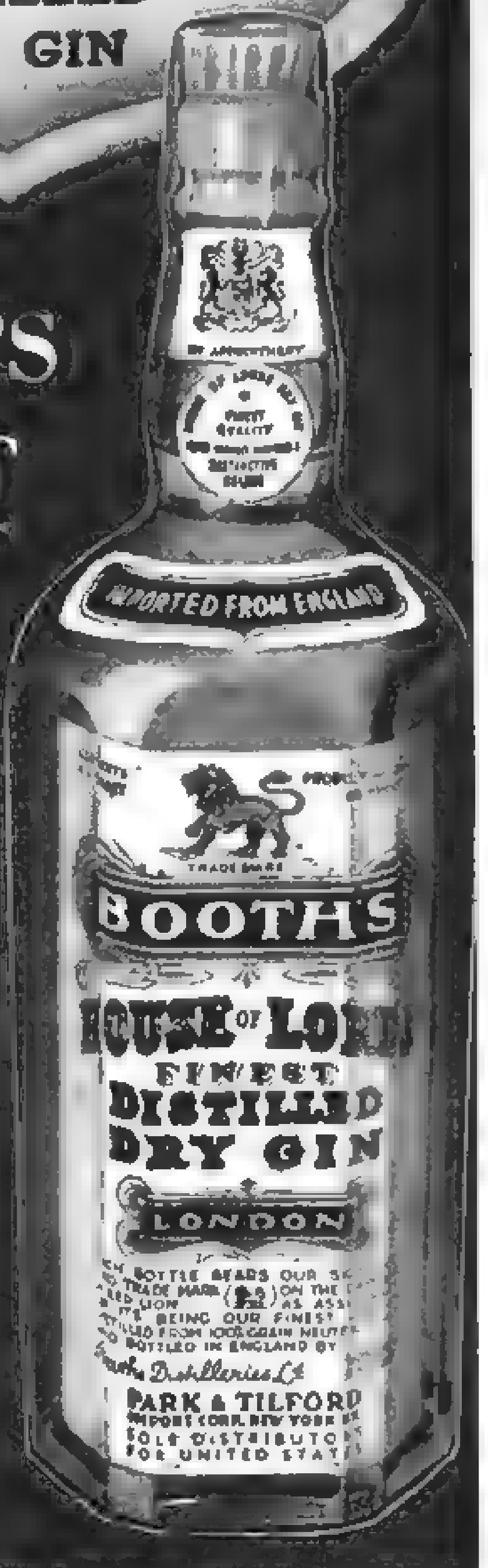

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Happy returns are the keynote at the stratospheric Rainbow Room as regards both patrons and performers. Treasured Ben Cutler holds sway on the musical quarterdeck with Beverley Whitney chorusing; ardent Latin songstress Elvira Rios is again making the mike her confidante; sly Galli Galli, the deferential startler, relieves ringsiders of live chicks they didn't know they were mothering; eminent cape-swirler José Fernandez is back with new numbers and a new partner named Taracita. If desired, Sydney Ross, possessor of a Ph.D. in psychology, will come to your table and do card tricks which amaze more than they instruct. Nor are the chef and maitre François exactly aslump at the switch. Incidentally, the Beaulieu Vineyard claret we had with our broiled breast of guinea hen gave assurance of what America can do in the wine line.

The Hotel Biltmore, rallying spot of the Meet-me-under-the-clock contingent, has entrusted its Bowman Room to the capable strains of Will Bradley & Company. Starting off sweet for the dinner hour, he heatens as the evening progresses and the jitter swarm buzzes in to sup . . . Herbert (Ruban Bleu) Jacoby's Supper Club at the Brevoort is notably piano-teamed by Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart. Violinist Norbert Faconi so surcharges the dimlit room with romance, it seems rude of Champagne corks not to say "Excuse me" when they pop . . . Guy Lombardo is wintering, characteristically unlonesomely, at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill, with petite Sara Ann McCabe lending her voice and personality . . . The moon countenance of Carlo which radiated cheer so many years at the Meadowbrook on East 55th, is now hospitably smiling at No. 74, same street and block. Chez Robert is the name, and the décor is modernist instead of Colonial. Food and cellar good as ever; now featuring Napa Valley wines your palate is pleased to meet... Big breathlessness at the Hotel New Yorker's Ice Terrace over the impending return of record-buster Woody Herman, sequeling success of Abe Lyman. And what a show! . . . Red-coated fox-chasers, waiters to you, are kept on the jump fetching British-style sustenance at the Hotel Lombardy's Hunt Breakfasts these Sunday noons, amid incidental entertainment. It's a Younger Set crowd that gathers there, mannerly but high-hearted. As regards whetment, first lap is gratis . . . Exhilarated by the click of his sepia-powered Café Society (2 Sheridan Square), Villager Barney Josephson has established a northern outpost, Café Society Uptown, at 128 East 58th. Decorated with satirical futurist drolleries by Anton Refregier, this new place features blackamoor talent such as the Golden Gate Quartet of spiritualists, boogie-woogie pianists Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and personable singer-pianist Hazel Scott who swings the classics like Carnegie Hall gone Haiti . . . No trivial addition to lower Fifth Avenue is the new Café Bruno (at 13th) where you dine under spirited murals of old New Amsterdam and dance to the musics of Nick D'Amico's orchestra and Romano's Rhumba Band. Singing guitarist Renato (special importation) is agreeably heard from, and society song-birdie Betty Bryant interprets the heart angle in a manner worth hearking to. Host Bruno, who has had good places around town and in Florida, seems bent on making this his best . . . Ingenious educational toy for mixers, both amateur and pro: Baron Fougner's flask-shaped Bar Guide, made moisture-proof and consultable by twisting its twin knobs which operate a stretched scroll (under non-inflammable transparent shield) whereon travel hundreds of classified recipes. Geared for hospitality, selfish persons are playing solitaire with it . . . Nuther useful knowledge spreader, but in mere book form, is Harold J. Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beers, which makes its diligent absorber encyclopaedic in his information on matters of gullet import.

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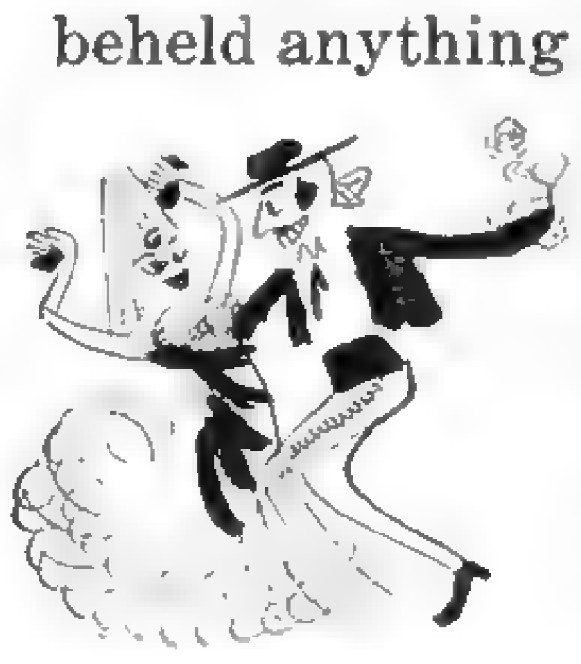


Anyone who thinks he has seen Spanish dancers ain't beheld anything yet unless he has witnessed the whirlwind verve of those magnetic, dynamic youngsters Rosario and Antonio at the Waldorf-Astoria's Sert Room. Painter Sert's celebrated murals of Old Spain seem teamed up with them. And high-combed, Castillian-looking Tana with her voice and ably-strummed guitar gives us Andalusian cadences that take us back to the old Seville of the Moors. Local hidalgo Eddy Duchin serves up his vari-colored music with his usual debonair virtuosity, only more so. At supper Mischa Borr is rhumba-tango alternate, and Carol Bruce of "Louisiana Purchase" appears vocally.

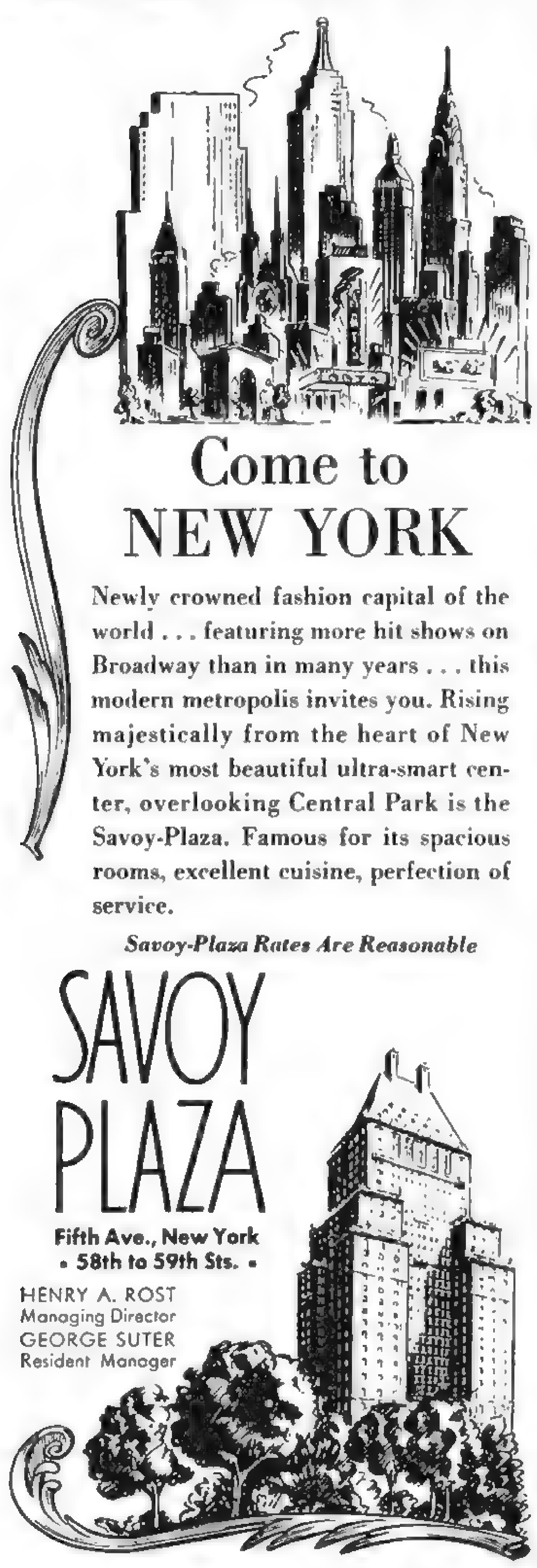
Féfé's vastly genteel Café Pierre, ensnugged in the northwest corner of the Hotel Pierre, is proving a favorite hospice for persons who haven't any Cannes or Cap Ferrat to flee to nowadays. Certainly the food bespeaks the France that was, with foie gras and fresh beluga caviar featured as staples, along with Chateaubriand steak, squab guinea hen, and suchlike. While luncheon is no slight event, things really hit their stride at cocktail dancing hour. Dinner modulates into supper at which the latest Broadway headlineress (a new one every few weeks) chaunts request numbers. The orchestra is Bob Knight's.

Yummous little Dorothy Lewis, queen of dash and daintiness, darts out onto the white slippery at the St. Regis's Iridium Room (about as much ice as there is in the surrounding Champagne buckets) with a pert gusto that makes you feel that lorgnettes are about to be kicked flying from dowagers' hands. But she's only frolicking – and Dorothy could demolish our right eye without our complaining. As for those white-tied, silk-hatted lads, the Heasley Twins, who toss her about, curse their handsome ease, say we. Brillantly adept, too, are Billy and Betty Wade, causing us to gnaw our smoked sturgeon with envy. But tactful John at the door bows us goodnight as though our stepping to Hal Saunders's music had been a triumph of grace.

Transplanted restaurants have a terrific mortality, so we were worried when a couple of years ago Henri's, an old favorite of ours, yanked up its roots on West 46th Street and plunked them into bigger and handsomer quarters at 15 East 52nd. But our anxiety was inapropos. For no matter *where* Henri's migrated, the faithful would follow it, noses a-sniff for its celebrated Petite Marmite, its classic onion soup, its authentic French crescents, pastries, and ice creams. Those glass bowls arrayed temptingly in the confectionary display (opposite the Bar) have housed Henri chocolates these 34 years. If it hadn't been for these bonbons, Prohibition would have robbed bon vivants of their Henri's.

Adroit smoothies Covert and Reed, whose versatility ranges from lusty-chested balladeering to two-ply entendre and whats-on-your-mind reading, are on decoy duty again at the Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick – manager Frank Kridel betting that they will beat the record they hung up for this room last year. To make sure of it (for he's not the hit-or-miss sort) he has installed Ray Benson and his orchestra, whose tempos seem the answer to the glass floor's prayer. The Dean Cornwall murals of good Queen Bess and her boy friend are as stunning as ever.

That Grand Central Gilbraltar, the Commodore, warmed by the personality of host Martin Sweeny, is again utilizing its large, comely Century Room as a happy stomping ground for the devotees of live-wire bandster Sammy Kaye. It's music that has heat and bubble without undue blare. You can take it sitting down eating the viands of the establishment, without jolts to your digestion. But mostly the patrons rise up and glide, seemingly forgetful of all else. Which isn't what the food deserves.



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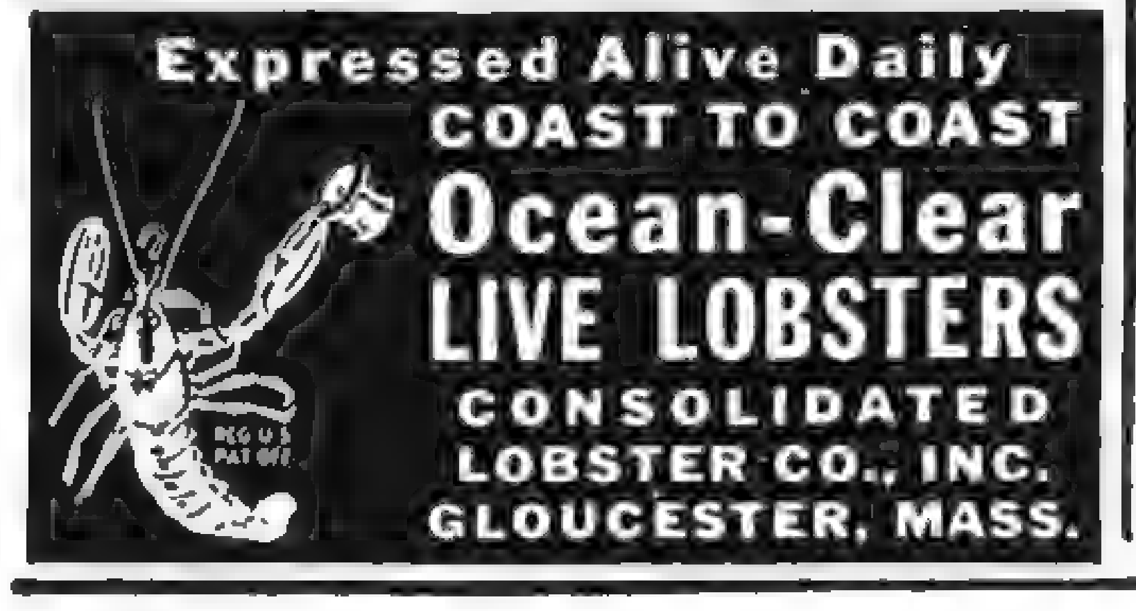

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

W. F. Fox, Jr.

W. F. Fox, Jr., who believes that you can take a Hoosier out of basketball but never the basketball out of a Hoosier, says that operating a basketball column in the *Indianapolis News* for the last several years has been strictly fun. He conducts three other columns, and expects eventually to turn them all over to Peter, age eight; Michael, seven; Billy, five and Sheila, three. He recalls: seven years at Notre Dame crabbing about marks he didn't get for classes he never attended, a boat ride to France during the World War and a year at Grenoble University after the war. Says he's one of those Americans the lecturing Englishman had in mind when he said: "You in America are too busy doing things to have time to be anybody."

•

Eldon Roark was born in Clinton, Louisiana, in 1897. He says: "My father was the town architect, contractor and carpenter. The one job he could never land was that of straightening the courthouse dome, although he sighted it to every new incoming administration and proved beyond a doubt that it was out of plumb. It burned him up, and to his dying day he grumbled about it. When I was fourteen we moved to Baton Rouge, and in high school I won a scholarship to Tulane University. But it wasn't enough to finance the medical course I wanted, so I went to work in a bank. In 1918 I enlisted in the Air Service. Although I went around telling folks good-bye every week, I stayed right there and fought the whole war in Texas, riding around the field on a gasoline truck." After his discharge, he did newspaper work, first with the *New Orleans Item*, later with the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, where, for the past fifteen years, he has written a daily human-interest column. It was on a weekend tennis party he met his wife. They still play every chance they get; have a boy, twelve; a girl, nine.

Eldon Roark

•

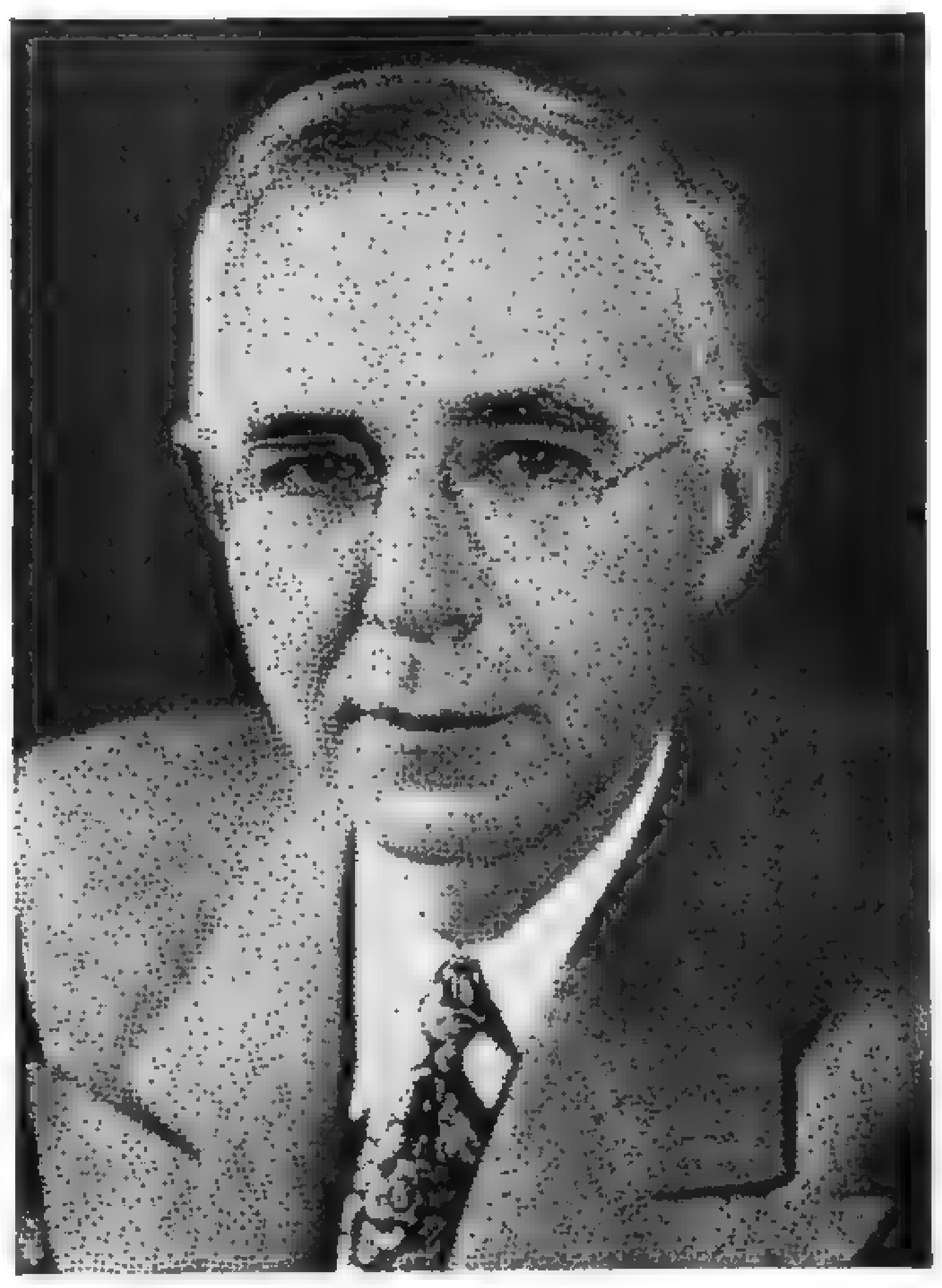
Herbert M. Alexander is copy chief for an advertising agency in New York, writes short stories for *The Post*, has translated articles from the French for various publications, translated Paolo Mantegazza's *Physiology of Love* from the Italian, and has done a book on burlesque, *Strip Tease*.

Kent Sagendorph

Kent Sagendorph is lecturing on aviation all around the country. *Casuals of Our Peace* is the result of his discovery that one's own home is a more dangerous place than an airliner on the approximate scale of 1500 to 1. This discovery delighted the airminded Mr. Sagendorph, who has contemplated buying an old DC-3 at auction and subdividing it into living alcove, dining trunk and collapsible kitchenette, making the world's safest place of residence.

•

Jack Byrne says: "One braw brave day with the success of my college career still rosy-dewed upon me, I went to see a man about a job. John Byrne, eh? he said: What part of Ireland do your people hail from? From the County Cavan mostly, I said. Well now, said he. My own name is John Byrne Kelly, and my father's house was a stone's throw from the Five Mile Bridge. How soon can you start? And so I became an editor. Those were the wonderful days of '26 when all publishers were potential millionaires, all editors geniuses. We spawned new magazines on the slightest provocation, and you'd think we'd been written by Scott Fitzgerald to see us whizzing past in our brand new roadsters. We were quick to see that a writer's life was the life, boys. Those guys had it positively regal. The rules of the game at this stage were really very simple: anything written on one side of the paper was a story. Writers were celebrities who lived in Paris and Westport, and if the Bermuda Scotch ran short you could always write a novelette over the weekend and collect half a grand the following Wednesday. Recognizing the ideal qualities of such a mode of life, after a brief period of waiting, what's twelve or fourteen years to the creative consciousness? I launched myself into literature. Here I am then, swimming a modified trudgeon, and unless you want to get splashed in the wake you'd better hoist your kirtles."



L. B. Icely

L. B. Icely is president of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, and considers himself lucky in having a valid business alibi for being one of the country's most faithful sports fans. Leaving an association with Wright and Ditson as one of its ranking officials, Icely joined with Thomas E. Wilson, the packer, in 1918 to establish the Wilson Sporting Goods enterprise. Long in close contact with football coaches and officials, and the confidant of young athletes, Icely refuses to subscribe to any idea that the gridiron and those around its rim could foul the kids who, alone, make football. Hence, *Why Kick Football?*

•

Courtney O'Brien, who wrote *The Birthday Horse*, says: "I am in my twenties and have a varied and extremely sulky school career behind me. Except for short hops, I have lived in Connecticut and New York most of my life." Mr. O'Brien's great ambition is to get a Ph.D. so his friends can call him Doc and his enemies, a pedant.

Byron Schoeman

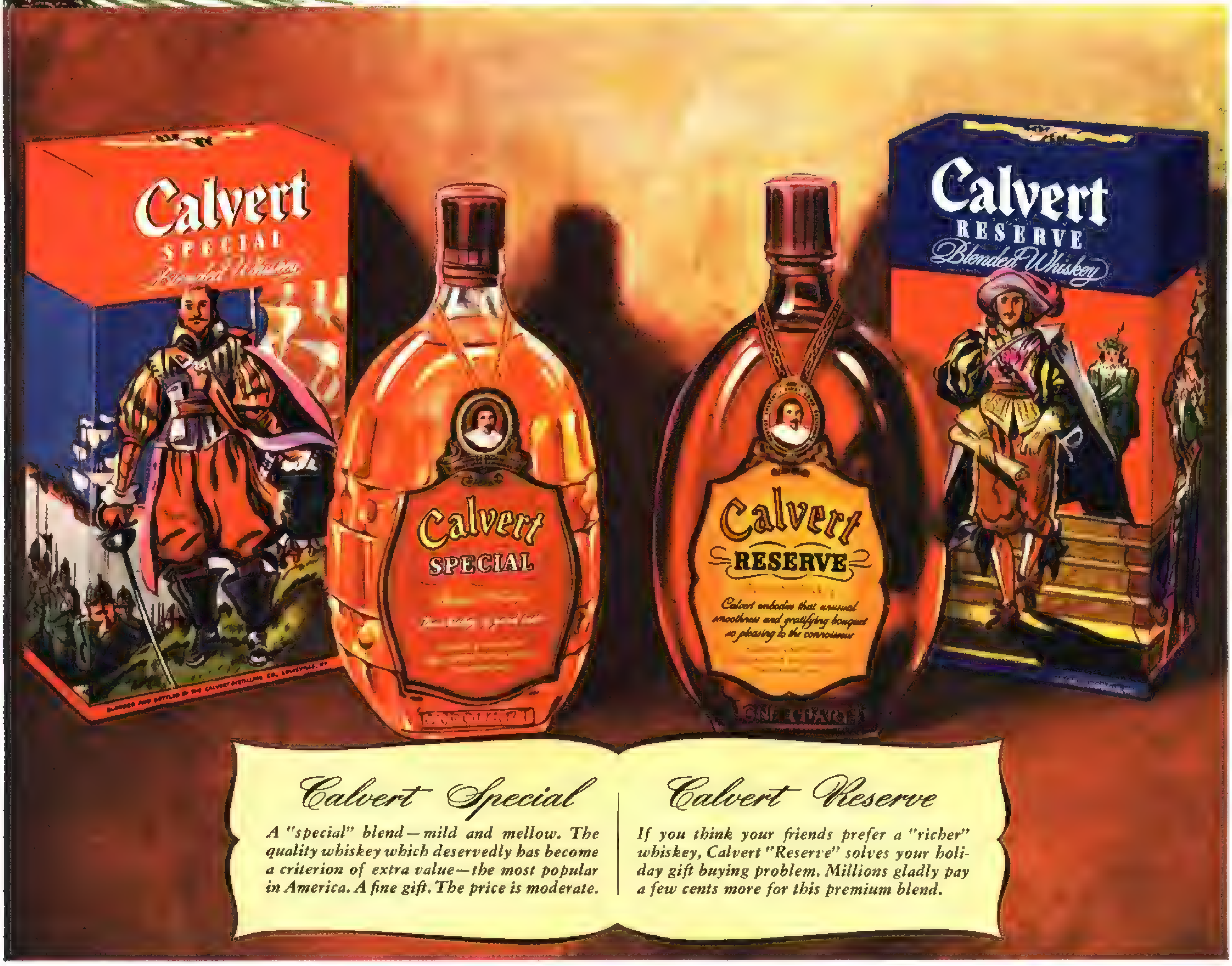
Byron Schoeman is thirty-four, a free-lance writer, lives in Chicago. He has done sports writing for the late *New York World*, *St. Louis Times*, *Chicago Herald-American* and the *El Paso Times-Herald*. He has been a wrestling promoter and publicity agent for a number of sports celebrities. He rates Willie Hoppe (*The Boy Wonder*, page 79) along with Jack Dempsey, Jim Londos, George Sisler, Jim Thorpe, Jimmy Thomson and Harry Cooper as the most gracious of the hundreds of sports' leading figures he has had occasion to know.

•

When Paul Gallico was a sportswriter on the *New York Daily News*, he got into the limelight by letting Jack Dempsey knock him out in training camp. After fourteen years as sports editor of that sheet, he knocked off with a book called *Farewell to Sport*, and turned to free-lance writing. Since then he has done correspondence for International News Service, and his stories have appeared in *The Post*, *Red Book*, *American Magazine* and *Cosmopolitan*. He is the author of two hair-raising books, *Adventures of Hiram Holliday*, and, more recently, *The Secret Front*. His story in this issue is *The Melee of the Mages* which appears on page 34.

Paul Gallico

The Perfect Gift


Calvert
SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
Calvert
SPECIAL
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert embodies that unusual smoothness and gratifying bouquet so pleasing to the connoisseur
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

Calvert Special

A "special" blend—mild and mellow. The quality whiskey which deservedly has become a criterion of extra value—the most popular in America. A fine gift. The price is moderate.

Calvert Reserve

If you think your friends prefer a "richer" whiskey, Calvert "Reserve" solves your holiday gift buying problem. Millions gladly pay a few cents more for this premium blend.

PROTECTIVE BLENDING CREATES THE PERFECT GIFT

Here are three great whiskies that make three great gifts.

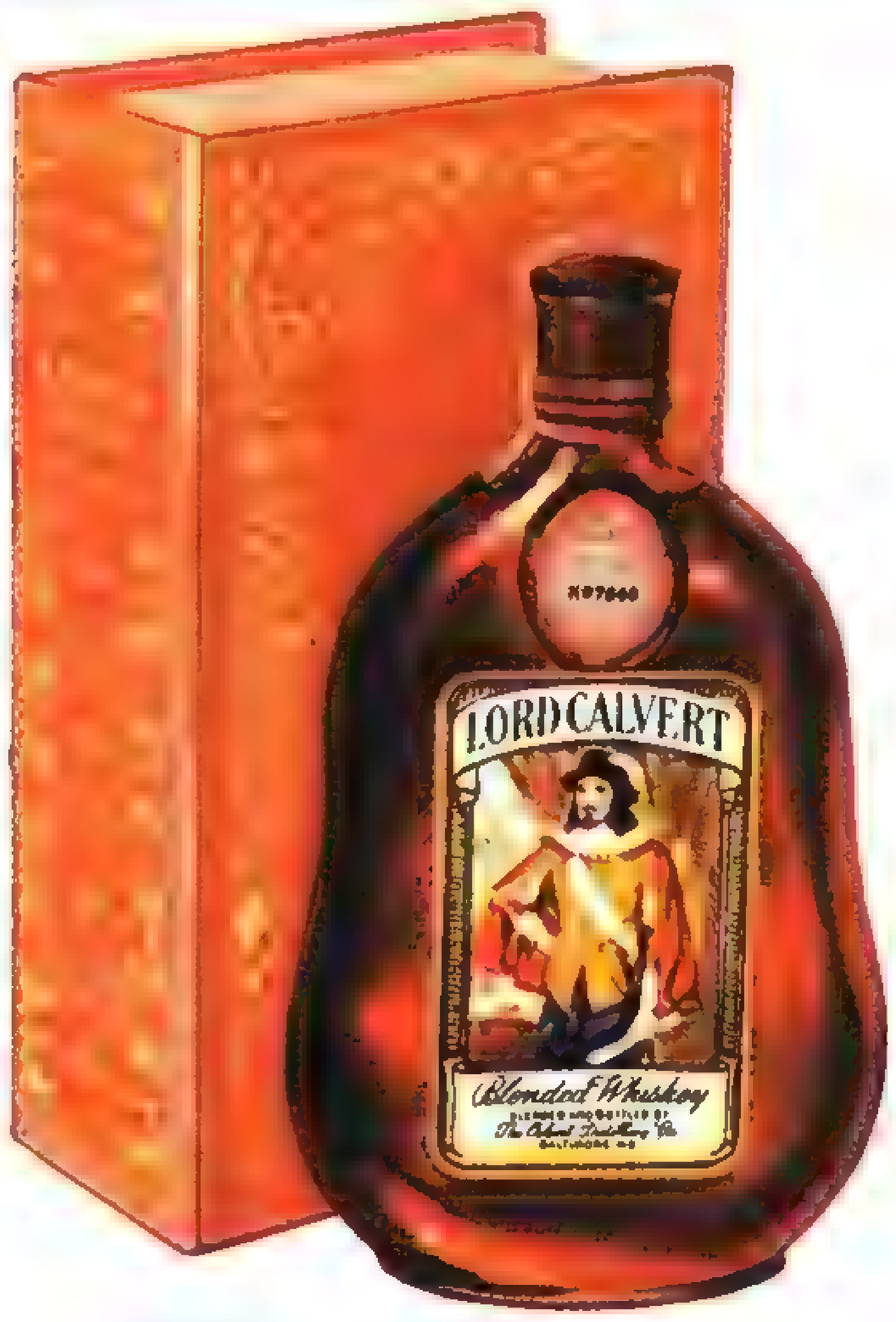
The same Protective Blending that distinguishes these three superlative whiskies identifies them as America's favorite gifts.

Your friends *already* know what Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending *does* for this whiskey, how much it adds to their drinking enjoyment.

That's why no matter what a man may drink from time to time—rye, bourbon, or Scotch—you can't go wrong giving Calvert because it has a universally favored flavor—thanks to Protective Blending.

So take this easy way out of your shopping worries.

Give these smart, handsome, richly colorful gift packages of Calvert—Gifts of "Good Taste." Let Protective Blending convey to your friends the heartiest of Good Wishes with the best of "Good Spirits."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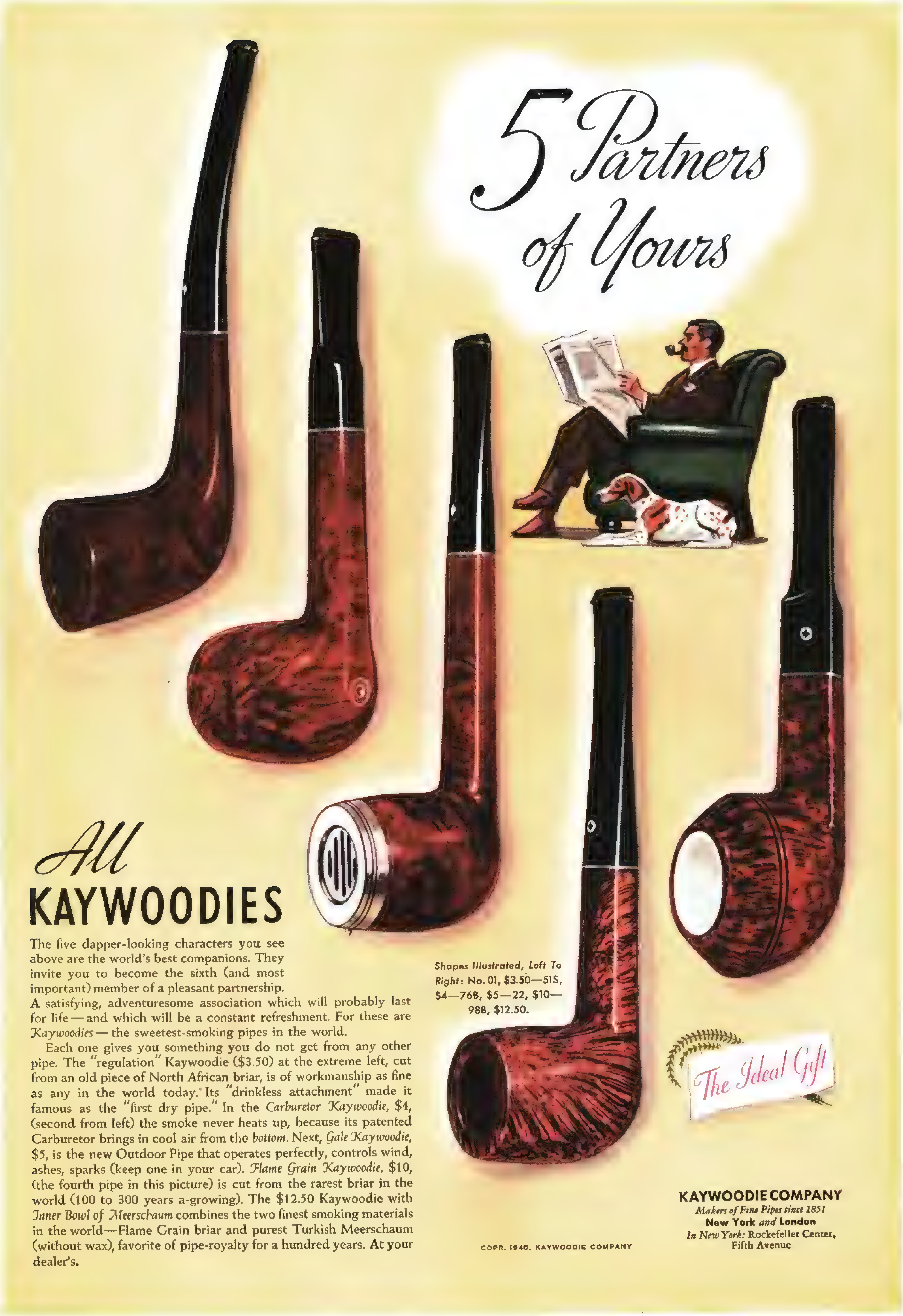
Lord Calvert

A whiskey that is a deliberate extravagance—of incredible smoothness and matchless quality for you who can afford to give the finest. Comes in an appropriately distinctive gift package.

Lord Calvert "Custom Blended" Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Reserve" Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Special" Blended Whiskey: 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distillers Corp., New York



5 Partners of Yours

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Each one gives you something you do not get from any other pipe. The "regulation" Kaywoodie ($3.50) at the extreme left, cut from an old piece of North African briar, is of workmanship as fine as any in the world today. Its "drinkless attachment" made it famous as the "first dry pipe." In the *Carburetor Kaywoodie*, $4, (second from left) the smoke never heats up, because its patented Carburetor brings in cool air from the *bottom*. Next, *Gale Kaywoodie*, $5, is the new Outdoor Pipe that operates perfectly, controls wind, ashes, sparks (keep one in your car). *Flame Grain Kaywoodie*, $10, (the fourth pipe in this picture) is cut from the rarest briar in the world (100 to 300 years a-growing). The $12.50 Kaywoodie with *Inner Bowl of Meerschaum* combines the two finest smoking materials in the world—Flame Grain briar and purest Turkish Meerschaum (without wax), favorite of pipe-royalty for a hundred years. At your dealer's.

Shapes Illustrated, Left To Right: No. 01, $3.50—51S, $4—76B, $5—22, $10—98B, $12.50.

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The Eighty-Yard Run

Fifteen years ago a run on the football field, and a girl's kiss, assured him he would go places

by IRWIN SHAW

• FICTION •

THE pass was high and wide and he jumped for it, feeling it slap flatly against his hands, as he shook his hips to throw off the halfback who was diving at him. The center floated by, his hands desperately brushing Darling's knee as Darling picked his feet up high and delicately ran over a blocker and an opposing linesman in a jumble on the ground near the scrimmage line. He had ten yards in the clear and picked up speed, breathing easily, feeling his thigh pads rising and falling against his legs, listening to the sound of cleats behind him, pulling away from them, watching the other backs heading him off toward the sideline, the whole picture, the men closing in on him, the blockers fighting for position, the ground he had to cross, all suddenly clear in his head, for the first time in his life not a meaningless confusion of men, sounds, speed. He smiled a little to himself as he ran, holding the ball lightly in front of him with his two hands, his knees pumping high, his hips twisting in the almost-girlish run of a back in a broken field. The first halfback came at him and he fed him his leg, then swung at the last moment, took the shock of the man's shoulder without breaking stride, ran right through him, his cleats biting securely into the turf. There was only the safety man now, coming warily at him, his arms crooked, hands spread. Darling tucked the ball in, spurted at him, driving hard, hurling himself along, his legs pounding, knees high, all two hundred pounds bunched into controlled attack. He was sure he was going to get past the safety man. Without thought, his arms and legs working beautifully together, he headed right for the safety man, stiff-armed him, feeling blood spurt instantaneously from the man's nose onto his hand, seeing his face go awry, head turned, mouth pulled to one side. He pivoted away, keeping the arm locked, dropping the safety man as he ran easily toward the goal line, with the drumming of cleats diminishing behind him.

How long ago? It was autumn then and the ground was getting hard because the nights were cold and leaves from the maples around the stadium blew across the practice fields in gusts of wind and the girls were beginning to put polo coats over their sweaters when they came to watch practice in the afternoons . . . Fifteen years. Darling walked slowly over the same ground in the spring twilight, in his neat shoes, a man of thirty-five dressed in a double-breasted suit, ten pounds heavier in the fifteen years, but not fat, with the years between 1925 and 1940 showing in his face.

The coach was smiling quietly to himself and the assistant coaches were looking at each other with pleasure the way they always did when one of the second stringers suddenly did something fine, bringing credit to them, making their $2,000 a year a tiny bit more secure.

Darling trotted back, smiling, breathing deeply but easily, feeling wonderful, not tired, though this was the tail end of practice and he'd run eighty yards. The sweat poured off his face and soaked his jersey and he liked the feeling, the warm moistness lubricating his skin like oil. Off in a corner of the field some players were punting and the smack of leather against the ball came pleasantly through the afternoon air. The freshmen were running signals on the next field and the quarterback's sharp voice, the pound of the eleven pairs of cleats, the "Dig, now, *dig!*" of the coaches, the laughter of the players all somehow made him feel happy as he trotted back to midfield, listening to the applause and shouts of the students along the sidelines, knowing that after that run the coach would have to start him Saturday against Illinois.

Fifteen years, Darling thought, remembering the shower after the workout, the hot water steaming off his skin and the deep soapsuds and all the young voices singing with the water streaming down and towels going and managers running in and out and the sharp sweet smell of oil of wintergreen and everybody clapping him on the back as he dressed and Packard, the captain, who took being captain very seriously, coming over to him and shaking his hand and saying, "Darling, you're going to go places in the next two years."

The assistant manager fussed over him, wiping a cut on his leg with alcohol and iodine, the little sting making him realize suddenly how fresh and whole and solid his body felt. The manager slapped a piece of adhesive tape over the cut and Darling noticed the sharp clean white of the tape against the ruddiness of the skin, fresh from the shower.

He dressed slowly, the softness of his shirt and the soft warmth of his wool socks and his flannel trousers a reward against his skin after the harsh pressure of the shoulder harness and thigh and hip pads. He drank three glasses of cold water, the liquid reaching down coldly inside of him, soothing the harsh dry places in his throat and belly left by the sweat and running and shouting of practice.

Fifteen years.

The sun had gone down and the sky was green behind the stadium and he laughed quietly to himself as he looked at the stadium, rearing above the trees, and knew that on Saturday when the 70,000 voices roared as the team came running out onto the field, part of that enormous salute would be for him. He walked slowly, listening to the gravel crunch satisfactorily under his shoes in the still twilight, feeling his clothes swing lightly against his skin, breathing the thin evening air, feeling the wind move softly in his damp

Continued in center of page 164

"Fine thing, when I do bring you flowers you don't even say 'thanks.'"

Did the Germans Fool Us?

Student in Berlin before World War I recalls his observations in the light of current events

by ERNEST BOYD

• ARTICLE •

ONE evening in 1905 I was sitting in a café on Unter den Linden in Berlin with a German friend of mine. He was a man in his forties—more than twice my age at the time—and had become my guide, counsellor and friend in all things German. He had cosmopolitan tastes and was a very congenial companion for a young student with literary ambitions. As we watched the passers-by, dominated as usual by military uniforms, the officers swaggering in their handsome grey capes, he suddenly said to me: "This country will never be free until we have a strong liberal party like the English."

I was astonished at this remark. In many ways Germany seemed much freer to my youthful way of thinking than England. The constraints of British school and university life were wholly absent. Professors and students were more emancipated in their views than their equivalents whom I remembered at home, less bound by arbitrary social and religious conventions. Most distinguished scholars lived in simple apartments, their wives doing most of the housework, and they sat democratically in their favorite café or beer garden, enjoying themselves frugally but thoroughly, without any social pretense. The students, too, it seemed to me, were more intellectual and far better educated than young men of their age in England. Where the latter discussed games and sports, they found it perfectly natural to talk of Schopenhauer or Nietzsche. In fact, so philosophical were these youths, that I often have heard some of them say that, if they failed at a given examination, they would commit suicide, and many did. None of my companions at home took life or their studies so seriously.

What seemed to me conclusive evidence of the superiority of German education was the general high level of knowledge and intelligence. To one of my tastes, Berlin was an infinitely more interesting city to live in than London. The best music was available everywhere. In the theatre Shakespeare and the classics were as popular as farces and musical comedies in England. Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Ibsen, Hauptmann and the great Russian dramatists were regularly performed—this at a time when Shaw had barely begun to be known in the English theatre. Geraldine Farrar was as familiar and popular a figure in Berlin as Joan Crawford in America today. Opera was an essential in the lives of the people.

Most of my friends spoke two languages in addition to their own. Book shops were everywhere, well stocked with the best literature. In the cheap Tauchnitz editions, the whole range of English and American literature, classical and modern, was available in English. The leading authors of Greece, Rome and every country in Europe were on sale in thousands of book stores in excellent translations, printed on good paper, for five cents a volume. I still have those which I bought thirty-five years ago, and they are as good as ever. For a young student of literary tastes Germany at that time seemed a paradise. Scientific education, I understood, was on an equally high level. It is little wonder that, up to the World War, at least, German universities and German educational methods played a great part in the building up of the educational system of this country. Once upon a time people had gone to the romantic Germany of Goethe and Schiller and Heine. After the Franco-Prussian war, they went to the Germany of modern efficiency.

How could my friend that night argue that such an advanced, emancipated country would never be any good until it evolved a liberal party? I thought of the English liberals, mostly rather orthodox Protestants, distinctly on the Puritan side. In Germany the Protestants thought nothing of going to the theatre or a dance on Sunday, just as people did in Catholic France and Italy. I thought of all the excellent newspapers with their literary and scientific supplements, in which it was not uncommon to find long quotations in English or French, correctly printed, and left untranslated on the assumption that most readers would understand them. I thought of the cleanliness, the orderliness, the methodicalness which made life in so many little ways so much easier.

What more, I asked, could liberalism do?

"For one thing," he replied, "it could create an intelligent opposition and if we ever had a decent parliamentary system, we could establish civilian control over the army."

"I thought the Social Democrats supplied the opposition," I answered. We had, on several occasions attended the meetings of this radical party and I had heard Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg addressing the assembled comrades—all with their steins of beer in front of them.

He shook his head. "They are too grateful for the benefits of State Socialism, which is really Prussianism out of Lassalle by Bismarck. You must have noticed that their meetings are just as regimented as a military parade. Have you ever seen a number of Germans anywhere who did not crave to be ordered what to do and how to do it? Why, even when our students' clubs have a beer evening, everything is done to command—from the number of steins to be drunk to the songs to be sung! Regimentation is in our very blood."

"Heine says that every German has the mind of a philosopher and the soul of a drill sergeant," I replied, "but I have heard plenty of criticism of soldiers—"

"But not spoken too loudly. You know that's a punishable offense—*lèse majesté.* You'll hear more of it in Berlin, because the Kaiser considers Potsdam the special preserve of his army and leaves the Berlin 'civilian riff-raff' severely alone. They may mock him and his monuments, but they maintain a respectful distance."

I remember pointing out that all countries had certain conventions. If Germany admired militarism and discipline, the English made a cult of sport and the gentleman, but always placed their real confidence in business—the nation of shopkeepers, as Napoleon said. But my friend insisted that the vital defect in the German respect for order and discipline was that it was a negative, not a positive, virtue, having its roots in the servility of a hopelessly regimented militarized people. The freedom in the realms of speculation had no counterpart in the world of politics and national affairs.

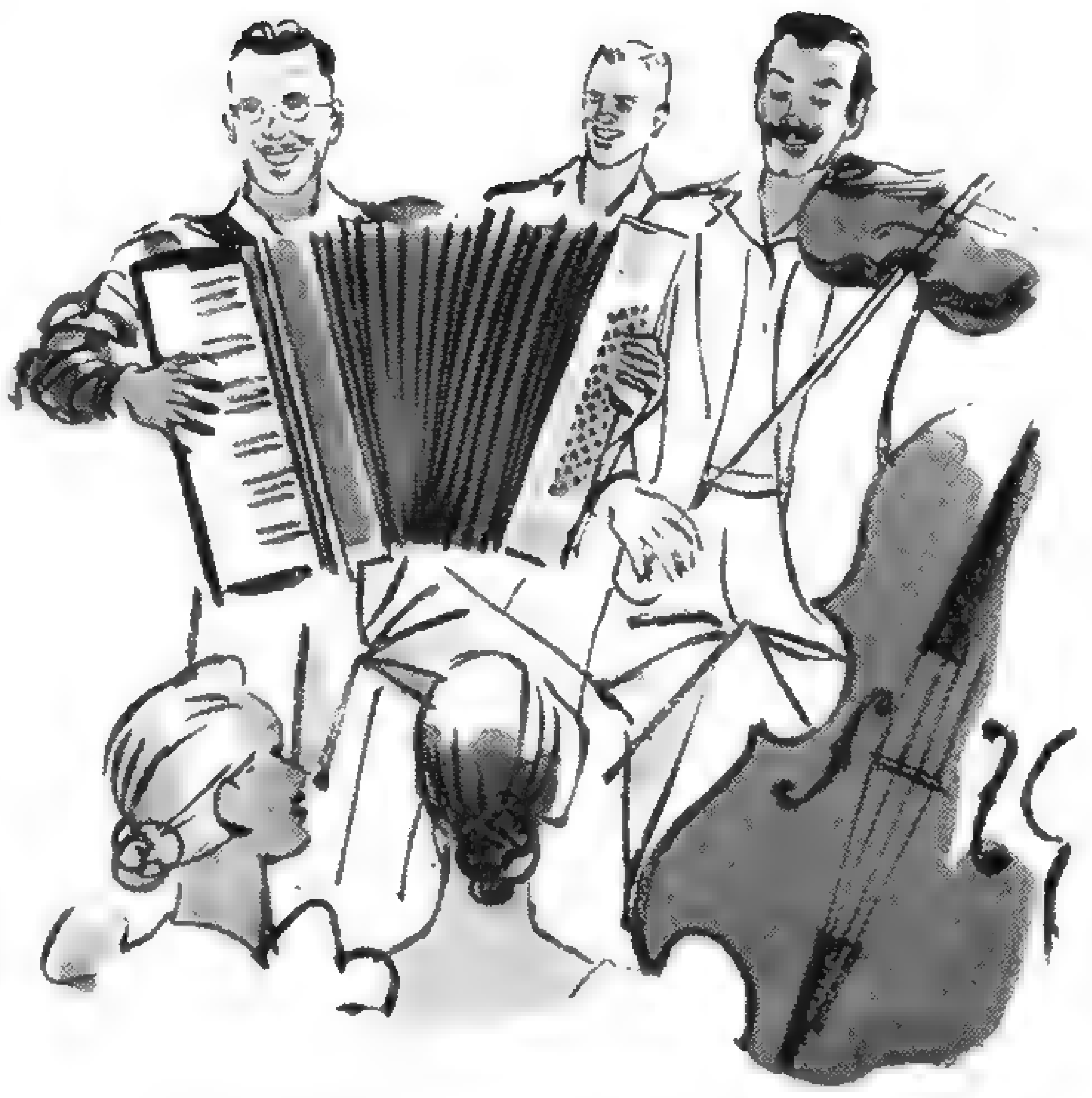
That year 1905, as I look back at it in the light of current events, has a curious significance. It was a year of great unrest and excitement in international politics. The Kaiser had gone to Tangiers and made a provocative speech to the Sultan of Morocco which upset the plans of England and France in that territory. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, who was the French right-hand man of Edward VII in the various maneuvers which brought about the *Entente Cordiale*, was abruptly dismissed from his post at the order of the German Emperor. It was an unprecedented victory for Germany and a great public humiliation for France. The Germans threatened to hold France as a hostage if Britain attacked the German fleet and to exact ransom by invading the country. The Emperor boasted of his deep understanding with his Italian ally—as Hitler does today, and in Germany that year I first heard officers drinking to the toast of *Der Tag!* It was a distant foretaste of what is now happening, as Germany again looks forward, having humiliated France, to the destruction of Britain.

In retrospect I now see how right my friend was and how he understood his countrymen as I, in my innocence, could not. The suicidal mania of some of my fellow-students was apparently the only thing that was genuine. New York's East Side has a word for it: "doing the Dutch act." But what of all that brave façade of culture, that display of learning which so impressed my youth? It must have had very shallow roots to have produced a generation that worships Hitlerism. Most of the books so proudly displayed have been burned, their authors are in exile or have been murdered, the translated works are now barred from the country for a variety of reasons, and the hollow intellectual farce of *Kultur* is now revealed in its true light. Of all the books about which I used to hear animated discussion during those nights of 1905, one only survives—as a Nazi gospel. It was then a novelty and, some thought, a bit of a curiosity: *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, a pro-Aryan, anti-Semitic tirade, by a renegade Englishman, whose surname is a grisly coincidence.

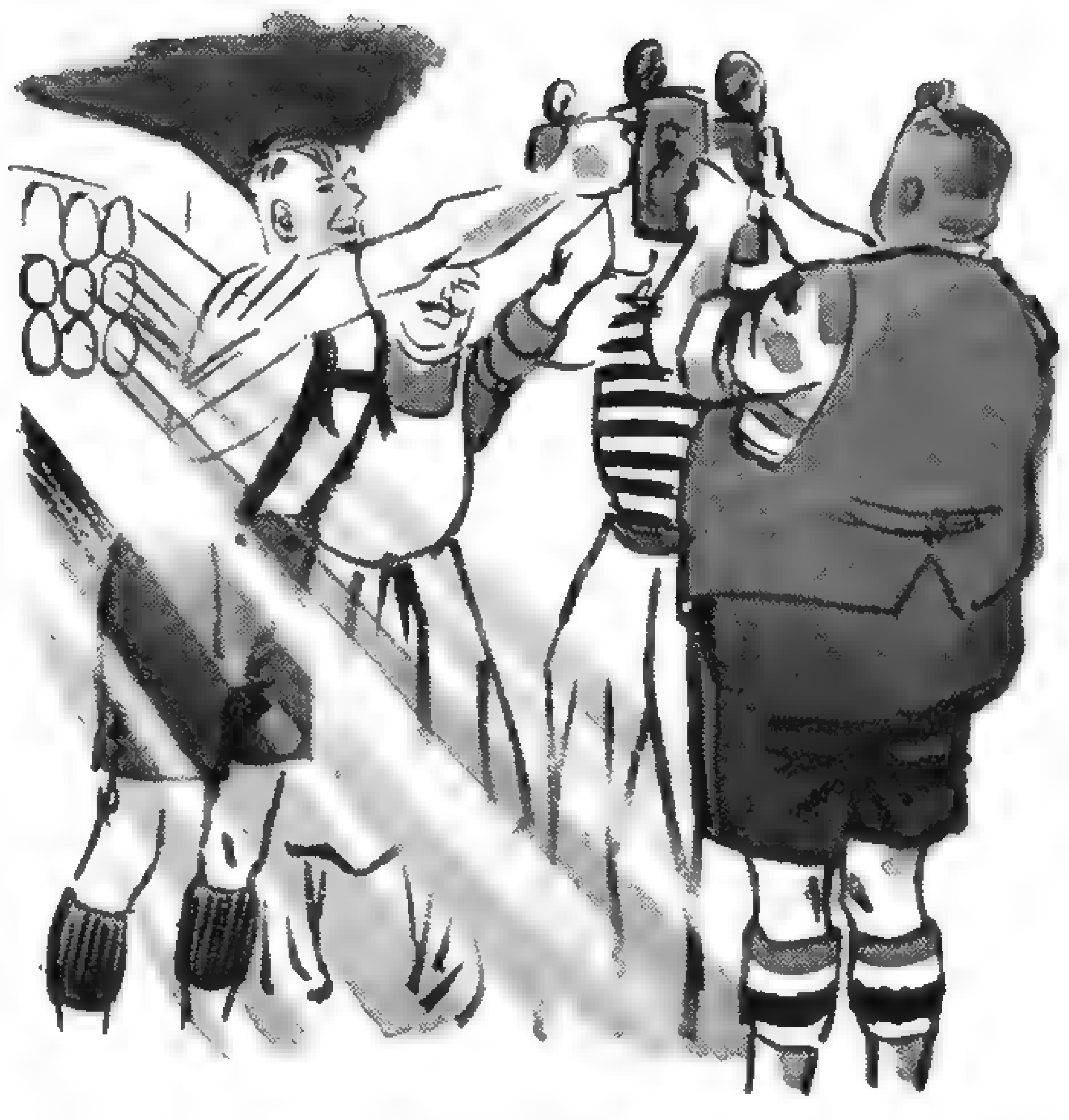
My companion of that night is long since dead. He did not live to see the Weimar Republic sabotaged by the Communists, who will never understand that their machinations never produce Marxism but in every case fascism, which they hypocritically profess to abhor. He did not live to see how prophetic his words were, when he described the Social Democrats as too subservient to Prussianism, disguised as State Socialism, to exercise the true functions of a democratic opposition party, on coming into office. He did not live to see Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg assassinated by murderers who were not even prosecuted by the Republican government. The "Socialism" of the Social Democrats was as phony as their "Democracy," it would seem, like all those other phenomena of pre-war Germany which imposed upon so many of us.

Most of the young men of my own age whom I recall from that year of *Der Tag*, were in the World War and few returned. Thinking over happy days and nights, of reading and lectures, discussion and music, I can never forget what I got out of my first and subsequent visits to Germany. But I wish I could believe that those contemporaries of mine were not all the time potential Nazi fodder. I cannot give any more than limited credence to the theory of "two Germanys," one part of which has been overwhelmed by its other evil half. Some of the older men I knew had something of the '48 spirit, which brought so many fine Germans to this country, but I can recall some of the enthusiasts for Houston Chamberlain and I never once saw a boy called up for military service who did not immediately acquire the military arrogance and receive the abject adulation which goes with it, when he first appeared in a uniform. How different was the attitude of young Frenchmen of the same class!

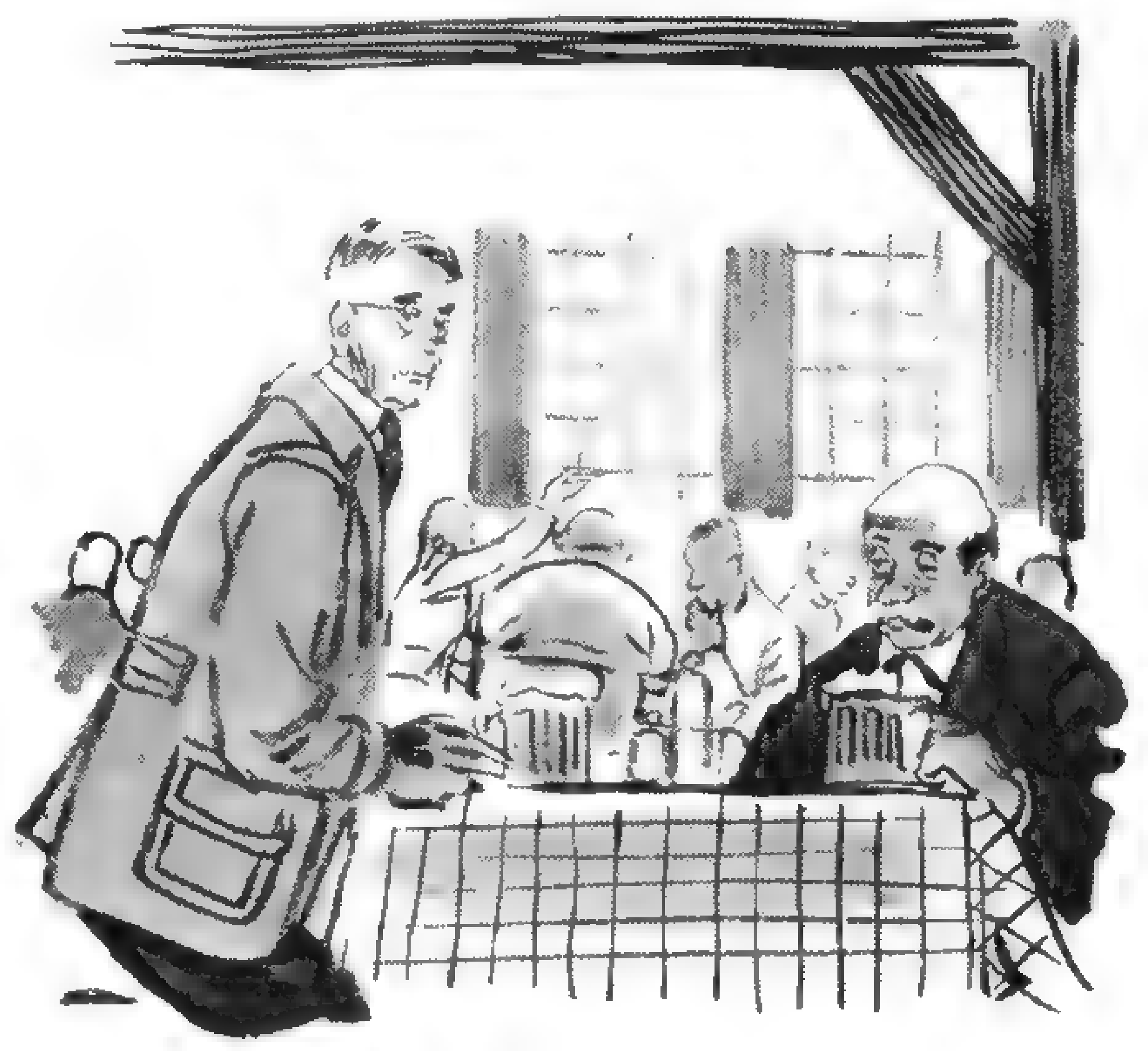
No. What pre-War and non-Nazi Germany had to offer the independently-minded foreigner was invaluable. But it has obviously proved of little service to themselves. To some extent German appearances may have fooled us, but the realities fooled them. ⧺



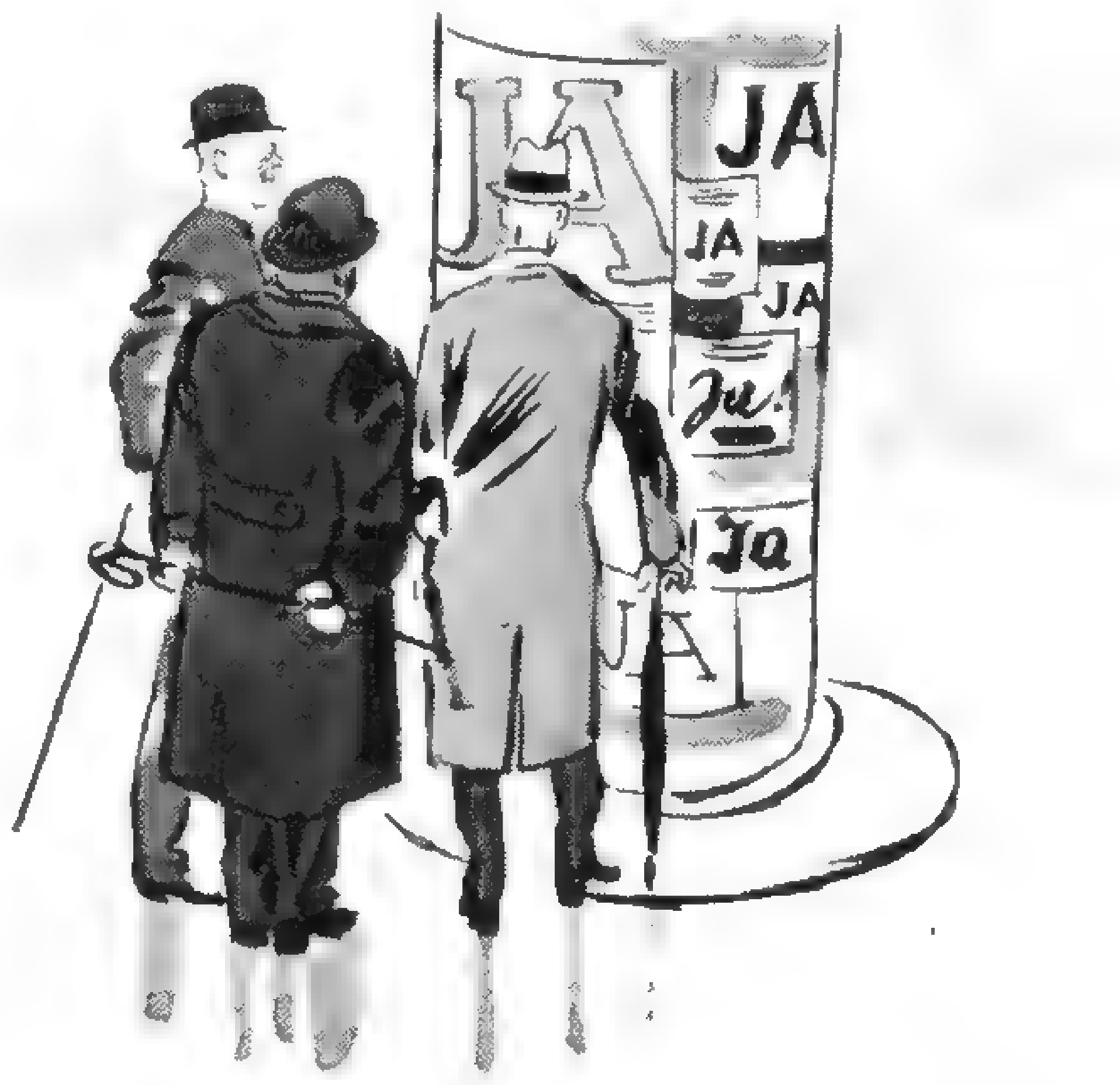
1—*Old Berlin was gay and winning*
At the century's beginning;



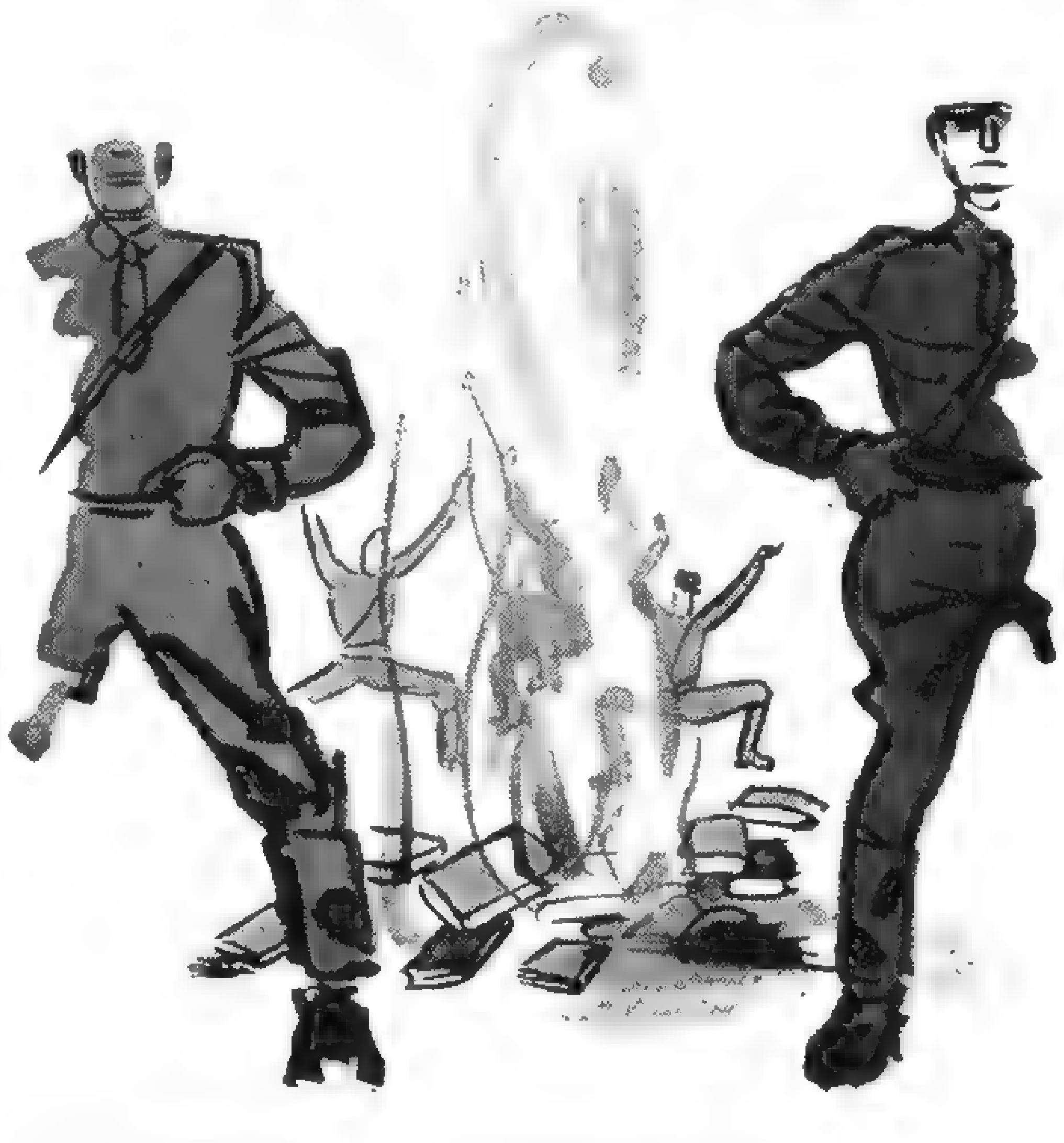
2—*There was time for laughter, drinking,*
Love and philosophic thinking . . .



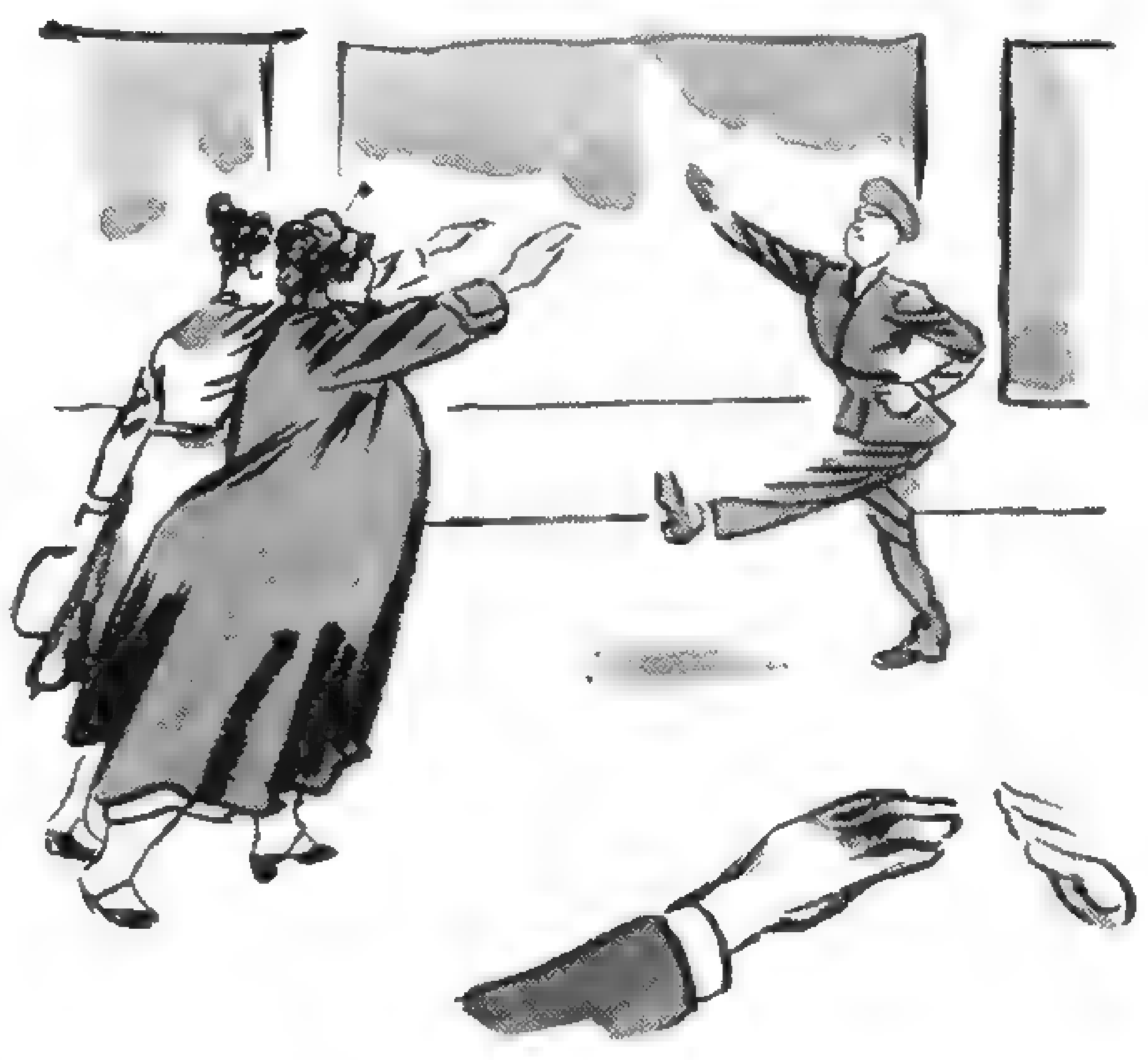
3—*But the rattle of the sabre*
Stilled the voice of friendly neighbor . . .



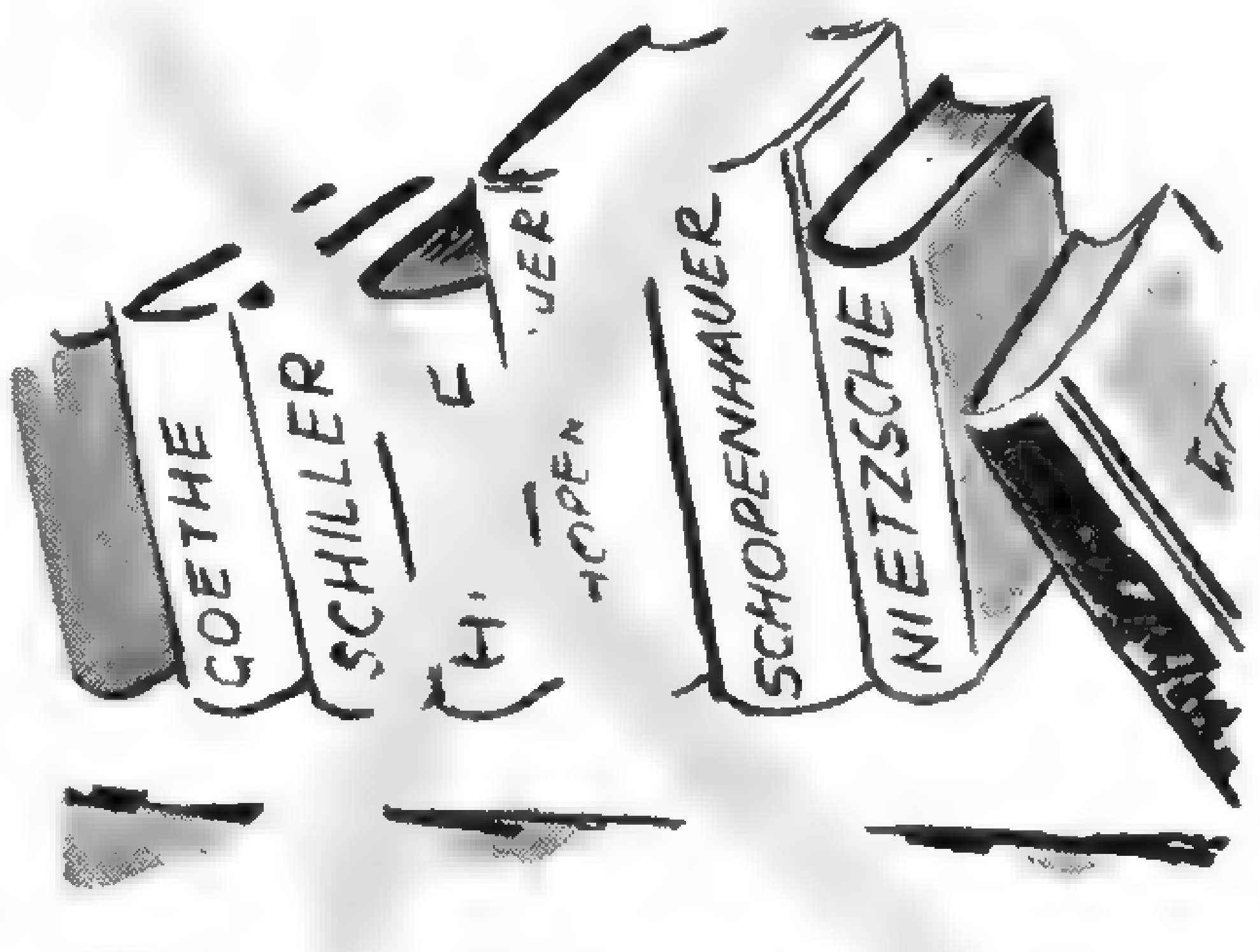
4—*And the few who sought the stars*
Stumbled at the feet of Mars;



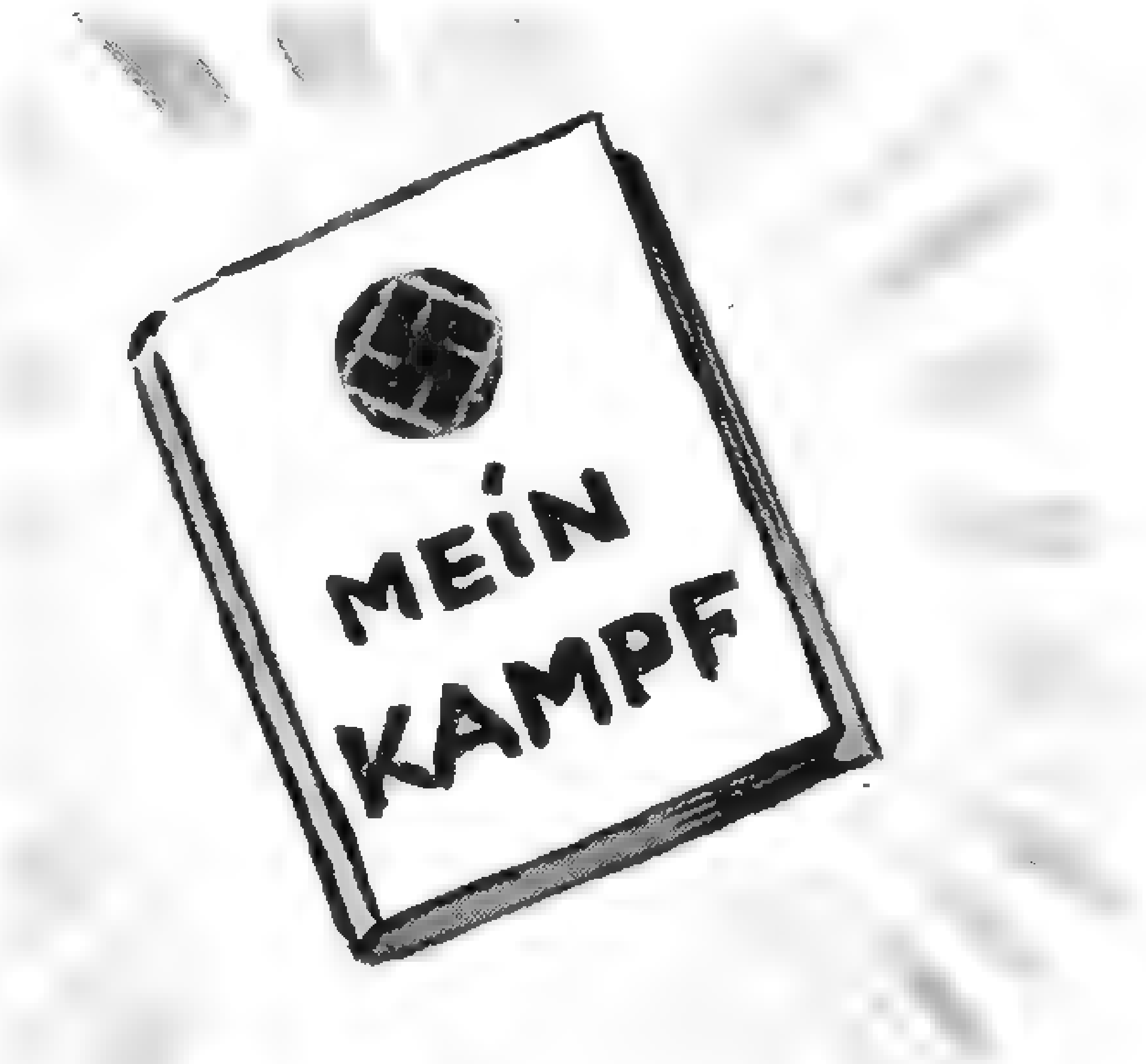
5—*Science, peace and art were lost—*
These, of course, a trifling cost



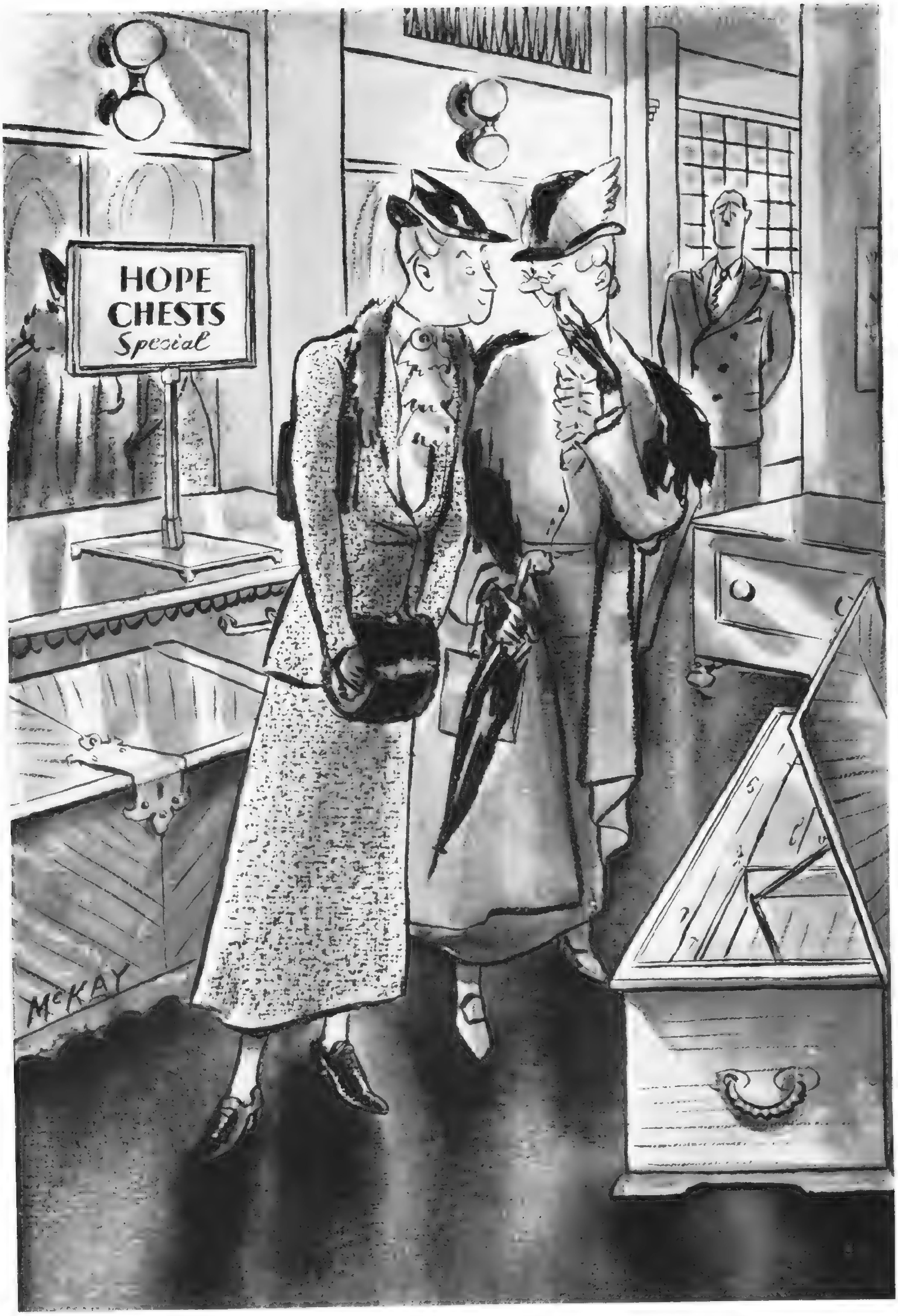
6—*For the proud and lofty station*
Of a regimented nation!



7—*Thus the Nazi tides devour*
Goethe . . . Nietzsche . . . Schopenhauer . . .



8—*Sweeping in this school of herring . . .*
hitler . . . goebbels . . . himmler . . . goering!
—Phil Stack


HOPE
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"I keep one at home just for the hell of it!"

Our Lady of Catastrophe

It was France's misfortune when lovely Countess Helene de Portes chose Reynaud to further her shady political schemes

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

The first was born in the midst of soap boxes and the second among cans of sardines. But these two bourgeois daughters of rich industrialists, pretty enough in their youth to believe themselves irresistible, had one ambition.

Both became titled through their marriages and both wished to influence the destiny of the Republic.

Countess Helene de Portes and the Marquise de Crussol will go down in history as having played a large part in the catastrophe in which France almost perished.

Helene becomes a member of the aristocracy

Little Mademoiselle Rebuffel, that morning (it was in Paris, 1929) crossed her pretty legs and lifted her head energetically. She was a brunette, not very tall, rather plump, with lips always half open through which one could see the square and prominent teeth, common to the ambitious. The sparkle of her lovely brown eyes was extraordinarily bright. Little Mademoiselle Rebuffel had just decided to conquer France!

Ah! How bored she had been; how impatient with having wasted so much time. Her father owned several important soap factories near Marseilles. She had been educated in the best parochial schools and at the home of a relative, had become acquainted with some leading personalities in bourgeois politics. She had wished for a long time to escape from this environment, to open the doors of the salons which were still closed to those not born aristocrats or not occupying prominent positions in France.

Helene knew her assets: her youth, charm, devilishly irritating beauty . . . and also her generous dowry. She was, moreover, very clever in making friends who could serve her purposes.

Not a born blue-blood, she would become one. It was her first obstacle to overcome.

She had a friend, the Countess Marthe de Fels (a real aristocrat, born Mlle. de Cumont) who had married a rich deputy and knew all the titled young men in high society.

Many of them were completely broke and in search of heiresses. She would ask Marthe de Fels to do the best she could for her.

Marthe de Fels first introduced her to the Marquis de Crussol, grandson of the famous dowager Duchess d'Uzès. Helene's little flirtation was about to end in marriage when Count Jean de Portes, son of the Marquise de Portes and of Duchess Caroline de Gadagne, appeared on the scene. Helene had always dreamed of being a Duchess. By inheritance, Jean de Portes might one day become a Duke. This was what finally decided Helene to marry the Count, a charming young man, though rather insipid, who was very much taken with this intelligent and sensuous young woman.

Immediately, Helene de Portes wanted to have a salon like that of her friend, Marthe de Fels, frequented by the most important people in politics, finance, diplomacy and letters. She intended to be among those who drew the strings which was the ambition of all the pretty women in Parisian society.

The Salons

The salons! They played such an important role in French politics during the last 20 years that they deserve to be mentioned.

Certain French women who thought that the so-called "weaker" sex had proved itself equal to men during the World War, were trying to lead a suffragette campaign in France. They found themselves up against not only the sarcasm of most of the parlementaries, but also the indifference and even hostility of the majority of women; French women have in general as much aversion as fear for politics.

But even if they do not themselves wish to go into politics, they wish to exercise their power through their physical or mental charms.

One French Premier, Albert Sarraut, once said when receiving the suffragettes:

. . . "Why do you want the vote? Your influence is already felt in boudoirs."

The suffragettes were shocked. But it is true that the great tradition of the Pompadour, Du Barry, Maintenon, Mme. de Staël, La Grande Mademoiselle, Mme. Tallien, Mlle. George, Marie Walewski, Cora Pearl, Gaby Deslys and Cleo de Merode, was perpetuated under the Third Republic.

Although the women possessed no actual power, they exercised an indirect influence that was still greater.

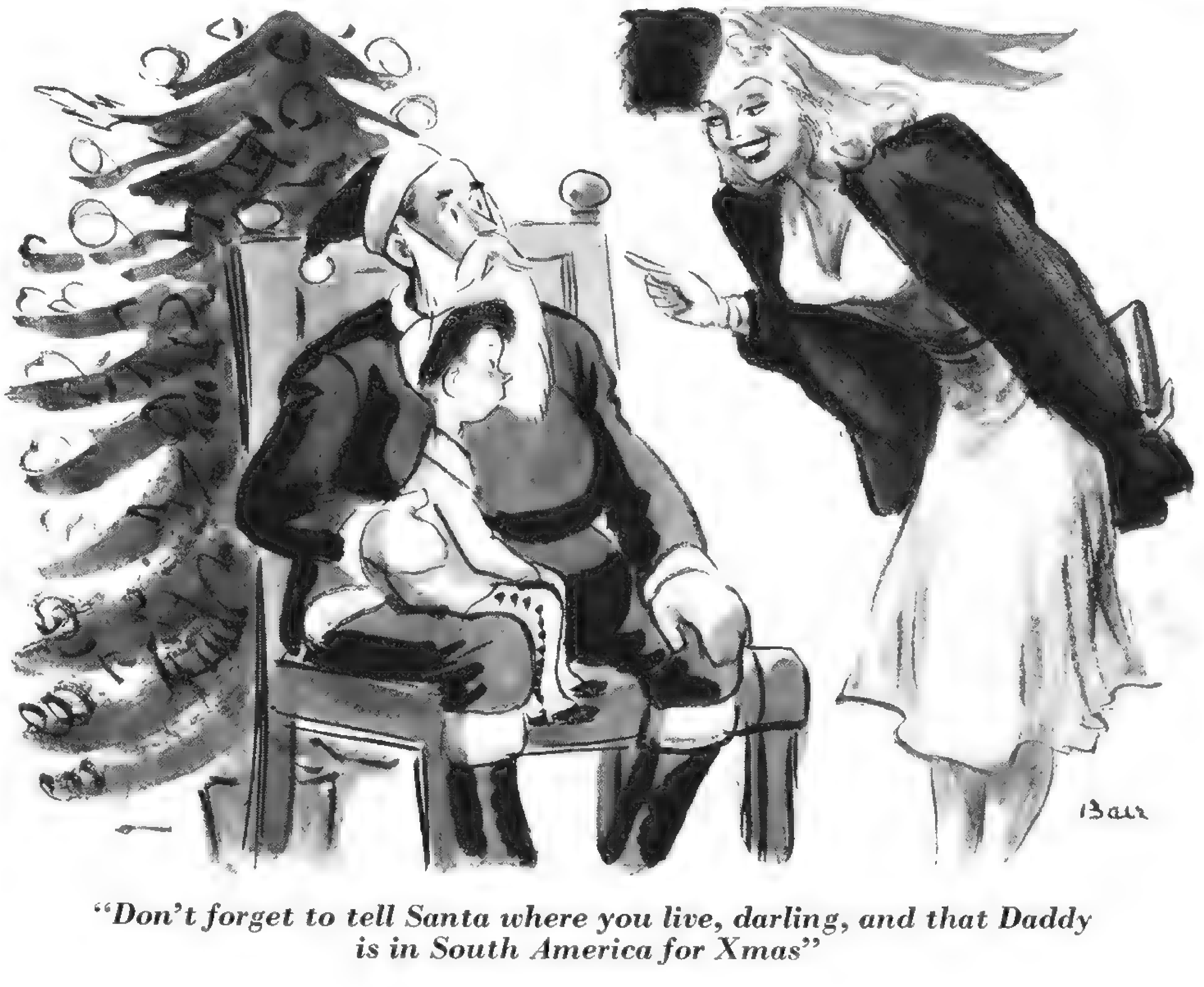
Before 1914, governments rose and fell in the salons of Mme. de Luynes, Mme. Menard-Dorian, Mme. Pouquet or Mme. Armand de Caillavet (who was the mother of Mme. Simone André).

After 1918, there were those women whom Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset called *les précieuses* of Geneva, who flittered around the League of Nations. Ambitious young women like Helene de Portes wanted to follow as gloriously in these footsteps.

In search of a man

Helene de Portes entertained and went out a great deal. Her father was a friend of André Tardieu who was then in power. He was the guest of honor at her first dinners. It was she who presented to him Colonel de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu, a cousin of her husband, who must have later regretted this meeting because it was Tardieu who accused him of having solicited and received secret funds. Then Helene de Portes, through her classmate Odette Bonnet, grand-

Continued on page 105



"Don't forget to tell Santa where you live, darling, and that Daddy is in South America for Xmas"

Blondes Get All the Breaks

The articulate author of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* bemoans her brunette plight in a world made for blondes

ANONYMOUS

▪ SATIRE ▪

℞

THERE are many ways to lure a man, but being blonde is the best. At least, it helps an awful lot.

Why?

This is one of the weightier questions that has been puzzling me for many years, in fact ever since my cruel parents sent me to a fresh air kindergarten at which all of us miserable moppets were bundled up in hoods, scarves, sweaters, coats, leggings and mittens, and set to weaving mats and counting colored beads on the porch outdoors in midwinter. Now at the age of four, I would take a back seat to nobody when it came to weaving mats, but did that get me anywhere with the male teacher? No. It was a nasty little tyke named Phyllis who got all the breaks. Phyllis was a terrible mat weaver but she had long yellow curls and big blue eyes, and she was the one who always got to go in the nice warm house whenever she said she was cold. But I could be slowly turning purple and all that happened was that I was told it was doing me good. Ever since then, I have worried about blondes. Some people worry about when will the atom ever be smashed, and other people worry about whether Bacon really wrote Shakespeare's plays, but me, I just worry about blondes.

There is no doubt about it that blondes are the attention-getters the world over. All the proof you need is to sit in a night club, a hotel lobby, a subway, or on the beach, and watch a blonde go by. Every man present will turn to look at her, if only for a second, and there is an inaudible, but unmistakable, "*Whew!*" that goes whistling through the air, leaping from male to male like that machine-made lightning you see in educational movie shorts.

You may say that if a beautiful brunette went by, she would garner the same instinctive reaction, but that is not quite true. If it were a really outstanding humdinger of a brunette—yes, she would get a reaction, and I have on hand no satisfactory glandular seismograph to record which would get the greater response, although personally my money is on the blonde. But if both of them went by simultaneously, in face and figure equally attractive, it would be the blonde who would corner the stares. If it were an unattractive brunette alone, no one would notice her at all, *but*—and this is what bolsters up my argument—if it were an unattractive, but decided, blonde alone, she would still create a noticeable stir.

My point is that a brunette has to be a lot better looking than a blonde in order to get any attention at all. But all a blonde has to have is the color of her hair.

If you doubt this, just check up on it. It's easy. The next time a blonde attracts your attention, try to get your mind off her hair and inspect her face. *Try to imagine how she would look with ordinary brown hair.* Would you have been as quick to notice her? Is she really pretty? Are her features really as good as those of that brunette sitting next to her whom you didn't notice at all? Well?

The night it first dawned on me that brunettes really have to be a great deal better looking than blondes was when I was dining in a restaurant in Rio de Janeiro. A blonde came in with two men and sat down at a table and immediately every man in the place stopped eating, stopped talking, and sat there, just paralyzed with admiration. All the rest of the time she was there, they kept stealing looks at her, licking their chops, muttering the Portuguese equivalent of "Oh Boy!" and ogling away for dear life. I sat where I could get a good look at the lady, too, and I am being utterly truthful when I say that every other woman in the room was better looking—better features, better figure, better clothes. They just didn't have her yellow hair.

Of course, it is quite true that this happened in South America, and that blondes are like catnip to a Latin. I shall never forget the time when I was living in Havana, and NTG of New York's Paradise Nightclub came down with a troupe of thirty platinum blondes. I tell you, it was something. Havana was turned topsy-turvy. Huge signs and posters were everywhere, advertising the presence of the "30—Rubias Platinas—30"; and the entire male population was reduced to gibbering maniacs. I don't think any of them did a lick of work all that week. They just hung around on street corners, panting, in the hope that one of the thirty would stroll by. The "rubias," themselves (who, I am convinced, were never from the Paradise, although possibly from the Paradise scrub team) were everywhere, in bars, cabarets and hotel lobbies, and the local talent didn't get so much as a wink. The town hairdressers began doing a boom business in peroxide rinses and for months after the "rubias" had departed, they left their mark in the number of dark-skinned Cuban beauties who kept popping up in nightclubs and dance halls, rolling their liquid black eyes hopefully under a crowning blaze of completely unexpected golden curls. The success of the platinum blondes was, to say the least, unprecedented in the island's history. It was perfectly ridiculous. Ridiculous to a brunette, that is.

But the Latins are not the only ones who are thus susceptible. Ah no. Offhand, I can think of only two brunettes in the world whose names are synonymous with feminine beauty and charm. They are the Duchess of Windsor and Hedy Lamarr. With the former, it is a matter of personal charm and publicity, more than actual physical beauty; and as for Hedy, she is a floperoo when compared to Garbo or Dietrich in the Glamour Girl sweepstakes. Dolores Del Rio is one of the most beautiful women in pictures, but who would give her a look if Carole Lombard were around? Or even Isa Miranda or Ilona Massey? Or Alice Faye or the late Jean Harlow? Or Betty Grable? In the old days, there were Theda Bara and Barbara LaMarr and Betty Blythe, but they were the villainesses and always lost their man to a blonde fluffy-duffy. The most popular actress America has ever had was a blonde—Mary Pickford. And there were Mary Miles Minter, Corinne Griffith, Vilma Banky, Louise Lovely and Lillian Gish, to mention only a handful.

Can anyone imagine Mae West as a brunette? The only blonde successfully to turn brunette is Joan Bennett. But there are on record countless brunettes whose change to blonde greatly enhanced their charm and furthered their careers—among them Alice Faye, Ann Sothern, and Grace Moore, none of whom started out as blonde as she is today.

I am convinced that every woman owes it to herself to be a blonde once in her life. Blondes even tan prettier than brunettes, and that's supposed to be a brunette's own domain—sun bathing. But it isn't. There isn't anything lovelier than the combination of blonde hair and a golden-brown tan.

If you have to be brunette, you should be born Latin. Among all brunette beauties, Latins are the most exciting examples, but the trouble is that they all look alike. Put one dazzling blonde in their midst and where are your Latin belles then?

No, about the only thing you can say in favor of brunettes over blondes is that they *do* last longer. But good heavens! Suppose you *have* managed to live long enough to last out in looks your blonde contemporaries? There is always a new crop coming up who not only have the advantage of being blonde but are also young, to boot. So where are you?

Why is it, then, that blondes are more popular when they definitely are no prettier? It can't be a question of supply and demand, or rareness—because redheads are far more rare than blondes. It can't be because they suggest innocence—witness their constant recurrence as the synonym for sin in vaudeville and burlesque jokes: "Your husband was out with a blonde last night," etc., etc. It can't be because of their fragility—because half of them are as fragile as a meat axe. Anyway, the modern male's hormones are seldom aroused to violent action by the phthisical type. On the other hand, it cannot be due to any suggestion of sexual vitality, because, traditionally if not actually, blondes are supposed to be more frigid than brunettes. So what is it? First, I will admit that I don't know—unless it is that light attracts more than does shadow, that anything bright catches the eyes quicker than anything dark. And then I will go on to say that I believe it to be, possibly to some extent, a matter of publicity.

In the very beginning, in all the children's books, the beautiful young princess has, inevitably, golden curls and blue eyes. The angels are blonde. The fairies are blonde. The good little girls are blonde. Only bad little girls and witches are brunettes. Goldilocks was a blonde and so were Snow White and Cinderella.

This was carried over into adult fiction. In the paper-backed novels of the last century—by Mary J. Holmes, Ruby M. Ayres, the Duchess, etc.—the heroine was always a beautiful blonde with violet eyes. It was the same in magazine fiction and in the majority of the early movies. Everyone was thus conditioned to think along those lines. The blonde became the symbol for everything beautiful, good, virtuous and adorable in womankind.

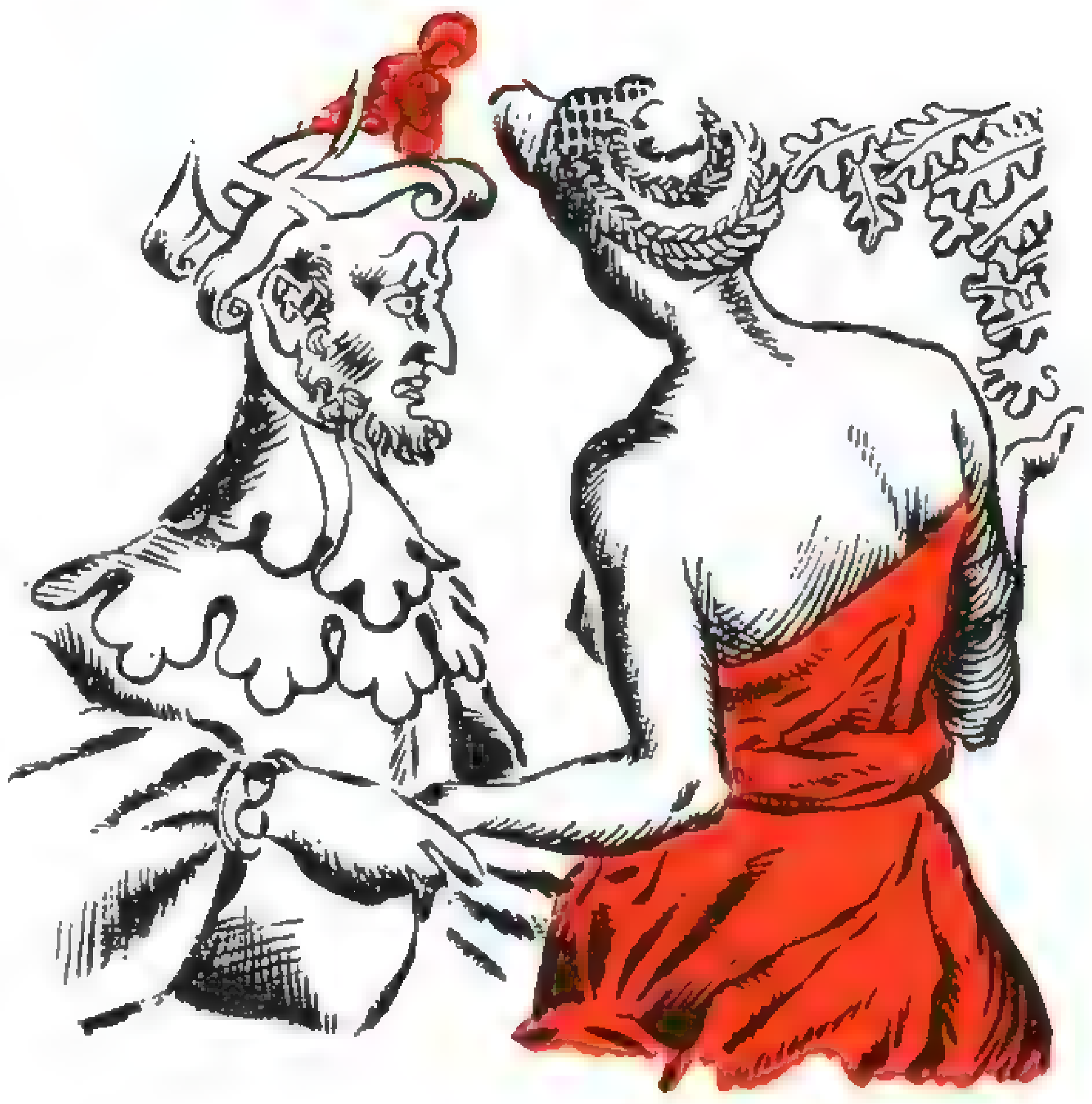
But she is also, curiously, the symbol for extra-marital high-jinks. Thus she represents an interesting variation from the purity and sweetness heroine to the synonym for the traveling salesman's delight. The typical ingenue, on stage or screen, is still a blonde cutie. That is innocence. But when a chorus girl is referred to, in print or verbally, it is as "a beautiful blonde," or "oh, he ran off with some blonde from the chorus," etc. That is sin—the gay doll, the bright lights, the whoop-de-doodle. If you even *think* the words, "chorus girl," your accompanying mental image is of something glamorous and blonde and desirable, I am sure. In divorce cases, the erring husband is always depicted as caught with "an unidentified blonde."

The jokes about the boss concern his blonde stenographer, his blonde nurse, or, simply, "a blonde."

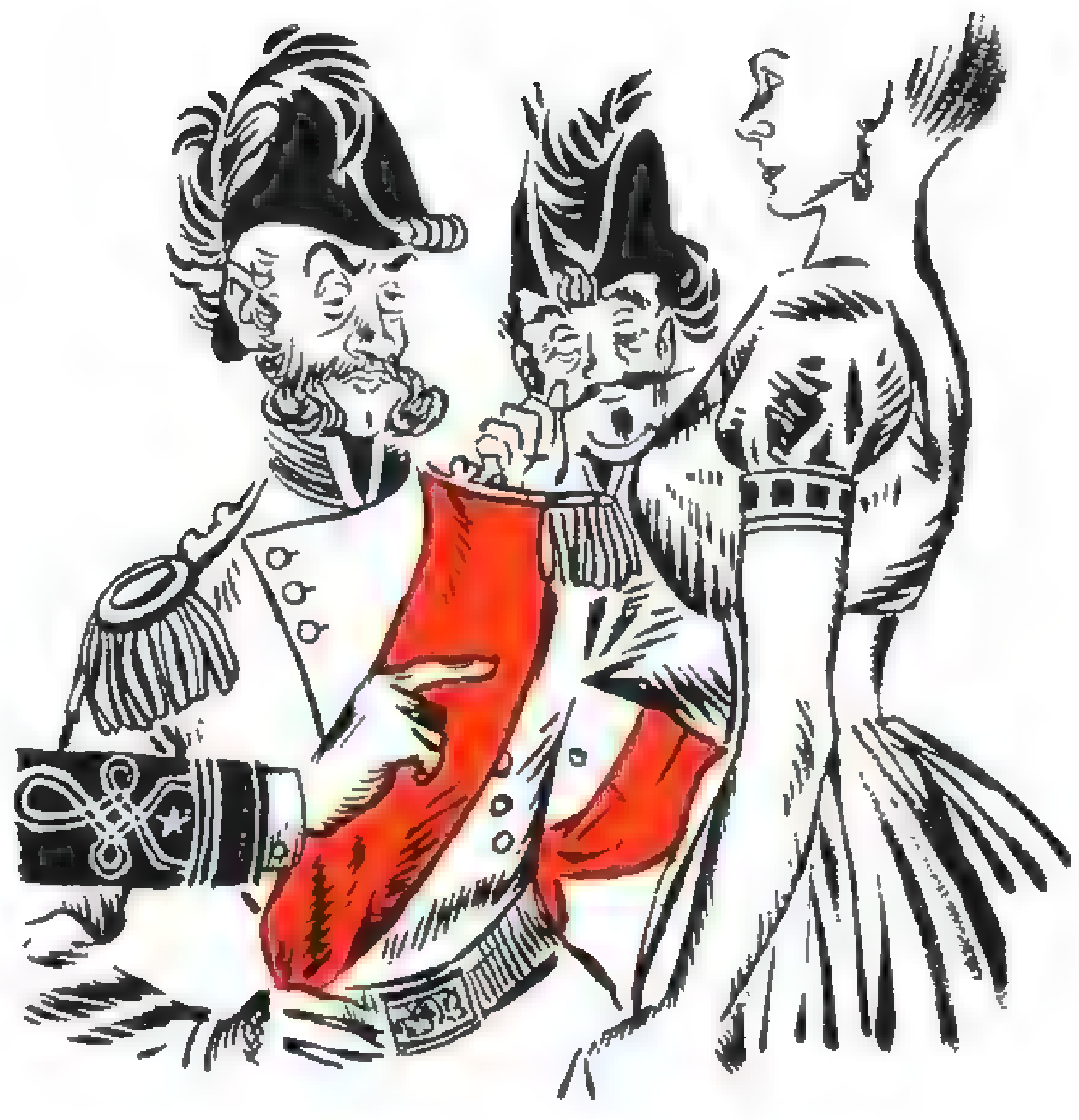
The Tired Business Man, in the big city to attend a convention, is described as relaxing "out on a party with a blonde on each knee."

If you will think it over, you will see that the phrase, "I saw you out with a brunette last night!" doesn't carry at all the same connotation as does, "I saw you out with a blonde last night!" And Anita Loos, of course, did her part to add to the general legend.

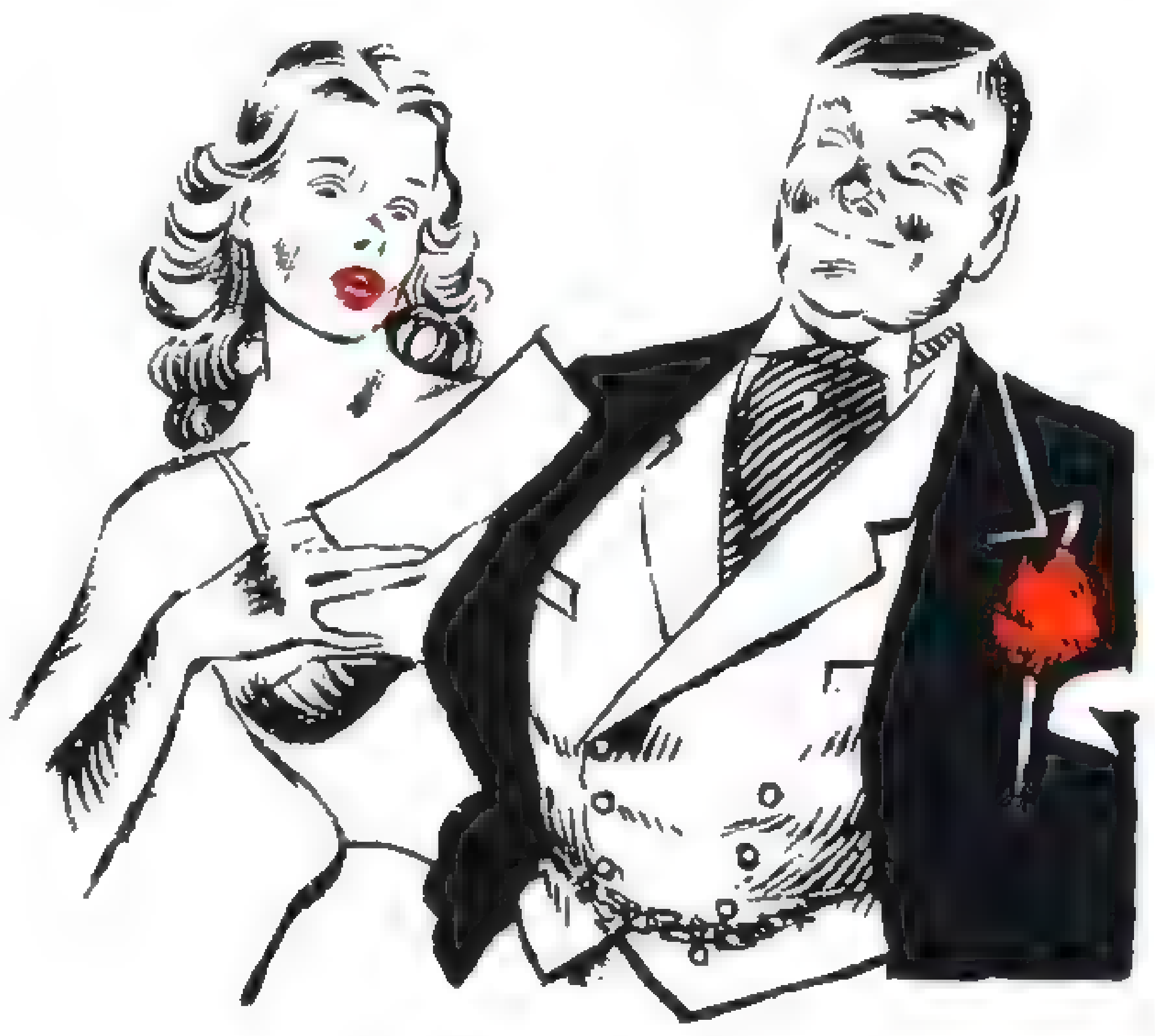
Blondes have got all the publicity. But that does not, however, explain how it all started in the first place. Why were the fairy princesses always blondes? We are right back where we started from. I can't think of any solution. Hairdressers and such are forever announcing that blondes are going out, but I notice they never do. (They go out all right. They go out all the places brunettes would like to go but don't get asked.) Around 22,924,978 pounds of hydrogen peroxide are produced annually in the United States, just in case that has anything to do with it; and they are always inventing new kinds of blondes, so that now, along with titian blondes, ash blondes, golden blondes, peroxide blondes, strawberry blondes and platinum blondes, there is today a toothsome hybrid known as the Cellophane Blonde. I give up. I have only this to say in conclusion. Blondes annoy me very much. I wish I were one. #



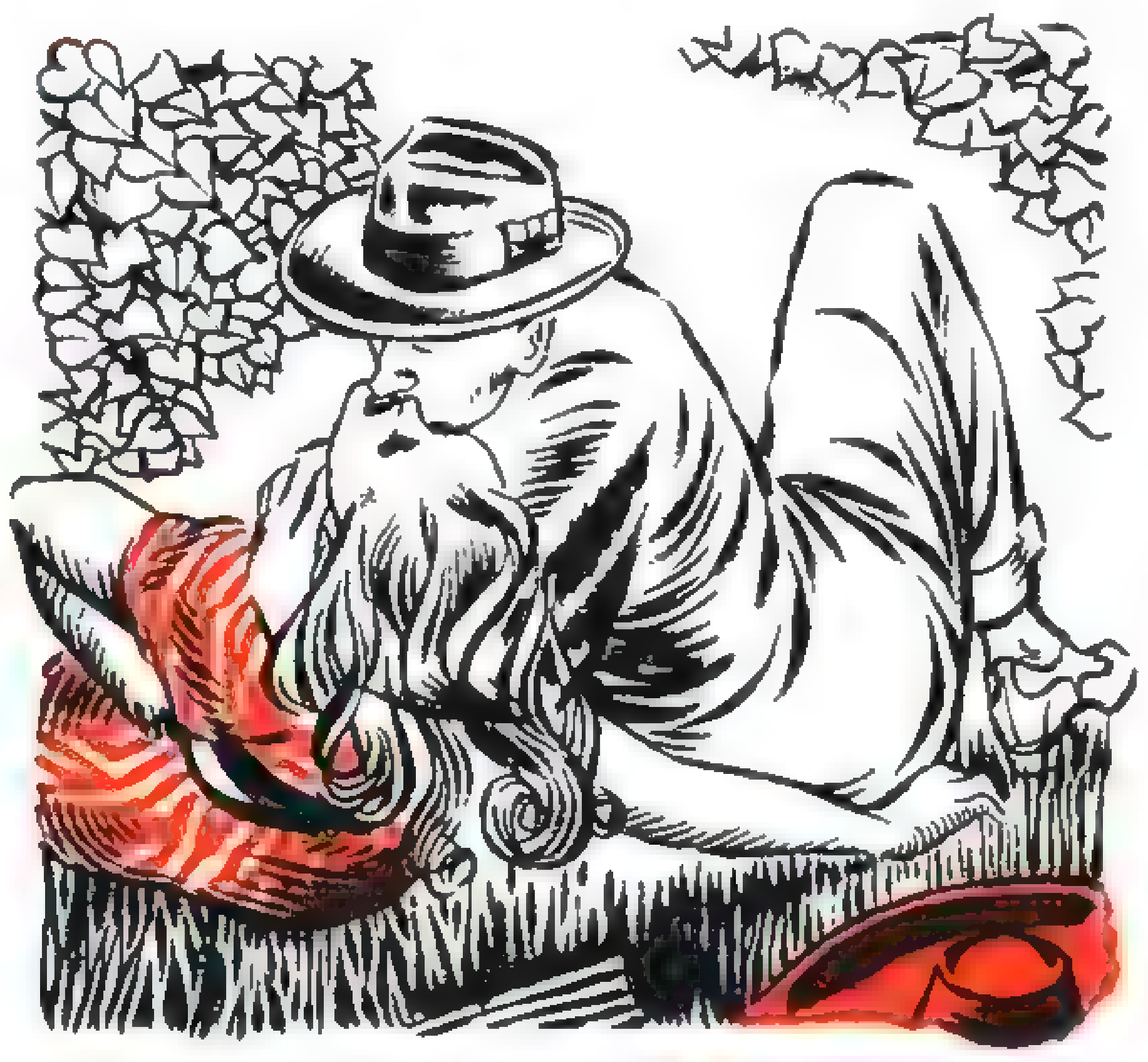
1—*Down the years from Eve to Dietrich*
Every Blonde has been a NEAT TRICK;



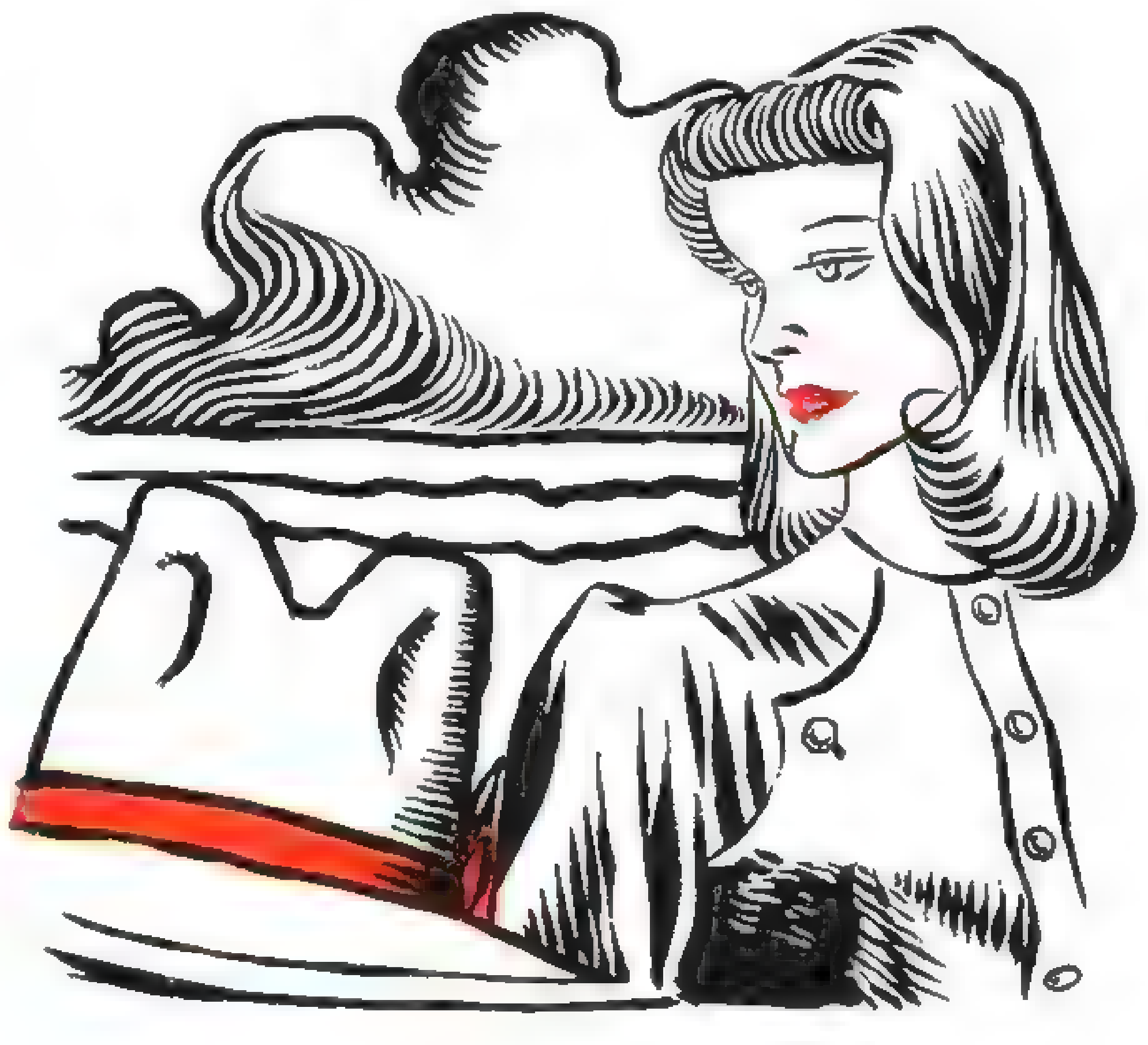
2—*Eyes of blue and curls of yellow*
Seem to make a fellow mellow!



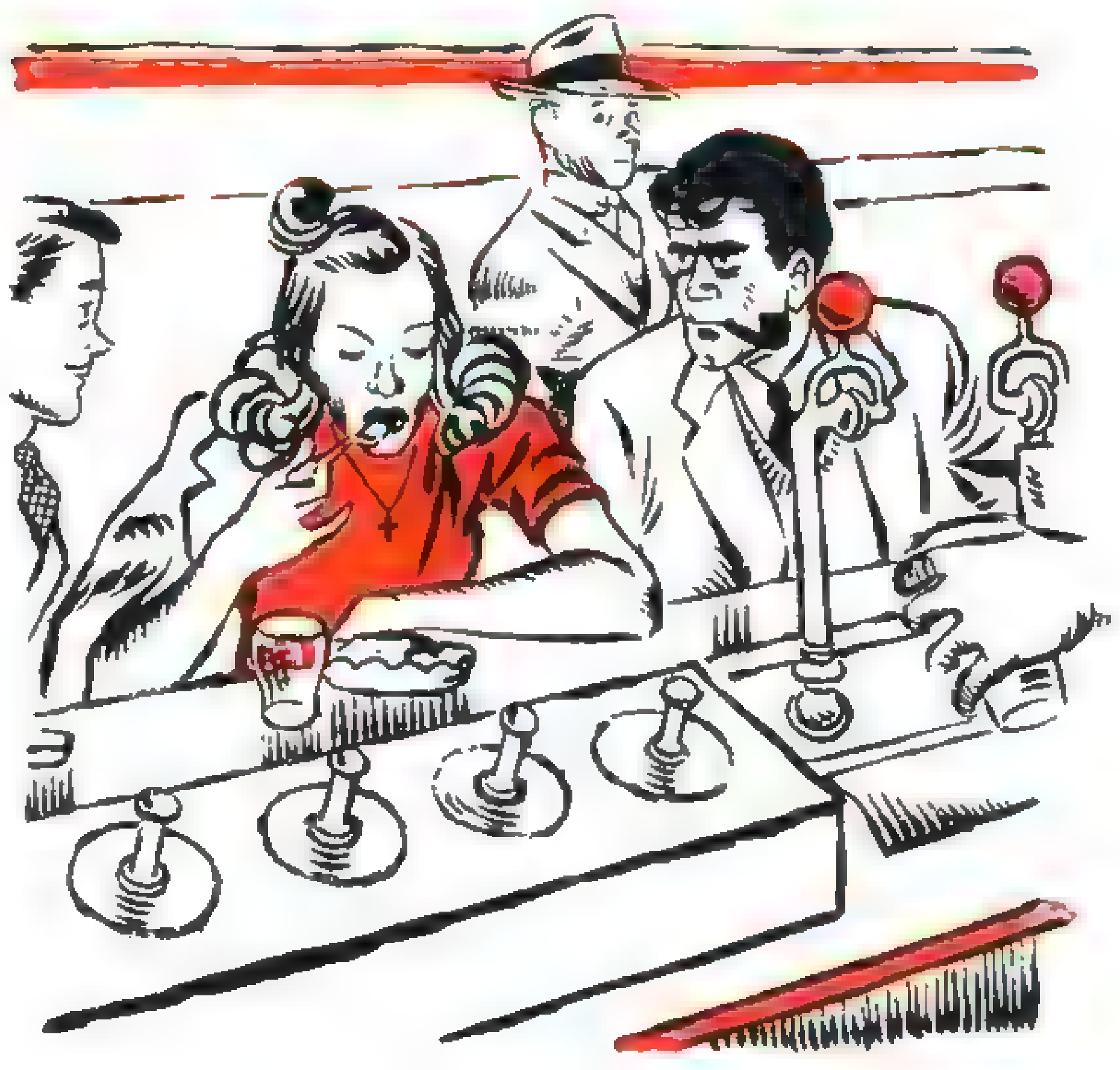
3—*Who gets yachts and baby bonds?*
No one else but Baby Blondes . . .



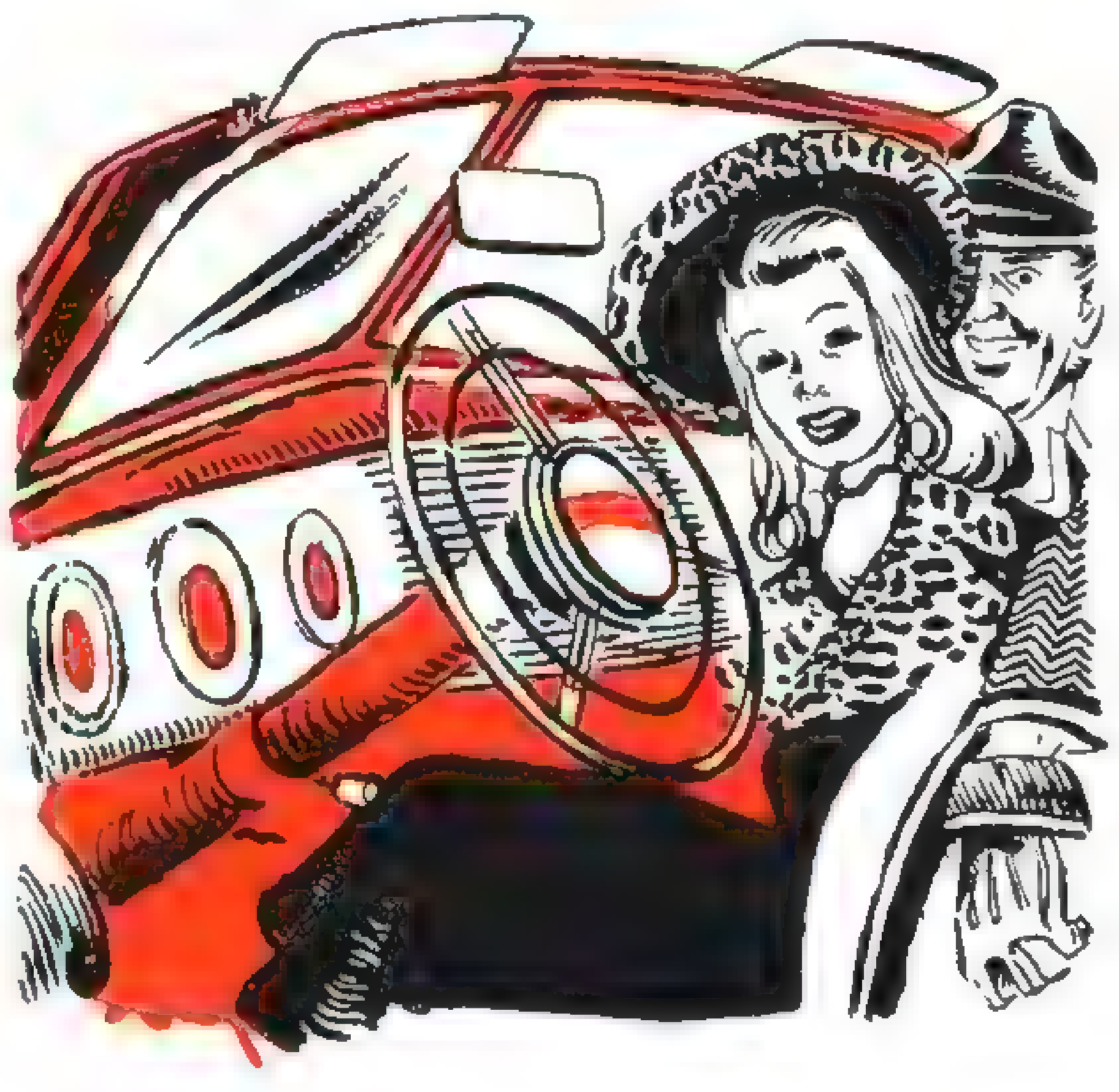
4—*Who give men their greatest thrill?*
Burnished Beauts like Diamond Lil!



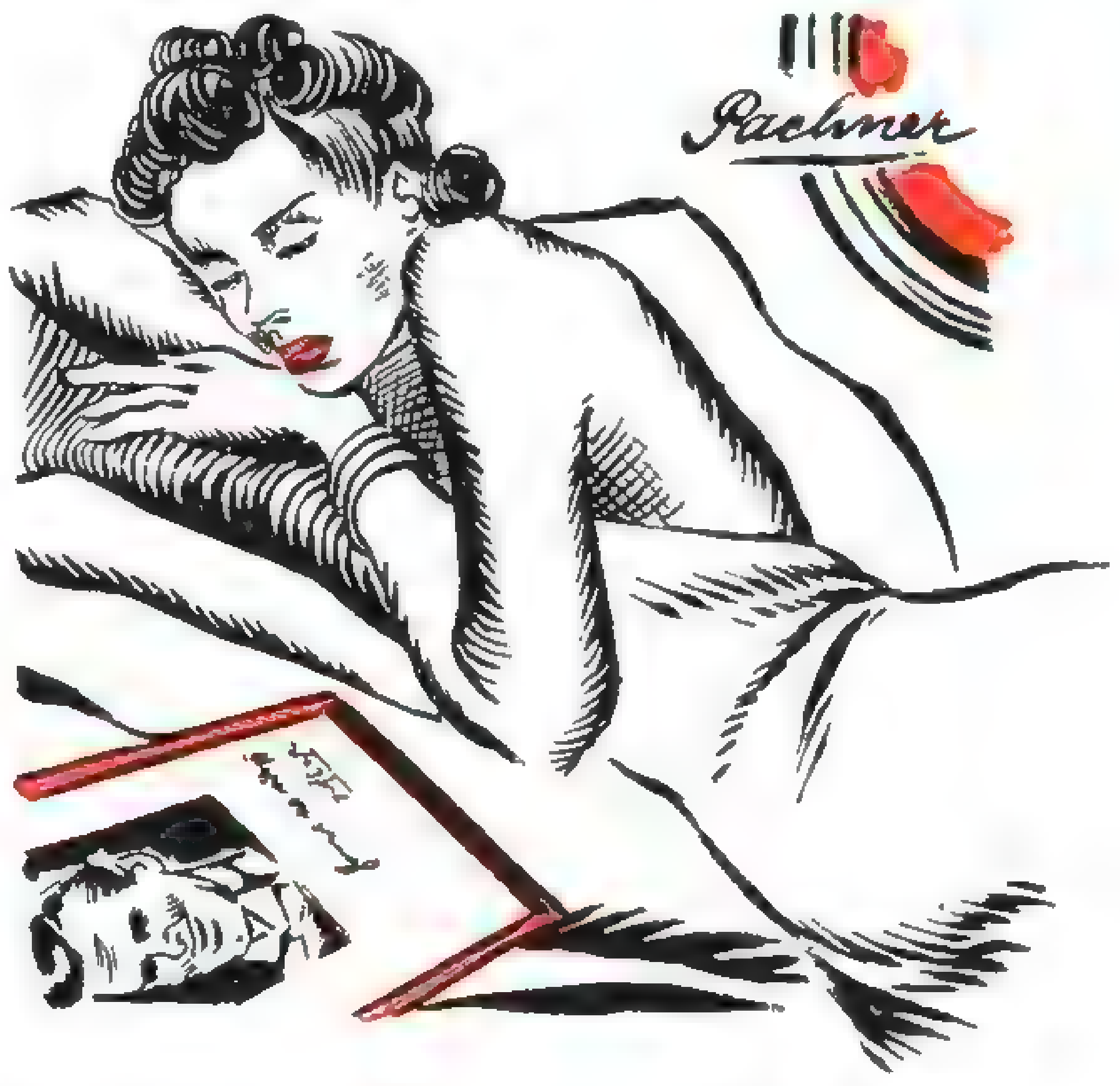
5—*If you're Nordic . . . then you're Nice . . .*
If you're not . . . take my advice—



6—*If you want to get your* LOCKS EYED
Sister, dunk 'em in Peroxide . . .



7—*For you'll never lack a date*
If you boast a golden pate . . .



8—*It's the gals with raven tresses*
Who sit home on their ——(3 GUESSES!)

—PHIL STACK

Beheading of John the Baptist

Pilate asked why Herod's palace was filled with gloom and what strange trouble was in the air

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

They rode to the city of Tiberias, capital of Galilee, on a special and delicate mission. From a distance they could see the white towers of the castle of Herod Antipas against the clear blue of the Sea of Galilee. And when they saw this before them they paused and rested.

The woman in the silk curtained litter spoke to her son.

"While I present myself to the queen to beg for his freedom you might deliver the present to Herod and say that Ben Shaba, your father, sends it as a small token of respect with wishes of good health and long life. Tomorrow the king is to celebrate his birthday. This gives us reason for coming to Tiberias and the gift for Herod Antipas a pretext to visit Herodias his queen. She holds the whole business in the hollow of her evil hand. With her I must use all the resources in my power. God give me wits enough to deal with her! But remember, before the king hold your tongue. Speak only what is proper to say. Don't forget he worships Rome. Tiberias, which he built, he has named after the Emperor of Rome and Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea, is a devoted friend. Speak no word against Rome, but say rather that the cloth of the robe which your father sends him comes from Alexandria and the belt and silver buckle are from Rome. This will please him."

"And if he should inquire about the miracles which are being wrought in our land?" asked Lazarus, her son.

"He may not have heard. And if he did hear then he would not believe. But should he inquire, then speak the truth and say it boldly."

After these words were spoken and they felt rested they started down the long slope. Before them was the shore of the blue Sea of Galilee. Here Herod Antipas, son of the old tyrant Herod, who had slain the innocents in Bethlehem and ruled with blood and terror, had built the new and beautiful city of Tiberias.

The long marble terraces of the palace went down to the lake. Tall, graceful, fluted columns supported silken awnings which gave shade to the stone walks which led to the shore. A royal pleasure barge was moored to the broad steps which went down to the surface of the lake. Here there were bathers laughing and splashing in the water, while the palace slaves stood on the steps holding towels, combs and the light robes and ribbons of the bathers. A harpist, a singer and a dancing girl with tiny brass cymbals tied to her fingers were also at the shore entertaining the bathers.

But under the stones of the bottom terrace and partly under the steps leading to the water was a dungeon. And in this dungeon was John the Baptist. Here, before the bars were gathered a few disciples and several native fishermen. Two Roman soldiers, with spears and shields, walked along the marble parapet keeping guard over the dungeon.

All this the travelers saw as they entered the gates of the palace. Having come from so long a journey and arriving hot and dusty, they begged to be allowed to wash before being presented.

Lazarus was ushered into the king's private bath where two male attendants helped wash him with hemp cloths which they dipped freely into a crock of liquid soap. Then they splashed him with water which they scooped out of the small pool with silver basins. They anointed his hair with fragrant oils and helped him put on the garments he had brought for the occasion.

This prince of the desert wore an outer mantle of black and gold brocade which had been presented to his father by one of the princes of India. The sheath of his dagger was of gold and the handle was of ivory. About his neck he wore a heavy gold chain from which hung a great jewel. His stately appearance, his manner, his gorgeous raiment and all about him, even his radiant smile, set him apart from others. He rivaled the great princes of Judea.

When the last details of his dress were adjusted, the court chamberlain entered and with much bowing and scraping ushered in Pontius Pilate the Roman governor of Judea. He had just arrived escorted by six chariots driven by his lieutenants and bodyguards. He too was hot and covered with dust from head to foot. His big oily face was dark with smudged grime. He had already unbuckled his sword belt and let it fall to the floor when he stopped short before the handsome youth.

"Prince of the East," he cried in a deep genial voice, "I greet you."

"I greet you also, your Excellency. But you must know I am not a prince of the East nor of the West."

"Then you are an ambassador come to the birthday feast of the king?"

"Not even that, your Excellency."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the procurator and opening his mantle slapped his fat stomach. "I have seen kings and emperors attired in less costly raiment and the young man tells me he is not even an ambassador. He, he! This begins well. I suppose you will tell me next that you are one of the Galilee fishermen, or a camel driver, or what!"

"No, your Excellency, I am none of these."

"Then what?"

"I am Lazarus, your Excellency, son of Ben Shaba."

"Oh, so you are Shaba's son! Now it is clear."

By this time the procurator had removed his robes and sandals and the bath attend-

Bill O'Malley

"The important thing is not to sneeze"

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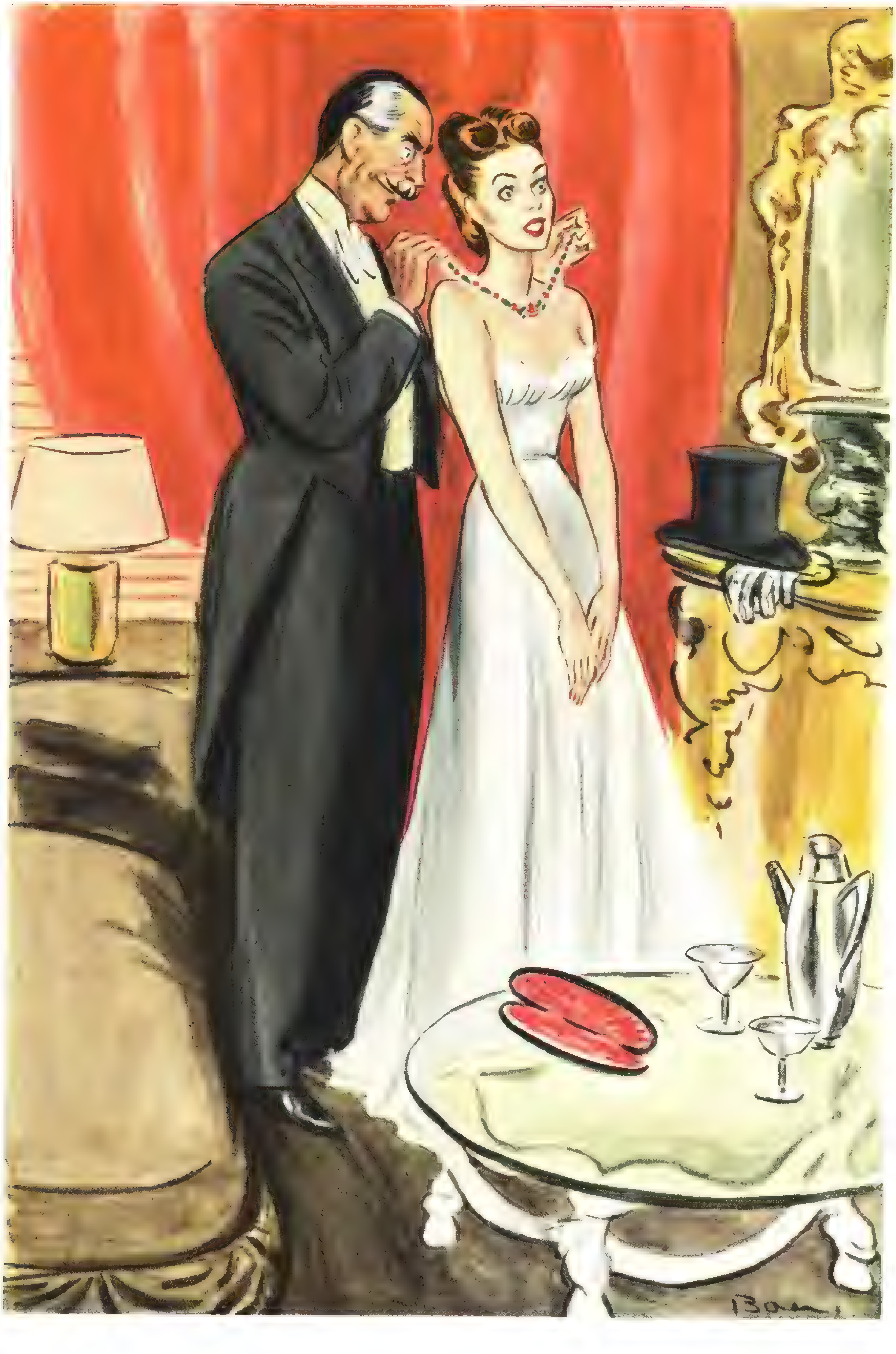
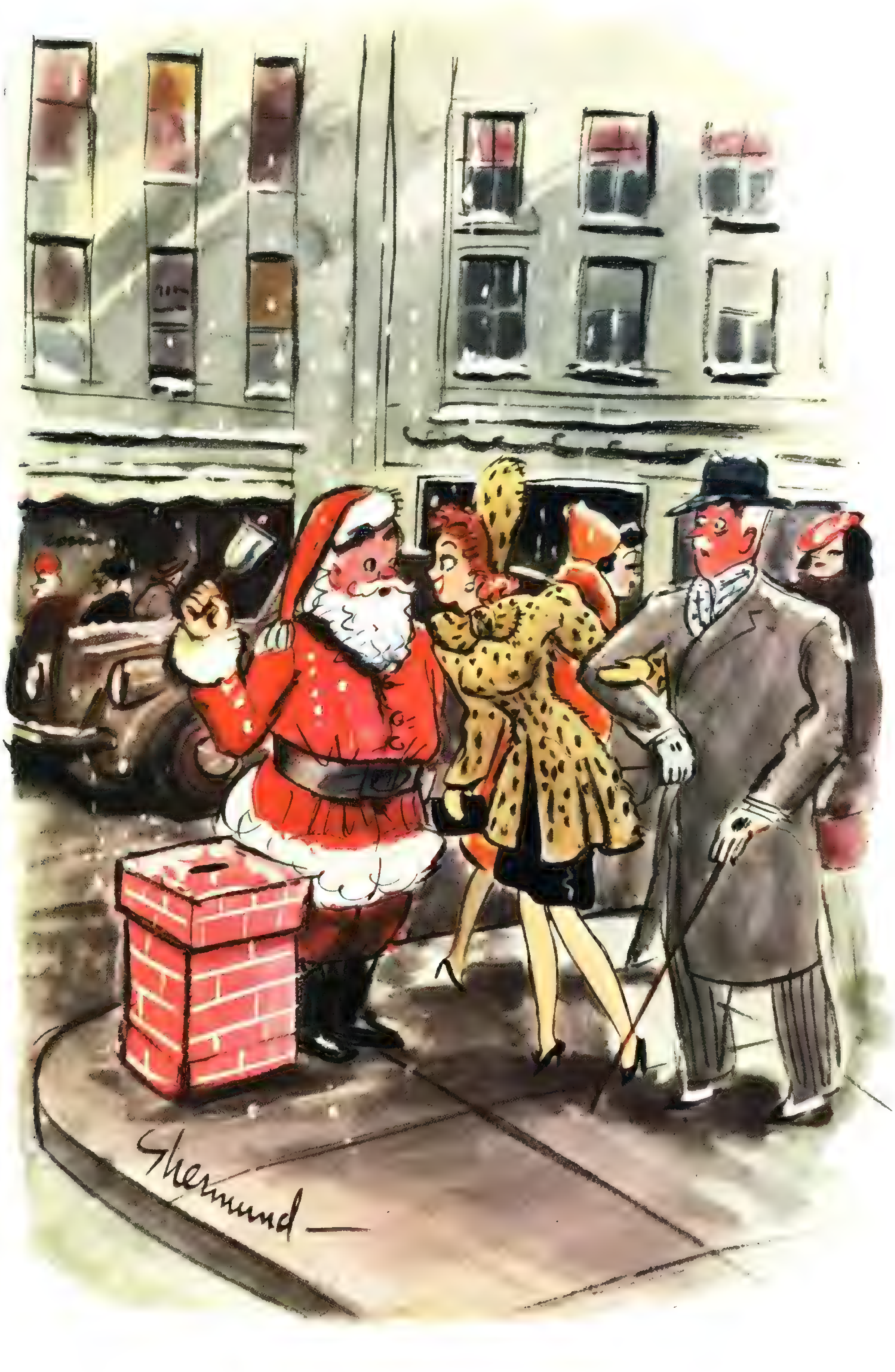


"Gee, I just love Christmas—don't you, Mr. Brewster?"



"Don't bother with anything but diamonds"

Squire Dinwiddy

It certainly didn't look kosher, this grinning Negro who dressed in tatters and drove a limousine

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

▪ FICTION ▪

My wife and I moved to the country toward the end of June, hopefully looking forward to a long restful summer in the Connecticut hills. But we soon discovered that we had been overly optimistic. It seemed that we were too far back in the hills to interest maids, housemen, or even tree surgeons. Nobody from the agencies wanted to work that distance from Stamford or Bridgeport.

We had been doing our own housework for a week when we looked up one morning while cooking breakfast to see a big, shiny black limousine drive up and stop. A Negro man about thirty years old and wearing what appeared to be the remnants of a rag-bag after it had been picked over came around to the kitchen door and knocked lightly.

"Good morning, boss," he said, peering through the door. "How you folks making out?"

My wife was all for sending him away without more ado, but by that time he had opened the screen door and had stepped into the kitchen.

"Good morning," I replied civilly. "Lost?"

"No, sir, boss," he said, his lips rolling back from two neat rows of the whitest teeth I had ever seen. "I'm right here. I ain't lost one bit."

"What do you want?" my wife asked him.

"I'se come to take hold," he said.

"Take hold of what?" I asked, concerned.

"Take hold the work, boss," he answered, grinning.

"Who sent you?" my wife and I asked simultaneously.

"Nobody sent me," he said. "I just heard about it and come."

My wife and I looked at each other, each wondering if the other were going to be able to think of something to say. Our attention was drawn back to the Negro when he opened the screen door and shooed a stray fly out of the kitchen.

"What can you do?" my wife asked at last.

"Anything you or the boss wants done, Missy," he said respectfully. "Eating, drinking, clotheses, driving, laundering—anything at all. Now, you folks just go sit down in comfort at the table and make yourself feel at ease, and I'll have your breakfast in front of you in no time at all. I'll fix up my special extra omelette and see how you folks take to it."

We moved towards the dining room.

"How much do you want in wages?" I asked.

"Would it hurt you to pay fifteen a week, boss?"

"Well," I said hesitatingly, "maybe we can stand it."

"I'll take thirteen and a half," he said most obligingly, "if that'll help you out any."

We backed through the door.

"What's your name?" my wife asked.

"Squire," he said, grinning until his white teeth gleamed from ear to ear. "Squire Dinwiddy."

When my wife and I reached the hall, we stopped and looked at each other questioningly for a moment. All we could do was to nod our heads.

"Squire," I called through the door, "now that you've got a new job, don't you think you ought to return that limousine to your former employer—"

"Boss," he spoke up proudly, "that there's my machine. I'se the lawful solitary owner."

We backed carefully into the dining room, watching our step.

All went well until one morning about a week later. It happened to be the Fourth of July. My wife and I had been out late the evening before, and at seven o'clock we were sound asleep. But not for long. There was a terrific explosion on the lawn just outside our window. I rushed from bed, threw open the screen, and looked out. There squatted Squire Dinwiddy, holding a lighted match under the fuse of the biggest firecracker I had ever seen. The fuse began to spew, and Squire dashed away and got behind a tree. The salute went off, charring the grass and blowing a hole in the earth. My wife screamed.

"Squire!" I yelled. "What are you doing!"

Squire stuck his head cautiously around the trunk of the tree and looked up at me in the window.

"It's the Fourth of July, boss," he said, grinning happily. "Did you forget all about that?"

"No, I didn't forget," I said. "And it's not up to you to remind me at this time of morning, either."

"I always celebrates on the Fourth of July," Squire said, still grinning.

"Well, I said, "this is not the time or place to celebrate."

"I thought everybody was patriotic," Squire said sadly. "Looks like to me everybody would want to celebrate the country."

"Go on and start breakfast," I said, drawing back into the room.

"I still got one more to shoot off, boss," Squire said, striking a match and setting the fuse on another giant cracker to spewing.

"Hold your ears!" I shouted to my wife just in time.

The cracker went off while Squire was still running from it. When the report sounded, it caught him by surprise, and he jumped two feet off the ground. Then he stopped and looked around.

"It makes celebrating best when they go off when you ain't expecting them to, don't it, boss?" he said, grinning up at the window.

"Maybe," I said.

Three weeks later, just when we had accus-

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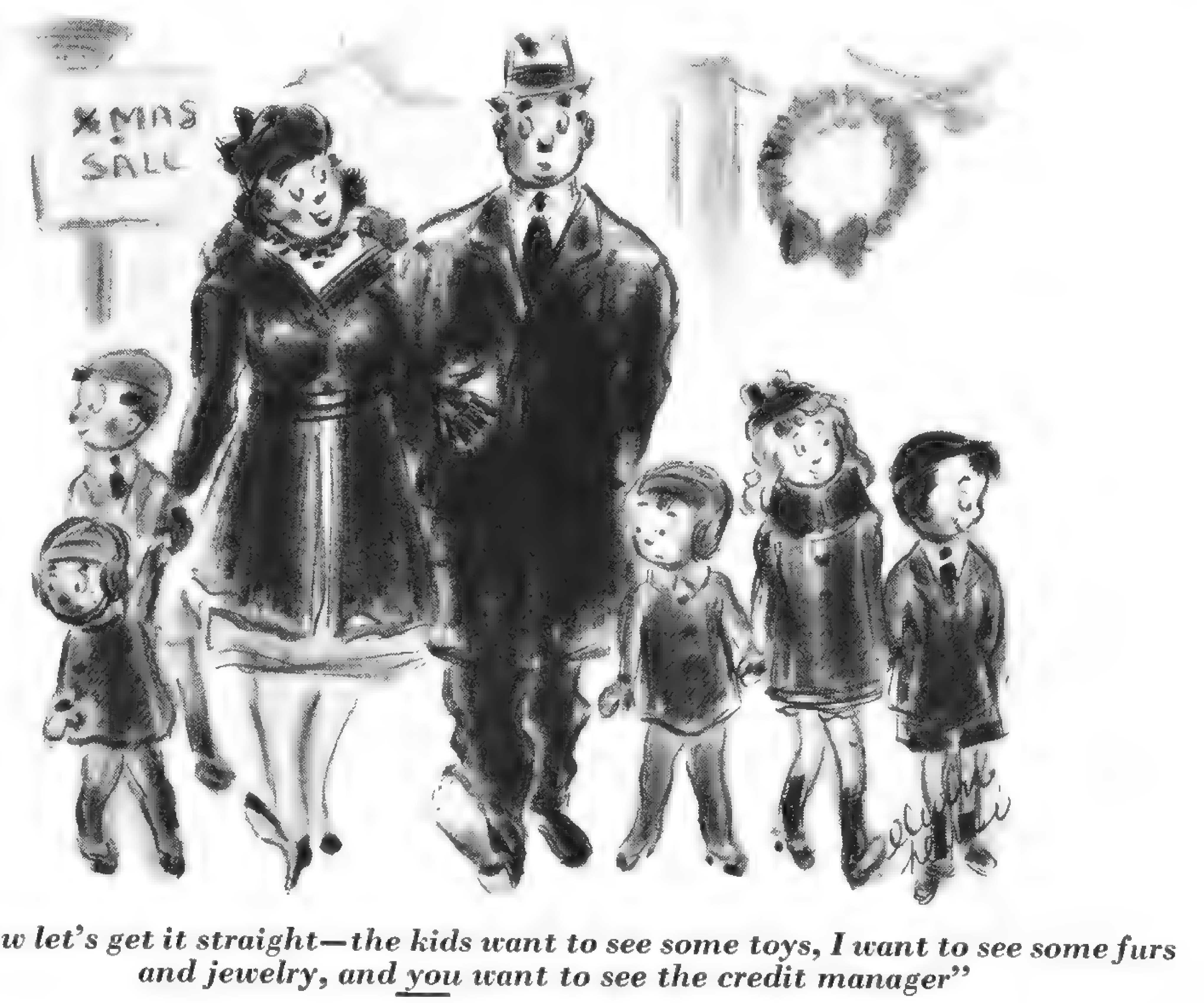


"Now let's get it straight—the kids want to see some toys, I want to see some furs and jewelry, and you want to see the credit manager"

The Melee of the Mages

Hex-Eye says Packy might as well stay out of the ring, cause he is putting on him the double whammy

by PAUL GALLICO

• SATIRE •

℞

So now I'm writing a story. What can happen to me? All right, so I don't got much education from getting tossed out of grade 8A of P. S. 191 which is just a couple of blocks east of Delancey Street where I was born, for clipping that big, dumb Jake Rosenzweig, so he goes to a hospital.

Maybe if I don't take that poke at Jake ten years ago for giving me the business, when the teacher ain't looking, I go a lot further, though I guess I ain't done so bad, have I? Ask any sporting writer about Goldie. Who is writing all the press releases for Hymie Korngold's stable of Fighters that Fight, so they go in the papers sometimes with only a couple of words changed? Who takes care of the sportswriters around the training camps when we got a boy working out, and runs errands for them? Who is even allowed by Hymie Korngold sometimes I should handle a boy for him out of town when we got a fight that ain't too important? Little Irving Goldstein. But everybody calls me just Goldie.

So I guess I ain't sorry I put the slug on that big Rosenzweig, he should gradually waste away from a fatal sickness, for what the lug done to me and them other kids, the bully. A supply of small buckshot he used to keep in his cheek, and then "zip!" he'd snap one out with his teeth and sting you in the ear or the back of the neck. So one day I let him have it. There shouldn't a been no trouble only I busted his jawr and made him swallow some of the buckshot, it couldn't happen to him better. But he goes to the hospital and they give me the heave-o out of P. S. 191 and I hadda go to work.

But education ain't everything, especially when you got natural ability like I have which comes by me naturally, and Joe Parkhurst who is the sports columnist for the *Morning Democrat* says it's even better if you are going to write stories you don't have too much education or the editors will not know what you are trying to say.

Joe shows me a check for one hundred bucks he got one day for writing a story for a magazine out of his head, so I says—"Boy, what a racket. How long has this been going on? I'll bet I could write a story. Gimme the angle will ya, Joe?"

So Joe says—"Sure, Goldie. It's a cinch. All you do is sit down at a typewriter with a lotta paper and just tell what happens to somebody."

I says—"And they give ya dough for that?"

Joe just flashes the pay paper again. You gotta admit it's a convincer, ain't it?

So that's why I'm writing now the story of how we come to win the middleweight championship of the world with Packy McSween at the Yankee Stadium last June from Joe Falone, the champion and holder of the world crown, before eighty-nine thousand people in what the sportswriters called *The Melee of the Mages*, also the *Combat of the Conjurors* and the *War of the Wizards*.

Maybe if you was there you are saying to yourself, what is the story in that, because after the hocus-pocus between Hex-Eye Lipschitz and Professor Swammi the Wabadaba of Waaf is over, all you see was Packy slide out from our corner and park his right alongside Falone's kisser after which the call for the stiff-wagon is in order.

Chum, I'm telling you that that part of it was just wrapping up the package and delivering it C.O.D. What I got is the stuff that goes inside the bundle before we hand it to Joe Falone, the inside dope that don't get into the papers on account of what Hymie Korngold calls it secrets of the trade.

It begins maybe six months ago when Hymie Korngold gets a mad with Hex-Eye Lipschitz who has been working for us regular, and tosses him out of the office over the matter of a couple of bucks. Maybe it is a foolish thing to do, but Hymie is very fond of a buck as everybody knows and if a guy is not entitled to be peculiar about something, what is it worth?

Also since we make the surprise win with Packy McSween over K. O. Hogan in the Garden in three rounds last winter with Hex-Eye putting the double whammy on Hogan, so it gradually comes a weakness over him and he doesn't duck Packy's right, Lipschitz—he should getting in both knees eventually enough water to floating the Queen Mary—is becoming so swelled up he is not only raising his prices double but he is also demanding a piece of the fighter which is something Hymie will part with his right leg sooner than.

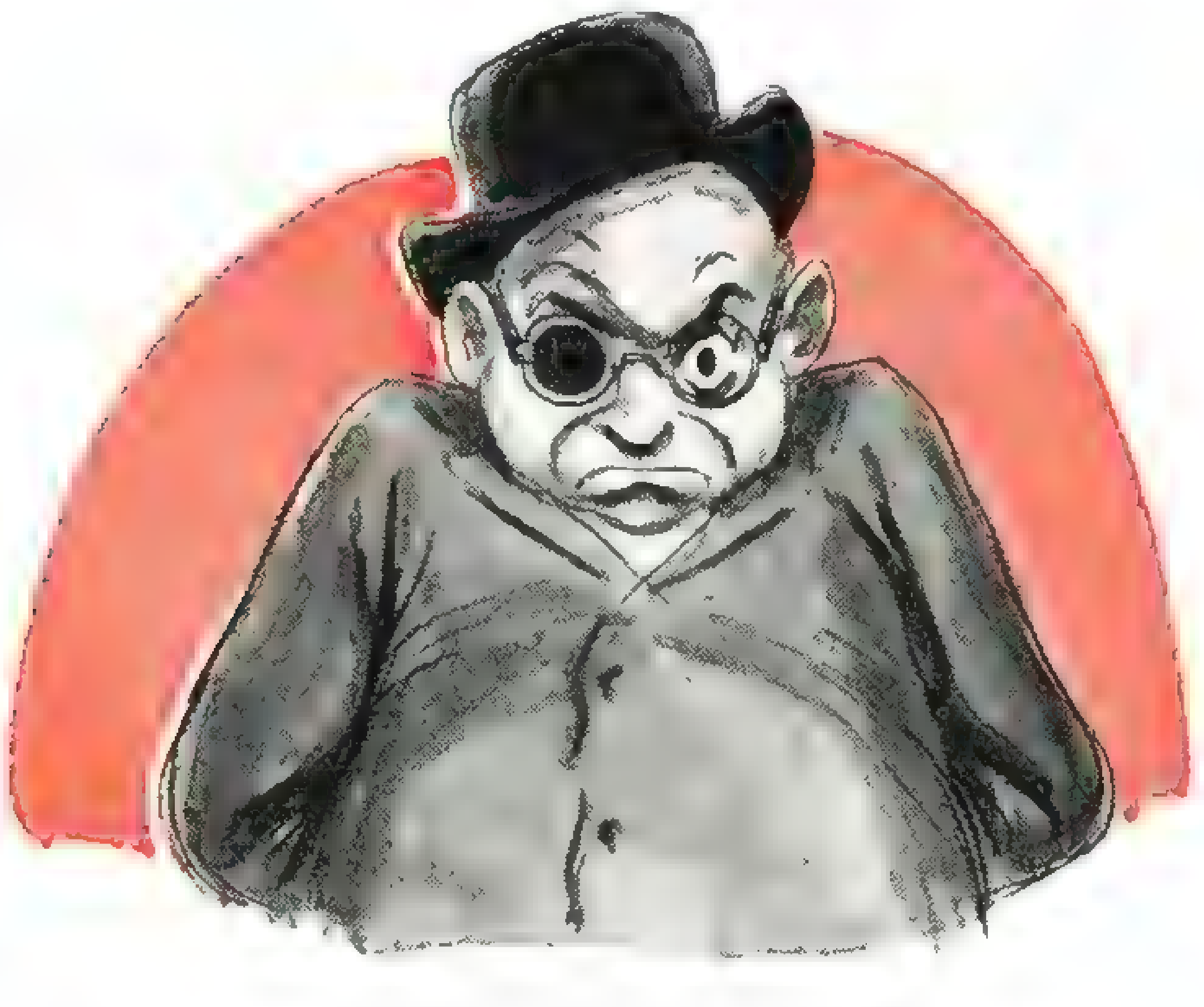
I guess you read about Hex-Eye Lipschitz who is a curious character around the fight racket who has the wonderful gift endowed by nature to put the hex on a fighter so he loses, just by sitting in the opposite corner and giving him the eye. He is a little Yiddle, who you would not notice in a crowd except he's got bug eyes with a very funny look in them sort of creepy-like, and when he gives them to you good, you feel like one good slap on the elbow would knock you out for a week.

Hymie picked him up in Detroit where he was making cakes and coffee putting the zing on prelim boys for two slugs apiece, brought him to New York and put him on the big time working for our stable, and I gotta hand it to him, he done pretty good, because we don't lose a fight since he joined up.

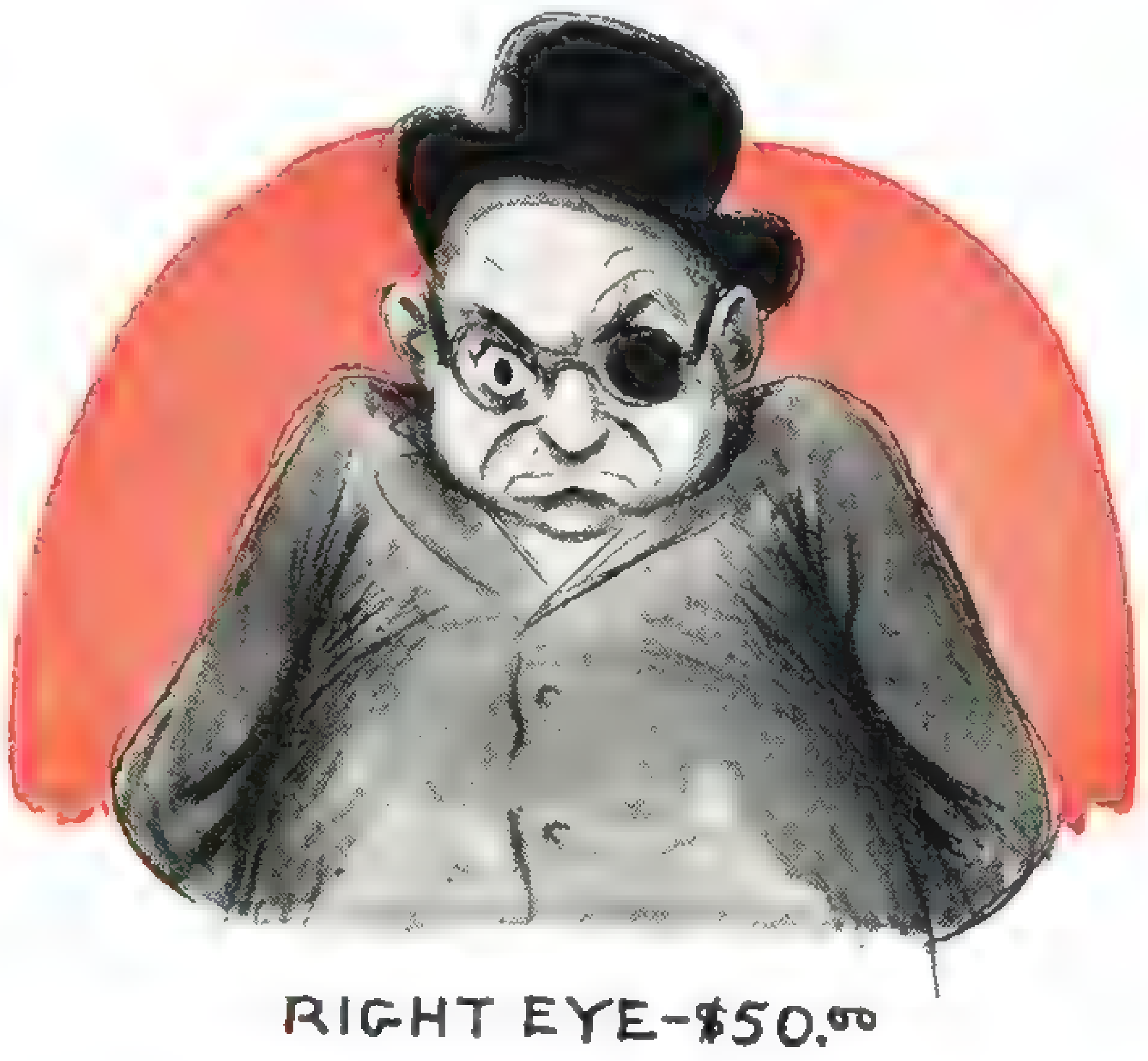
He got a regular price scale of twenty-five bucks for the left eye only where the fight ain't so important or you feel pretty sure your boy he win anyway, fifty bucks for the right eye only which is a lot more powerful and is good for a semi-windup, and one hundred smackers cash for the double whammy, which is both eyes full strength, where you are in the main event and gotta win.

So right after we stiffen Hogan, Hex-Eye is around saying that he is underpaid for his services and that he will take ten per cent of Packy McSween from now on, along with double price since nobody expects Hogan will be knocked out and he alone is responsible for this glorious victory.

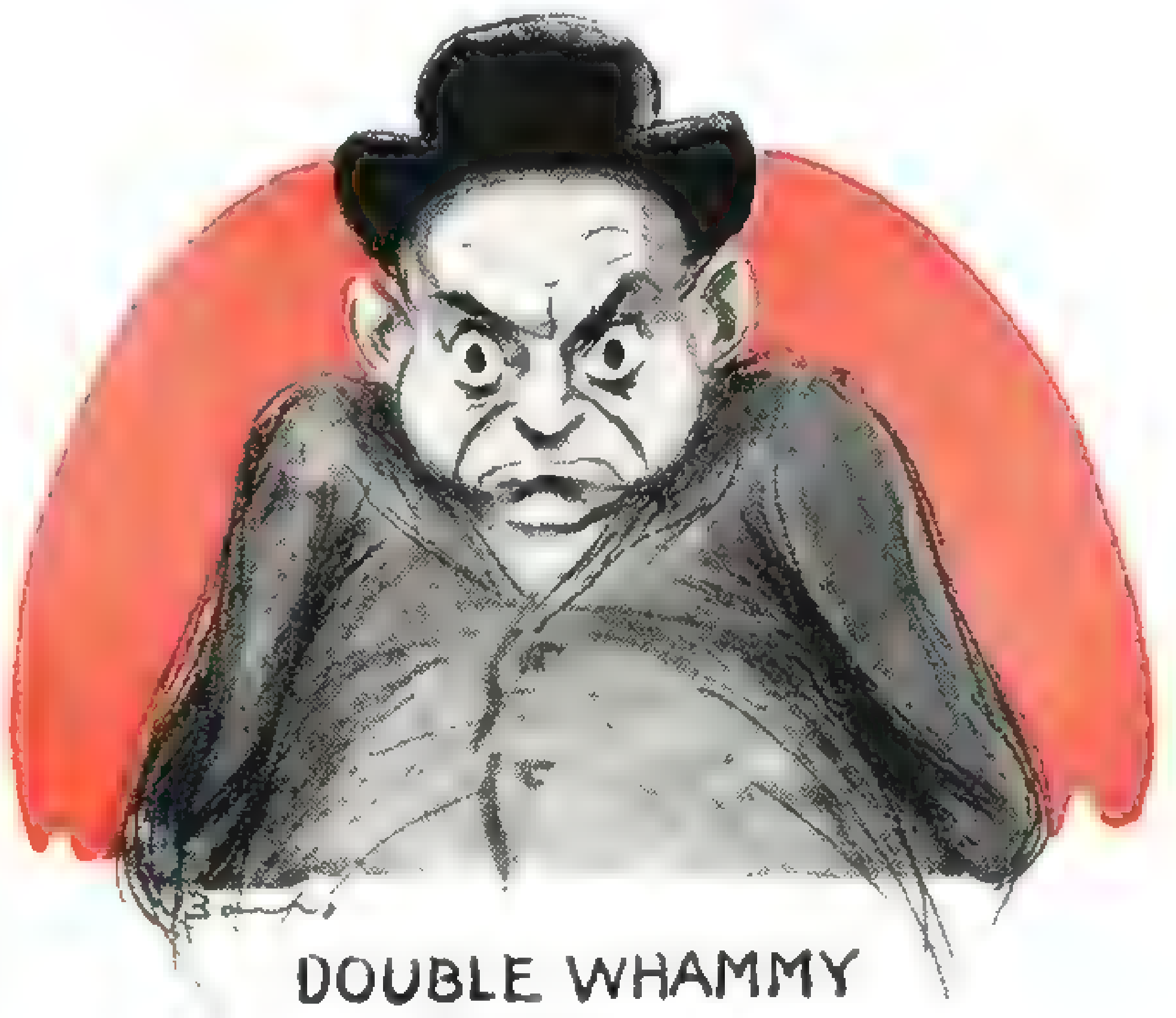
Naturally Hymie is sore and says Hex-Eye



LEFT EYE-$25.00



RIGHT EYE-$50.00

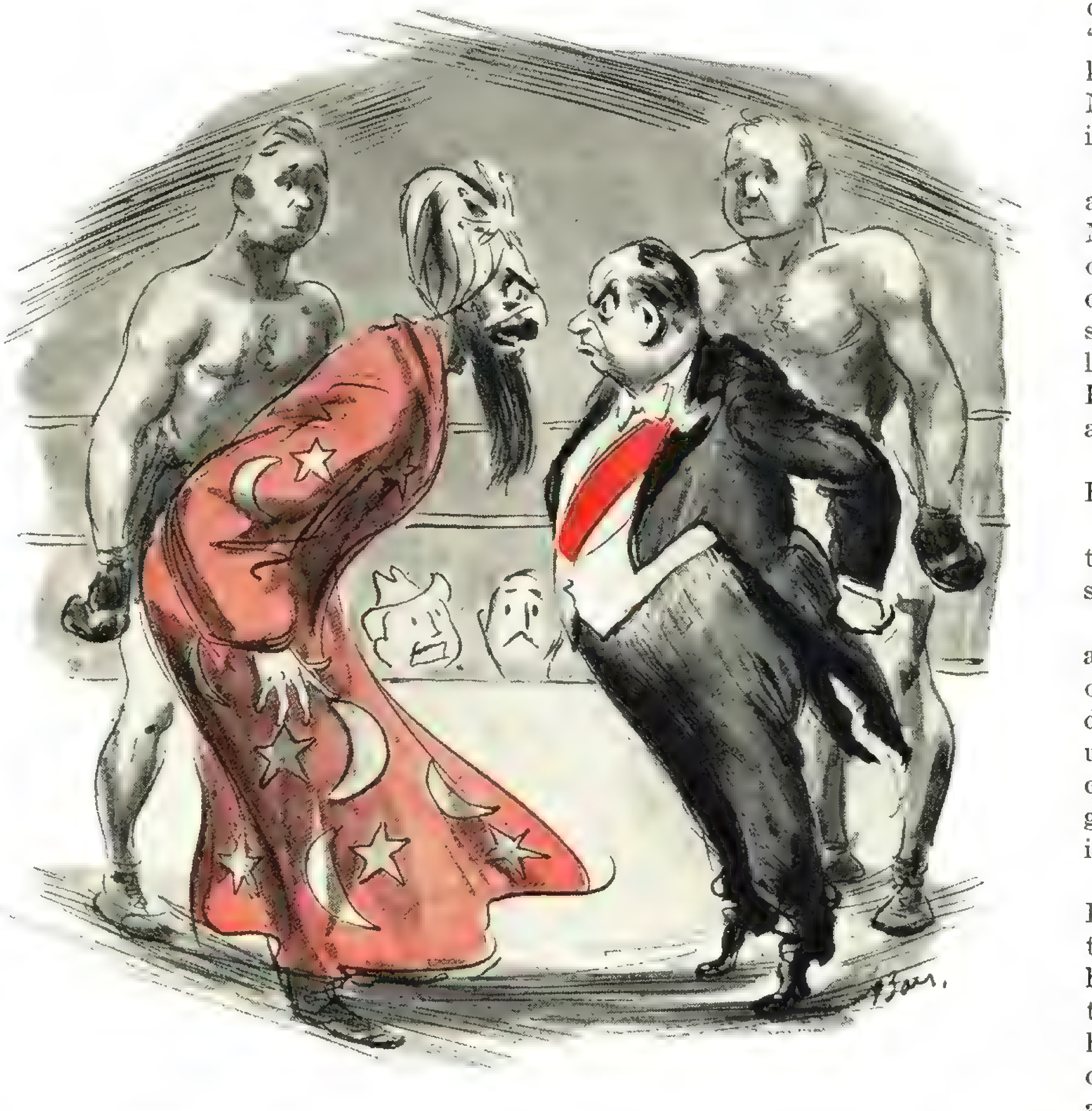


DOUBLE WHAMMY $100.00

should gradually die first, and he is nothing but a banjo-eyed faker what he picked up when he was starving in Detroit and made him a national character in the newspapers and that the whole thing was only a lot of cykology anyway, and that he would expose him and would he now get the Hell out of the office. So Hex-Eye Lipschitz quick gives Hymie both eyes, making Hymie duck, and then takes the air. An itching should it be by him in the nose all day long but he shouldn't be able to sneeze yet.

But I am thinking that is maybe a very wrong thing Hymie says to a guy with as powerful an eye as Lipschitz, and I am wishing maybe he has not done it, because we are going very good with the stable and especially Packy McSween. I guess maybe Hymie figures he has done wrong too, for he cools off the next day and sends around word to Hex-Eye that he was only kidding and he will pay him more money but he should forget about a piece of Packy because Packy is already cut up like a jig-saw puzzle and there are not enough pieces left to go round.

We wait three days and nothing happens and I am getting very nervous when Hex-Eye sends word back what Hymie should do with his money because he has insulted him and that from now on he will have no part of him any more and besides which he has signed up with Big Augie Schonblum's stable which is the manager of Joe Falone, the middleweight titleholder of the world, and when he meets up with any of Hymie's fighters in the opposite corner, he will not only give them the double whammy with both eyes, but also the lip which he has been working on with some good klulases, which is Jewish curses, for good measure.



Well, that is bad, but not so bad, because we don't fight many of Big Augie's boys on account of him and Hymie don't get along very well together, and we figure we are at least a year away with Packy for a shot at the middleweight crown of the world.

But that just goes to show you how things happen in the fight racket and that you can't never tell. Angelo Da Spoldi, who is next in line for the summer crack at Joe Louis, goes and breaks his arm falling off one of them electric horses in Steeplechase Park and Mike Jacobs is out at the big ball park match.

He gotta have something to throw in there, so Uncle Mike gets busy and promises Big Augie the Mint, ten shares of U. S. Steel and a piece of the Empire State Building if he will sign for Joe Falone to defend his middleweight title of the world in the Yankee Stadium against Packy McSween.

Big Augie signs, and we're in. We get the crack at the middleweight championship crown of the world, one of the prized bubbles of Fistiana. It is true, there is a side arrangement where Big Augie will wind up with practically all the dough with Packy in there just for the healthful exercise in the open air, but nothing worse should happen to us then we get a chance to lift that title a year sooner.

So trouble starts. Right away we find out why big Augie is so eager to put the John Patrick Henry on the dotted line. He figures he got the difference. We are so excited about getting the match we forget all about Hex-Eye Lipschitz. He should slowly become so crippled in the spine he can't even sitting in a wheel chair yet.

The night of the afternoon we sign up the match for the photogafers, he calls Packy up on the telephone at his home and says—"Listen, Irisher, you tell that cheap goniff of a manager of yours that there ain't no use of your even going in the ring against Joe Falone, because I will be sitting in his corner and I am putting on you the left, the right, and the double whammy and you will be stiffen so quick the customers don't even get a chance to take off their coats and sit down," and he hangs up.

So Packy is around the office the next day, all broke up and doesn't want to go through with the fight because he says he knows that Lipschitz will put the zing on him and he seen how it worked on K. O. Hogan.

This Packy is not like the rest of them bums, he is a good kid, when you get to know him, but being a Irisher goy he is terrible sensitive and superstitious about the Evil Eye and hexes. He is a clean living boy that come outa the Golden Gloves with a good left and a short right that reminded you of the one Jack Delaney used to throw.

Hymie developed him good and brought him along easy, and we are no worse than even to lift the world diadem from the brow of Falone, if Packy will just forget about Hex-Eye and go in there and spear with his left until he can find a spot to drop the payoff with the right.

So Hymie has to go to work on him and says—"Aw, now Packy, that's all a lot of hooey. Anyway, Hex-Eye is a Jewisher and it's a Jewisher curse so it don't do no good against Irishers."

"O yeah?" says Packy. "That looked more like a Harp to me than a Star of David on Hogan's bathrobe. He was a Mick, but he dropped his hands when Hex-Eye put the $100 whammy on him and gimme a clip at his jaw."

Well, Hymie I guess had forgotten that.

Miss Mitnick who is Hymie's seccatery and a cute trick that I could go for myself, with big brown eyes, lets out a sigh, and says—"Oh, Packy, I'm just knowing you can beat Mr. Falone. He got nothing that you haven't got."

By which I am having an idea that maybe Miss Mitnick is a little sweet on Packy, for which I don't blame her for like I said, he is a nice clean-looking kid with red hair. But Packy just groans and says—

"Oh yeah? He's got Hex-Eye Lipschitz."

So finally Hymie has to tell me to go out and square it with Hex-Eye.

I beat it up Broadway a couple of blocks and go over to outside the Garden where I hang around until pretty soon Hex-Eye comes along alone and I grab him and get a finger in his buttonhole.

"It's O. K., Hex-Eye," I says, "Hymie says you're to come back to work for him. And to show you there's no hard feelings he's giving you five per cent of Packy McSween after we win the world's title. Now what do ya say?"

What do I get? I get a look outa them awful bug-eyes so it's coming in my legs a weakness already.

"Amscray, bum," he says. "You go back and tell Hymie Goldkorn I wouldn't have no fifty per cent of what's gonna be with Packy McSween after I and Joe Falone get through with him. I wouldn't take no hundred and fifty per cent. He called me a banjo-eyed faker, me what is responsible for his success. You tell Hymie next time I am seeing him I am putting a klula on him, down a open manhole he should fall and break both ankles. And anyway, I am sign up with Big Augie, and am very busy. I am putting the whammy on a big dinge we are fighting in Philadelphia tonight and I must go home and practice before the mirror until it is time to take the train."

I give him a good klula when we walked away. His teeth should all gradually fall out down his throat so he should choke to death yet. But it don't look so good for our side, what I have to go back and tell Hymie, does it?

So there we are, and time goes by like it

Continued on page 119

On the Trail of Pat Hobby

When they mentioned tourist cabins, Pat felt like a hunted man, with no place to lay his hatless head

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

THE day was dark from the outset, and a California fog crept everywhere. It had followed Pat in his headlong, hatless flight across the city. His destination, his refuge, was the studio, where he was not employed but which had been home to him for twenty years.

Was it his imagination or did the policeman at the gate give him and his pass an especially long look? It might be the lack of a hat—Hollywood was full of hatless men but Pat felt marked, especially as there had been no opportunity to part his thin grey hair.

In the writers' building he went into the lavatory. Then he remembered: by some inspired ukase from above, all mirrors had been removed from the writers' building a year ago.

Across the hall he saw Bee McIlvaines' door ajar, and discerned her plump person.

"Bee, can you loan me your compact box?" he asked.

Bee looked at him suspiciously, then frowned and dug it from her purse.

"You on the lot?" she inquired.

"Will be next week," he prophesied. He put the compact on her desk and bent over it with his comb. "Why won't they put mirrors back in the johnnies? Do they think writers would look at themselves all day?"

"Remember when they took out the couches?" said Bee. "In nineteen thirty-two. And they put them back in thirty-four."

"I worked at home," said Pat feelingly.

Finished with her mirror he wondered if she were good for a loan—enough to buy a hat and something to eat. Bee must have seen the look in his eyes for she forestalled him.

"The Finns got all my money," she said, "And I'm worried about my job. Either my picture starts tomorrow or it's going to be shelved. We haven't even got a title."

She handed him a mimeographed bulletin from the scenario department and Pat glanced at the headline.

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS:

TITLE WANTED—FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD

SUMMARY FOLLOWS

"I could use fifty," Pat said. "What's it about?"

"It's written there. It's about a lot of stuff that goes on in tourist cabins."

Pat started and looked at her wild-eyed. He had thought to be safe here behind the guarded gates but news traveled fast. This was a friendly or perhaps not so friendly warning. He must move on. He was a hunted man now, with nowhere to lay his hatless head.

"I don't know anything about that," he mumbled and walked hastily from the room.

II

Just inside the door of the commissary Pat looked around. There was no guardian except the girl at the cigarette stand but obtaining another person's hat was subject to one complication: it was hard to judge the size by a cursory glance, while the sight of a man trying on several hats in a check room was unavoidably suspicious.

"Says he'd like a winner for the fifth race at Santa Anita"

Personal taste also obtruded itself. Pat was beguiled by a green fedora with a sprightly feather but it was too readily identifiable. This was also true of a fine white Stetson for the open spaces. Finally he decided on a sturdy grey Homberg which looked as if it would give him good service. With trembling hands he put it on. It fitted. He walked out—in painful, interminable slow motion.

His confidence was partly restored in the next hour by the fact that no one he encountered made references to tourists' cabins. It had been a lean three months for Pat. He had regarded his job as night clerk for the Selecto Tourists Cabins as a mere fill-in, never to be mentioned to his friends. But when the police squad came this morning they held up the raid long enough to assure Pat, or Don Smith as he called himself, that he would be wanted as a witness. The story of his escape lies in the realm of melodrama, how he went out a side door, bought a half pint of what he so desperately needed at the corner drugstore, hitch-hiked his way across the great city, going limp at the sight of traffic cops and only breathing free when he saw the studio's high-flown sign.

After a call on Louie, the studio bookie, whose great patron he once had been, he dropped in on Jack Berners. He had no idea to submit, but he caught Jack in a hurried moment flying off to a producers' conference and was unexpectedly invited to step in and wait for his return.

The office was rich and comfortable. There were no letters worth reading on the desk, but there were a decanter and glasses in a cupboard and presently he lay down on a big soft couch and fell asleep.

He was awakened by Berners' return, in high indignation.

"Of all the damn nonsense! We get a hurry call—heads of all departments. One man is late and we wait for him. He comes in and gets a bawling out for wasting thousands of dollars worth of time. Then what do you suppose: Mr. Marcus has lost his favorite hat!"

Pat failed to associate the fact with himself.

"All the department heads stop production!" continued Berners, "Two thousand people look for a grey Homberg hat!" He sank despairingly into a chair. "I can't talk to you today, Pat. By four o'clock, I've got to get a title to a picture about a tourist camp. Got an idea?"

"No," said Pat. "No."

"Well, go up to Bee McIlvaines' office and

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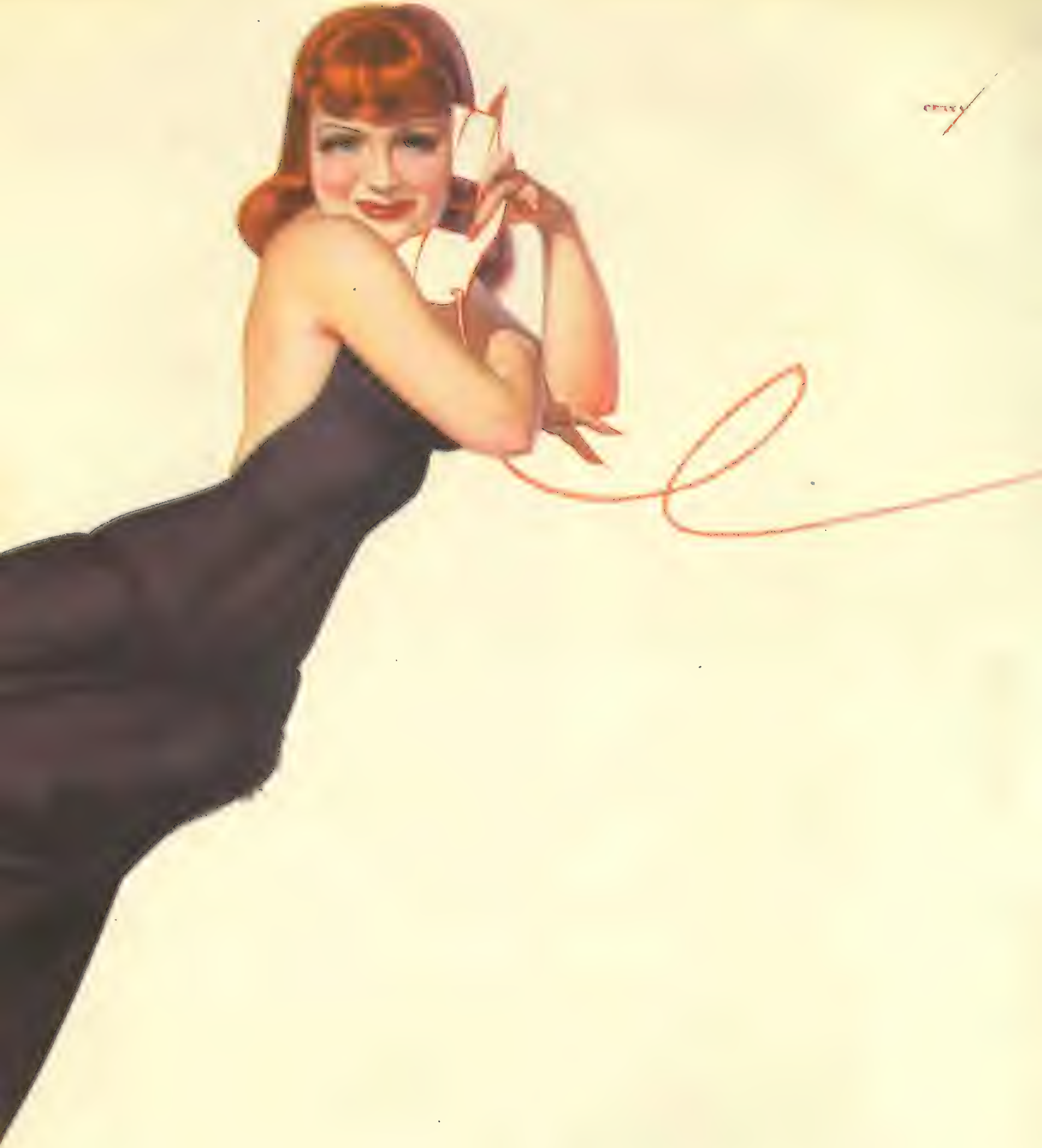
JEAN PARKER

Hurrell Photograph



"Remember me?"

For the Love of Brass

When that little bird-necked Bud talked to his big hoe, he just made a slow hand out of Thorny

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

THORNY KIRK walked toward his barn. He carried a bucket of feed for the red brood sow in his right hand. In his left arm he carried twenty ears of white corn for the horses. Thorny jerked the gate open with his elbow, kicked it back with his foot, walked into the barn lot, set the feed bucket down. He put the corn in the feed boxes to the horses. He picked up the bucket of feed and started toward the pigpen.

"Howdy-do," a man said as he crawled from among the tall smart weeds behind the pigpen. He was a small man with a dew-moist, scanty, blue beard on his dark face.

"Good morning," Thorny answered gruffly. "Did you sleep behind my pigpen last night?"

"Yes," the small bird-necked man said. "I slept over there. Heard you had a big farm here and needed a man. Thought I might like to work for you."

"I'll be dad-burned," Thorny answered in surprise. He put his feed bucket on the ground. "If that's what you come for, see that road out there?"

"Ain't had no breakfast," the tiny man said, shaking in the chill of a May morning. "But I didn't come for my breakfast. I come to get work."

"What is your name?" Thorny asked.

"My name is Bud," the man said, his teeth chattering, his thin, coatless arms limp down his side, his hands in his pocket.

"Just Bud?"

"Yes," he said, "just Bud. Just call me Bud. That's all." Bud smiled and showed two rows of broken, discolored teeth.

"I can do an awful lot of work," Bud said. "I'll do devilish nigh as much work as you will." Bud looked at Thorny Kirk's broad shoulders when he said this.

"I'll be dad-durned my pictures!" Thorny Kirk laughed. "You do as much work as I will. I'd like to see any bird-necked runt of a man do more work than I can do. I put 'em all in the shade. I can't keep a hired man. I don't ask 'em to do as much as I do, for I'm a worker. That's how I got my big farm here on the river. Made it with these hands and arms."

"I don't have a home," Bud said. "Oh, I got one, but I don't like it. It's just a part-time home. I go and come from it all the time. I might be able to stay with you a while, then I'll go home and stay there a while, then I'll come back. But I'd like to stay on this farm with you long as I can."

"You got a wife, and children?" Thorny asked.

"No, I've not got a wife and children!"

"I'll tell you what I'll go," Thorny said. "You go out to the house and get your breakfast and come down to the field. And if you hoe one half of a row of corn to my one row, you have a job. We'll go to the house and have Lydia to fix your breakfast."

Thorny started toward the house. Bud stood still in his tracks. "What's the matter?" Thorny asked as he turned and saw Bud standing there. "Don't you like the bargain I offered you? Can't you stand that much?"

"I just don't like to go in a house."

"What is the matter with my house?"

"I forgot to tell you I don't eat in houses," Bud answered.

Bud stood shivering in the morning wind. Thorny walked toward the house. Bud did not hear him say to Lydia, "Fix a breakfast for a man that looks like a tramp to me. Said he could do as much work as I could and when he said that it riled me. I'll hire a tramp and bring him in this house if he'll do more work than old Thorny Kirk. Fix him a good breakfast with plenty of hot biscuits and good coffee."

"Reckon, Thorny, that the man's all right?" says Lydia.

"Fix his breakfast, Lydia," Thorny said. "I'm willing to risk him. No man on this river or any other river has ever taken a row of corn and raked the weeds down on me."

Thorny took a pot of coffee, hot buttered biscuits, and fried apples back to the pigpen. When he left the kitchen Lydia cautioned, "Be careful Thorny, about that man."

"Here's your breakfast, Bud," Thorny said. "While you eat, I'll turn the horses in the lot. We'll hoe corn today." Thorny stood to watch Bud eat. He would not eat in front of Thorny.

Thorny went to the barn to let Tom and Kate out of their stalls. He drove them to the gate, opened the gate, turned them loose in the pasture. He pulled on his pipestem and blew out wisps of blue smoke to the morning wind. He walked toward the pigpen. Bud walked from behind the pigpen. He was carrying back the empty dishes and an empty coffee pot.

"It was a good breakfast," Bud smiled. "The coffee was wonderful. A lot better than I get at home. Good biscuits too. Good fried apples. Your wife is a wonderful cook. Have you got any good homemade chewing?"

"Got some cured out burley out there at the barn shed."

They walked toward the barn shed. Thorny reached across the manger and pulled off a hand of tobacco. "Here, put that in your pocket," he said. Bud stripped a handful of the dry leaf, crammed it into his lean jaw. He put the rest of the dry leaf in his pocket.

They walked out the path past the smokehouse and Thorny picked up two hoes hanging on the palings. "Get me a bigger hoe than that," Bud commanded. "That hoe's too little. Won't cut a wide enough swath of weeds." Thorny looked at Bud as he put the hoe back and got a big one-eyed sprouting hoe.

"This'll hold a big man like you," Thorny

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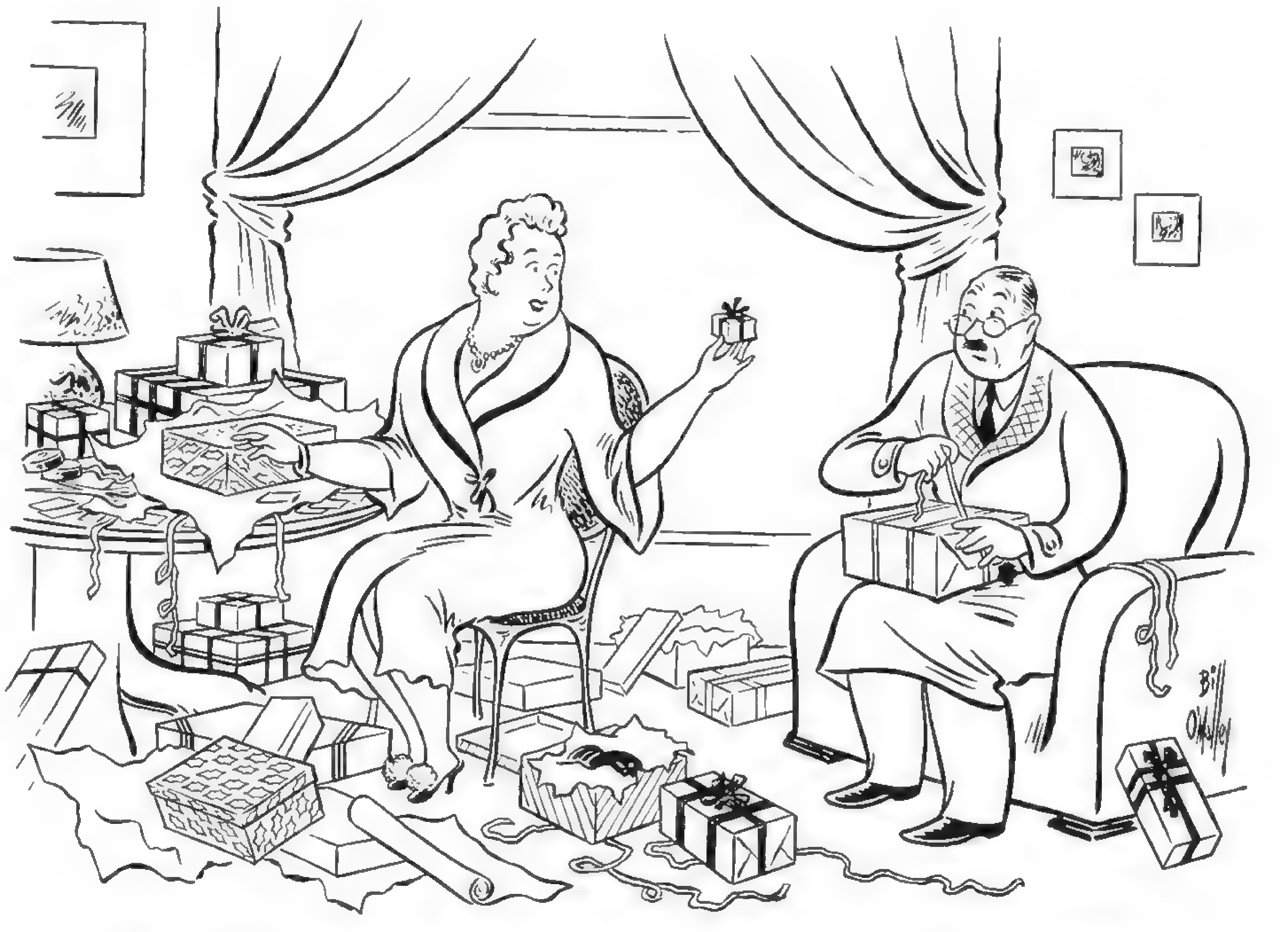

"Here's a little ring you're giving me—want to put a card in it?"

Casuals of Our Peace

Americans died twice as fast through their own carelessness as trembling Europeans died from blitzkrieg bombs

by KENT SAGENDORPH

• ARTICLE •

Be it ever so deadly, there's no place like Home, Sweet Home. Last year, all over the United States, people blithely fell headlong out of trees, down cellar stairs, into deep wells and off roofs. Our citizens scalded themselves with acids, coffee, lye solutions and even boiling dishwater; they died by the thousands from burning grease, blazing bits of inflammable feminine finery, and blew up both themselves and their dwellings in what seems like pure excess of recklessness.

Corpses littered the U. S. landscape in numbers unparalleled. The United States, sitting in aloof contentment in the midst of its well-advertised haven of peace, nevertheless had a total casualty list, killed and wounded, of almost nine million Americans. We lost ninety-three thousand dead; eight and a half million injured.

But we are engaged in no war; we did not even undergo any widespread natural disaster like the terrible Turkish earthquakes. These casualty lists are the toll of one year's carelessness. Those ninety-three thousand Americans died uselessly and without helping the country one whit through their supreme sacrifices.

Actually, they placed the country in a position of red-faced embarrassment. Nobody knows why these people died. They were surrounded by every civilized, legal and technical safeguard, aided by million-dollar safety-education campaigns, and yet they died twice as fast through their own carelessness as trembling Europeans died from *blitzkrieg* bombs.

It is conceded that 250,000 lives have been saved by safety campaigns since 1913. But every year, when the National Safety Council releases its casualty lists, we see the death-toll hovering around the 100,000 mark. Organized campaigns in organized places like shops, railroads and schools, are making steady inroads in the annual lists of the dead and maimed; the death rate on U. S. highways went down five per cent in 1939. But gains made in these organized campaigns are neutralized and canceled by a steady, senseless and nationally irritating increase in the number of fatal falls, fires and infections right in our own homes.

If people really want to kill themselves they should select some spot other than their places of abode. All sorts of warnings appear before our eyes about how the American home is being undermined by every sort of subversive influence. All such influences combined did no such widespread damage to the American home as sixteen thousand fatal falls did. And thousands of children, mutilated and blinded by carelessness that is factually criminal, don't contribute much to domestic peace.

Normal people respond readily to safety education, and profit by it. The dominantly reckless minority, at which the big guns of the safety drives are aimed, is not reached at all. They are the ones who have a congenital tendency toward accident; whose names appear again and again on the accident lists. And they deserve a little study.

Perhaps the whole concept of safety has been too rigidly bound up by statistics. We need some new kind of a yardstick which, even if it fails to impress the careless with its figures, will spank them into line with the others who are trying to keep out of the hospitals. We need some way to handle a problem like the case of a resident of Chicago, who was fined a dollar for going to sleep on a railroad track, and endangering the lives of thousands of commuters on suburban trains which were using the tracks at the time. The millions of dollars that are spent in safety education are reaching the wrong people.

Physicians have cut the death rate from tuberculosis, for example, in half within a decade. They have found ways to isolate and identify the trouble, and proceed with a systematic, scientifically-sound cure. Perhaps psychiatrists will some day find a cure for inborn recklessness and help us isolate those people and curb their mass-slaughter tendencies. Incidents help identify them; one especially illuminating is the case of a man who lives in Saginaw, Michigan, who shot off the tip of his finger twenty-seven years ago with a gun which he thought was unloaded. A few weeks ago he was showing a friend how it happened, and blasted off what was left of the same finger. In his hand was another "unloaded" gun. His trigger finger is still intact. There are the ingredients of a tragedy.

It's impossible to analyze every accident with a formula and attempt to place responsibility for it. Accidents will happen; coincidences will occur, but hardly to the point where they explain away ninety-three thousand deaths in a year. There is a case on record of a housewife driving her husband's car who collided with the car of a neighbor as he was driving out of an alley. The car was disabled, so he left it there, went back into the alley to his garage and started his other car. He drove out of the alley in the opposite direction and emerged on another street, just in time to be walloped again by the same housewife, who had driven around the cor-

"WAL-I SEE EZRAS MAKIN' BEER AGIN"

ner. Whether that was recklessness, bad judgment, inexperience or just bad luck, there should be some logical answer.

Strangely, newspaper reports of heavy loss of life in spectacular disasters do not affect the national total to any great degree. There are not many disasters in a single year like the Iroquois Theatre fire; the San Francisco earthquake and fire, or the New England flood of 1938. In 1939 there was no major disaster. Floods in eastern Kentucky caused 70 fatalities. A seacoast storm in southern California took about 50 lives. But, just as in past years, accidental death and injury occurred singly and in twos and threes. A highway wreck which rates a half-column in a local daily; a child who pulls over a kettle of boiling lye-water on him while his mother is talking on the telephone; a girl whose dress catches fire while she's heating a curling iron over a gas flame.

Some victims, caught in the grip of sudden accident, show considerable ingenuity in getting out intact. Keith McKnight, aged two-and-a-half, of Pontotoc, Mississippi, fell down a 54-foot well while his mother ran screaming to the scene. She yelled: "Are you there, Keith?" He said: "Yes, and I'm dirty, too." In Salt Lake City a youth, riding his bicycle, crashed into the rear of a parked car, looped up and over, and landed right-side up on the roof of the car. He probably couldn't do it again if he practiced it for six months. In Elgin, Oregon, a wind of cyclone proportions sent a citizen's outdoor toilet tumbling to the ground. Inside was the citizen. The home-town paper said: "He found that the only mode of escape was through a porthole."

Safety is a state of mind, not a collection of statistics and graphs. The foundation-stone of the whole structure is the individual's own determination to avoid getting caught in a foolhardy situation. We might attempt to influence his determination by impressing upon him the terrific loss of life each year from carelessness, by thrusting up posters before his eyes and haranguing him daily by radio. We are able to focus upon him a publicity machine as powerful as Goebbel's. But if he still doesn't value his own life and property enough to be reasonably careful with them, he becomes a national menace because when he does fall, burn, crack up or kill himself in some new way he will drag several innocent passengers, relatives or bystanders to the grave with him. These safety campaigns are succeeding not so much in enlightenment as in indoctrination, with the natural consequence that those very persons who need the lesson most will resist it.

Success in teaching safety requires a receptive mind which will retain and remember. That eliminates a considerable slice of the population which can learn, but can't remember. In Chillicothe, Ohio, lives a lady who was rather absent-minded as she bent over to dry herself after a bath. She backed into a heating appliance with the name "Good Luck," and branded herself in reversed lettering. Was it necessary to impress the principles of safety upon her that way? Fundamentally, safety education is a problem in concentration and memory-training.

Safety is taught in factories, among railroad employees and in schools by daily repetition, supplemented by sudden drills and constant watchfulness by the management or faculty. This effort and discipline explains why industrial, transportation and other well-supervised concerns are cutting their accident rates and their insurance premiums. Where there is no direct supervision, and no constant stimulus to observe the principles of safety, accident rates climb.

In our homes we admit the force of the safety message, and agree that we must try to follow it. But we forget it; we don't have it in our minds when something happens to us which culminates in an accident. There is no penalty, other than the pain of a bruise or the expense of medical care, for carelessness. In a factory a careless employee who is injured might be laid off for a month without pay, and that suspension worries him more than the pain of the accident. In the home there is no parallel.

British communiques soon after the invasion of Norway claimed that the British fleet had sunk and shelled so many German troop transports that the drowned bodies of three thousand German soldiers were washed up on the Swedish coast. That's total warfare; death from torpedoes and big guns. And peaceful United States blushingly reported that twice that many Americans had been burned to death in their own homes last year.

Fire is an enemy even deadlier than an invading army. Industrial plants fight fire with a stubborn, unceasing determination much like that of soldiers defending a threatened position. There is no discharge in that war; there is not a moment's let-up. Fire-drills, new safety devices, incessant patroling and protection day and night, the best of protective and fire-fighting equipment—these things have sent the industrial fire losses down, steadily, year after year.

But fires in private homes increased eight percent last year, and have been increasing about eight percent a year since 1929. What a sad commentary on the everyday horse sense, or lack of same, among our inhabitants! How are we, as a democratic nation without the lash of a dictator's whip, going to stop a woman in the name of national policy from filling an oscillating-type washing-machine full of gasoline and then blowing up her house with it? While she poured five gallons of gasoline into the washer, the cellar was filled with fumes. Then there was a loose connection on the power switch which should have been looked at before she turned the power on. Afterward there wasn't any switch, or any washer, or any house. It killed her, of course; demolished the house just the way a bomb would have. Out of the wreckage came an indignant fire-chief with a demand for something—legislation, administrative rulings, some sort of weapon in his hand which would stop fools from killing themselves. He did not get it; under our laws fools have a right to kill themselves. But they don't have a right to endanger others, smash windows all around the neighborhood with their explosions, crack walls and cause plaster to fall on the heads of the innocent. The chief was righteously indignant because a week before another woman had tried the same stunt and had not quite blown up the house although the lid of the washer blew straight up against the cellar ceiling with enough force to shatter the rafters. On the way back to the engine house from this alarm he had to pause and rescue a fifteen-year-old boy from a blazing inferno of a bungalow. The boy had gone to sleep on the davenport with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. This is only one fire-chief out of hundreds in the country, all of whom have the same troubles.

Who is at fault, the people who are reckless and foolhardy because they can't help it, or the state and nation which tolerates

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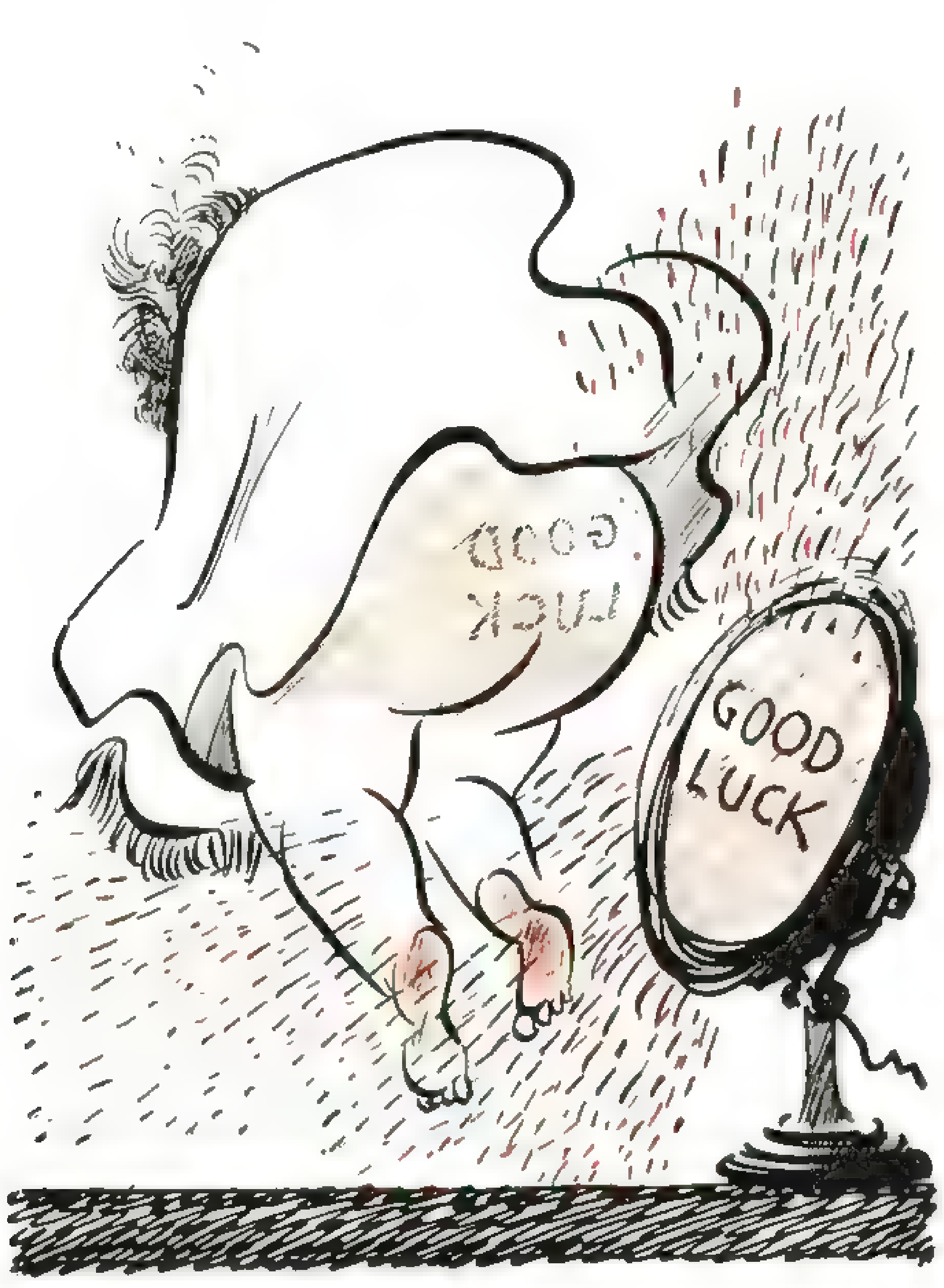

E. Simms Campbell

Champions Have Better Tools

And so have dubs, thanks to careful research by the makers of baseball bats, golf clubs and tennis racquets

by JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS

"Lively ball!" The old catcher snorted. "Lively ball nothing. It's the bat that has made the modern hitter, not the ball."

This man broke into the big leagues just after the war. That year Rogers Hornsby was making the new home run record with the astounding total of 42 for the season. The leading batters in the American League were Sisler, Cobb and Speaker, and there's a trio for you. The Giants, led by old John McGraw, were really Giants. Ever since those days that catcher has been with baseball, and at present is the coach on a pennant contender of the last season. He has studied hitters and hitting as only a catcher does.

"Yessir, this talk about the lively ball is the bunk. It's the big end bat which accounts for the increase in hitting, not the ball. When I broke in, the bat had a big handle and a small end. Along came Ruth. He used a bat with a heavy end. Pretty soon other players started taking the long swing and trying to hit homers. They, too, adopted a bat with the handle turned down small to get a full grip, and the weight in the flying end. See, that meant weight behind the ball and consequently longer hitting."

Sporting goods manufacturers check on this. Their officials laugh when you talk to them about the lively ball. Not since 1927, the date of the introduction of the cork and rubber center, have any material changes been made in the baseball. They all agree that the reason for the increased hitting in recent years is the bat. It's better made and balanced. So is the modern golf club. So also is the tennis racquet. In fact this is true all along the line.

Back in the good old days Robin Hood used the "mighty bowe" in the thicknesses of Sherwood Forest, performing some astonishing feats. He hit a target at a distance of 100 yards, which is about the same as hitting a football goal post from the opposite one-yard line. Yet today that feat is duplicated by many ordinarily good archers. Reason: the modern yew bow, scientifically fashioned by machinery.

The athlete today has the advantage of learning from his predecessors. Tilden in tennis, Jones in golf, Paddock in running and Weismuller in swimming, to name only a few champions, explored new fields and showed their successors how to exploit certain techniques in sport. That has helped the modern athlete. So has coaching. In every branch of sport there are twenty competent instructors where fifteen years ago there was one. But the factor which has helped us break records on every side has been the improvement in sports equipment.

Here's one sphere where the American shines. All our ingenuity, patience, capacity for research and manufacturing skills have gone to improve the things with which we play. The tennis bat that Larned used was simply a club alongside the sensitive and tightly strung instrument belonging to Don McNeill. The 1941 steel-shafted golf club, delicate yet unbreakable, is completely different from the club of twenty years ago. It's the equipment, balanced and perfected, which has created the champion of today.

Notice how this works out. The champion, ever striving for new records, demands better equipment. The manufacturer, ever anxious to satisfy his wants, goes into research to improve his product. Changes are made, the goods are perfected. But the maker not only does this; he soon discovers how to turn the new stuff out in quantity. Mass production means lower prices. The equipment of the champion is purchasable by the average player. That means more fun for the rabbit. It also means our equipment lasts longer, more people get more fun and can play games more cheaply than ever before.

To any scoffer let me suggest a tour through the factory of a big sporting goods wholesaler. Lines of machines turn out parts for golf, tennis, football, baseball, softball and basketball equipment. Rows of girls at benches bind grips on clubs. Other rows of men string racquets beside vices. Testing machines of every sort search out defects in baseballs, squash balls, volley balls, softballs and tennis balls. In the research department huge hammers whack golf clubs hundreds of times to uncover hidden defects. Ingenious contraptions looking like something out of Ripley by Goldberg swat balls with a noise that resembles an anti-aircraft barrage. Scientists with master's degrees from our leading universities and technical institutions pore over sinks, benches and microscopes: dissecting, photographing, analyzing grips, shafts and materials of every kind.

Now if you are slightly skeptical by nature, you are probably little moved like myself by the claims of the advertising gentry, especially in the sporting goods business. But a trip to one prominent factory has enthusiasmed your servant. Here's one field where the boys in the agencies have understated their claims. That tennis bat of yours, for instance. I watched it go through every stage of manufacture, and have considerable respect for the product.

There are no less than 128 different stages, too. Yep, 128 separate operations to complete the modern tennis bat. On cross-examination I'd admit that at least one-third of these were utterly and completely useless. The fancy white paint, for instance. The decalcomania with the name of your club professional on the handle. Those red, white and blue strings tied about the throat which even the makers will agree add nothing but looks to the product. Other gadgets too numerous to mention

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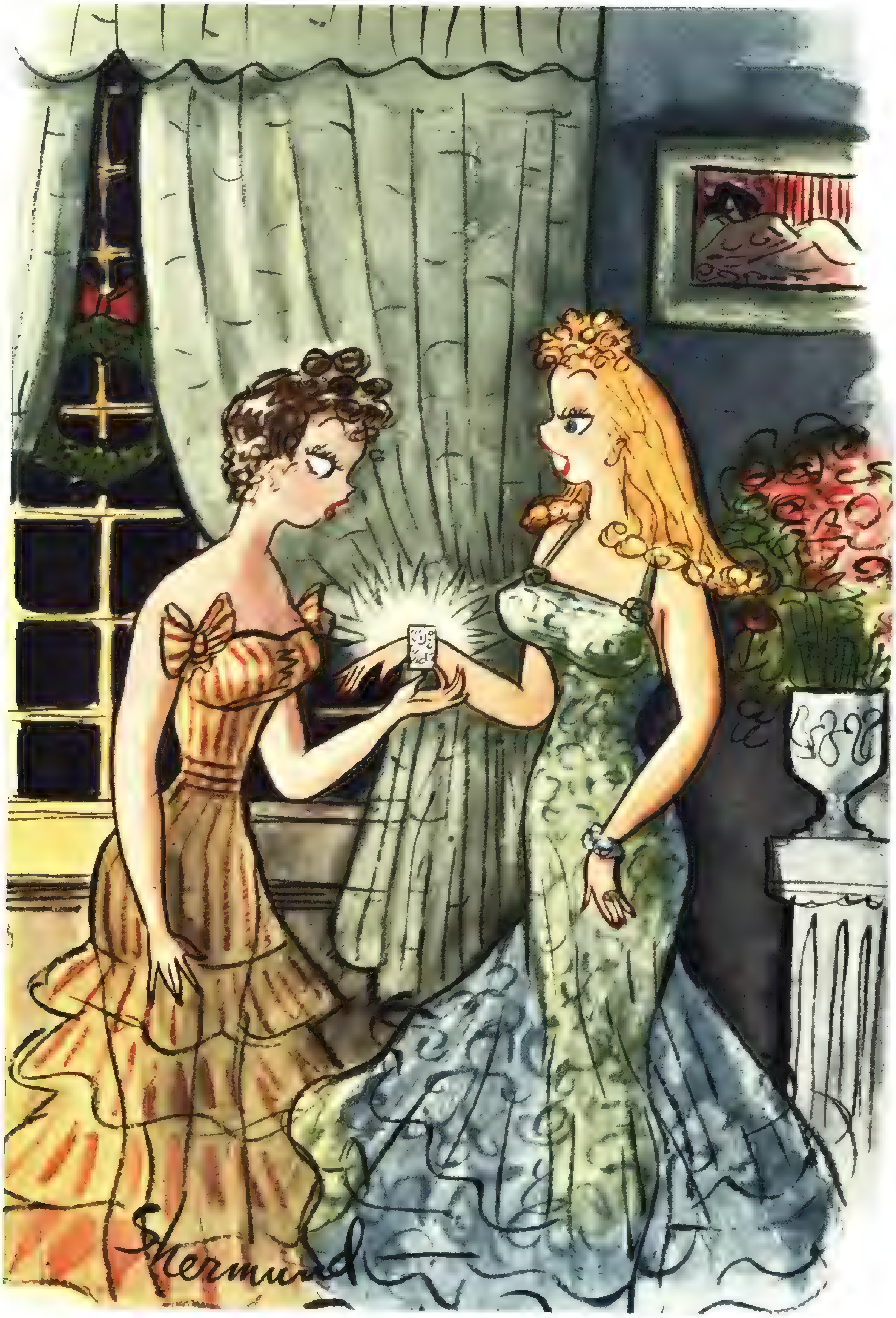
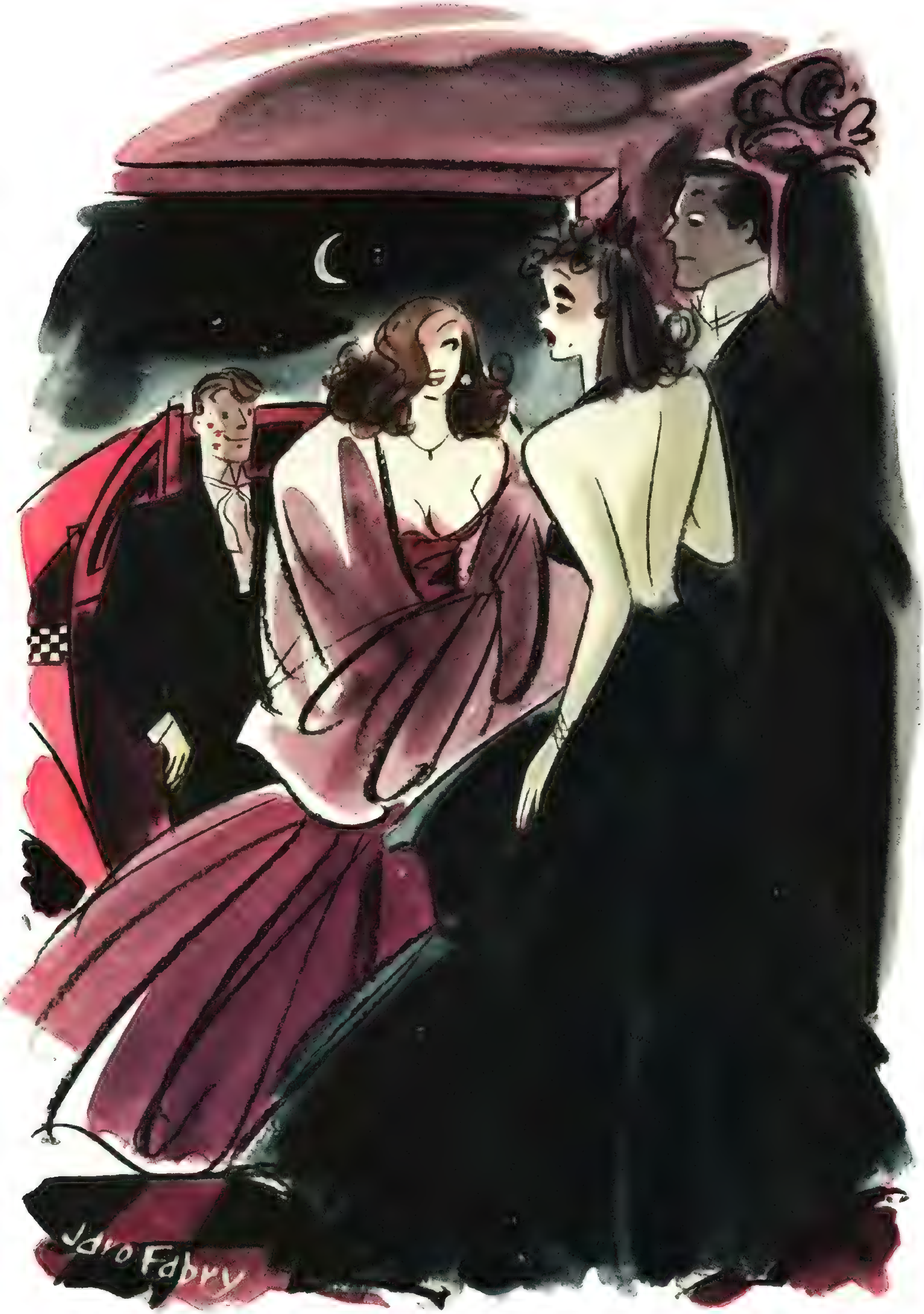
"If you only had a hobby it wouldn't be so hard to select a gift for you"



"Well not exactly a gift—it was more of a trade"



"We thought we'd never get here"

The Wake of the Ribald Armenian

In their joy at seeing one another and warmed by the boiled wine, they couldn't keep mourning for Grampa

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

WARS ago there lived in Transylvania, in boisterous ribaldry, a huge and hairy Armenian. At the age of sixty he was the patriarch of a family which numbered seven sons, five daughters, nine grandchildren, five sons-in-law, seven daughters-in-law, not to speak of the innumerable brothers-in-law, co-godfathers, and all manner of lesser kin. The clan assumed Biblical proportions and spread over the entire province. Its members hardly knew each other. There were among them first cousins who had never met. Fate had scattered them over the towns of Transylvania, with hundreds of kilometers between them.

The Armenian was a red-faced, big-moustached, fat, dark man. Bushy tufts of hair sprang forth from his ears and nostrils. He loved to smoke big black cigars, to eat rich, spicy food, to drink heavy, thick wines, and to make merry on all occasions. In vain did the doctor warn him to beware, that his heart was a worn-out motor, that he would shorten his life by many years if he did not change his mode of living and his enjoyments thoroughly and quickly.

The Armenian made fun of the doctor, laughing:

"So, according to you, doctor, I am going to die ten years sooner unless I give up rich food, wines, and cigars? Well, what of it? I'll be dead ten years longer!" And he burst into such guffawing at his own banal joke that his enormous paunch trembled and recoiled.

And of course he did not give up any of his life's joys. Not even his work—he was a wine merchant—although it was tiresome: always on trains, always bargaining with innkeepers, always fighting with vintners, always sleeping in strange beds, in small provincial hotels, where the walls dripped with moisture and the pillows smelled of chlorine.

There are people who are always late everywhere. The Armenian was like that too. When he once sat down, it was as if he had been glued to his chair; he would remain until daybreak for the sake of eating, drinking, card-playing, and pleasant company. Everybody knew that he was unable to keep an appointment. When he sent a wire to the Hotel "Golden Lamb" at the county seat: "Arrive Monday Reserve Room"—they did not put fresh bedding in his room until Tuesday. Everybody knew at the inn that the Armenian would stay at least twenty-four hours longer wherever he had sent the wire from.

It happened once that the Armenian had business in some distant town: he had gone there to buy the wine of the Counts Teleki. Early in the morning he was already sitting in the café. He was having paprika stew and beer for breakfast. In one hand the stein, in the other the cigar, on his lap the fat blonde cashier.

He was feeling sumptuous. He let out ribald yells, gobbled his stew, drank his beer, and pawed the large-busted, violet-soap-scented girl.

Suddenly he felt as if a hot curtain had swished past his eyes. The merry yell could not escape from his throat; his bullish head tipped to one side. His three-hundred-pound body crashed to the floor with such force that the silver coins poured forth from his pockets and rolled far under the tables.

The waiters came rushing up, lifted him, dusted his clothes, which had gathered up the sawdust from the floor. They were just wasting their time. The big, hairy, red-faced Armenian was dead. The stroke had killed him in the blinking of an eye, just as he had always hoped it would.

A black-bordered telegram was sent to the family. The Armenian's wife, who from continuous childbearing had turned into a shriveled-up, thin, little moth, sighed and cried, but she was not surprised. She had expected this to happen for a long time.

The household was getting ready for the funeral. At the undertaker's they ordered a magnificent, ceremonious interment, with a funeral coach drawn by six black horses, and with music. It was Saturday. They decided upon Tuesday afternoon for the ceremony. They thought that by that time the body in its temporary coffin would surely arrive.

As befitted the opulent deceased, the whole façade of the house was covered with silver-bordered black cloth. The catafalque had been erected in the bedroom; gigantic silver candelabra were burning around it; the chamber was heavy with the sad, bitter scent of the laurel wreaths, which were piled high.

The kinsfolk began to arrive from all over the province. The children, the grandchildren, the sons-in-law, the daughters-in-law, the brothers-in-law, the co-godfathers. The court and the rooms were filled with the mourning multitude. The priest was already there in his white cassock; and the ministrants with their incense burners. In front of the house stood the many equipages with silver-harnessed, black-feather-tufted horses.

Everybody was waiting and everything was in order; only the body had not arrived. But this time it was not the Armenian's fault. It was winter, and winter in Transylvania is like winter in Siberia. The little train which was bringing the coffin home had got stuck somewhere in the snowdrifts.

The funeral had to be postponed. The priest went home with the ministrants. The local friends went home too. "We'll be back tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow! He'll have to get here some time!"

But the kinsfolk could not be dismissed. They had come from far away to attend the funeral. They arrived worn out, snow

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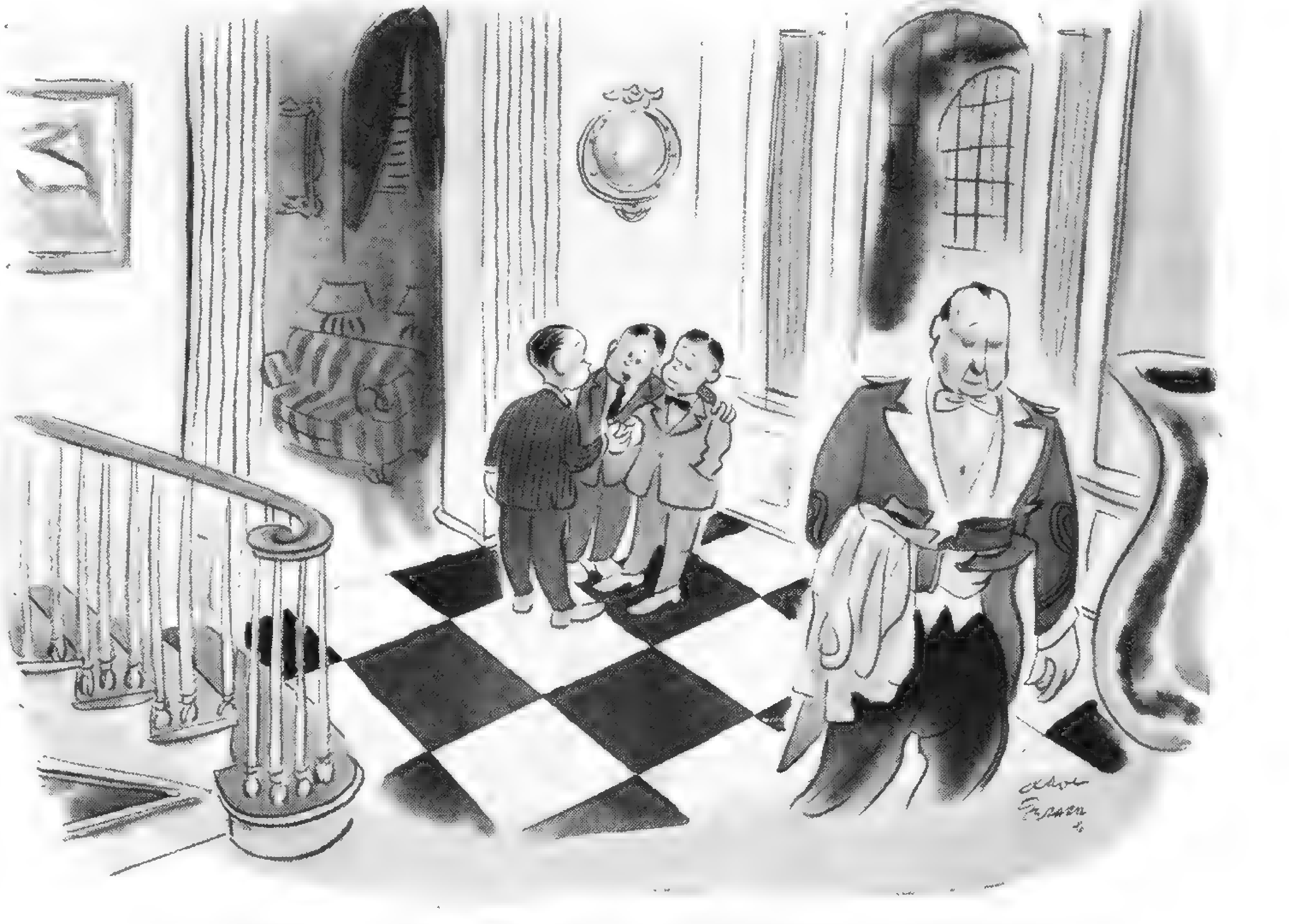

"Hensley, Yale, Class of '52—I'd like you to know my friend Ballard, Harvard, Class of '51"

Ladies Are Lousy Drivers

Besides their ignorance of machinery there's a callousness peculiar to the sex that makes them demons on wheels

by ROBERT W. MARKS & HART STILWELL

▪ SATIRE ▪

The old saw that holds that the trouble with women is that no woman is ever a gentleman, is a saw that also cuts through the feminist bunkum that women make the best drivers. Actually, women are washouts behind the wheel. Women want the whole of a man, or no man at all; and by the same token they want the whole of the road or nothing. Women observe no rules in trying to hog-tie their personal oaf; and they have equal disregard for traffic laws where their own end is impaled.

Now hogging the road is nothing against a woman *qua* woman. If a woman is pretty enough, or charming enough, or artful enough, let her have the road—we have lots of roads to go around. But for the sake of purity in logic—where purity is becoming—let's hold that a whole-of-the-roader is neither a gentleman or a good driver.

The corollary to this is that only one-half of one per cent of women are either pretty or charming or artful; and that means, in terms of simple arithmetic, that ninety-nine and a half per cent of the women drivers are automotive dubs. Any man can do a better job of driving, any night of the year, blindfolded, palsied and hugging a girl, than even a gold star Girl Scout can do, hogging the whole Lincoln Highway.

Possessiveness, however, is no more than a splinter in the pantheon of women drivers' faults. Women are victims of an unjust society; and as victims, they have developed a weird, though understandable, bag of tricks. These tricks talk the language of overcompensation. They involve belligerence, chicanery, and the somewhat curious notion that traffic laws, like divorce laws, are made for their express benefit.

Take the simple matter of red lights. Figures gathered by a number of voluntary committees of men, once gallant and now lame, show that nine women jump the red light to every one man.

If you know your Stekel, you know why. That is the ratio of frigidity in women to impotence in the male, and takes in the basic human fact if you can't get something one way, you get it another. The same subterranean channels of impulse have a lot to do with arsonists, poisoners, parricides, and women who can't stop knitting.

If you want to go back into history, you'll find that the kind of compensation technique that makes today's women jump lights, made yesterday's women into Jeanne d'Arcs, Portias, Judith-the-Skull-Nailers and Ladies Godiva. The really good women, like Helen of Troy, or Messalina, or Lucretia the Rapee were never potential light-jumpers; they knew what they wanted, and with hook or crook they invariably managed to get it.

And now we come to the ambivalent role of women on the road. Not only do women try to jump the gun and play quoits with the law, but if chance is against them, and justice catches up—they fall back on the old stage props.

They let their hair down, symbolically, for the long arm of the law.

This is an act, however, which has ample justification in biology. We would like to refer the reader to a little book written by the Demonstrator of Anatomy, at what is left of University College, London. In this illuminating study, called *The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes*, the Demonstrator points out that the female baboons in the London Zoo invariably excuse themselves to the Big Baboon (for defections of conduct), by a series of Kama Sutra presentations which invariably appease both the B.B.'s ego and his appetite. The point being that love conquers all.

Socially there is no quarrel with such Hula Hula: it makes the world turn. And many a man, damned to eternal boredom, has had his soul saved by a lady's genuflections. It's the sort of biological reflex that has given us Isadora Duncans, Nell Gwynns, Zorinas, Gypsy Rose Lees, and that piquant la-de-da called the Can-Can.

The only question here is: Does it make for good driving? Could Little Egypt ever have become a Barney Oldfield? Could Mrs. Pat Campbell have become a Sir Malcolm Campbell?

Let all of this be a preamble. This is scarcely the place for sociology; and if women for centuries have been hamstrung by *Kirche, Kinder, und Kuche*, by having their feet bound, or by the inevitable climacteric, so be it. Let's consider their driving ability, and look at it in terms of cold science, with no tug on the heartstrings, and with little consideration for the pioneering work of Mrs. Margaret Sanger.

We have to start with an "Information Please." Look at the automobile as a machine, the mastery of which calls for a finely-drawn sense of mechanics. If you want to zoom past another car, traveling at sixty miles an hour, while an oncoming car is already rubbing its antennae on your front bumper, you have to have a feeling for the relation of your transmission to acceleration, of horsepower to horse-sense, of torque and double-torque. And these are masculine things.

If you have to turn your car around on a Pikes Peak grade, with nothing on one side but Stygian depths, and nothing behind you but distant memories, you need a sure sense of curvilinear movement, and of the delicate kinships between brake and clutch. And these, again, every well-rounded boy acquires in youth. But how about the women? Here the record must bow in gallant confusion; for it is a common sight to see women go to pieces on a twenty degree grade, and hysterically roll backward to subordinate places. It is a blood-curdling thing to feel a woman de-clutch into high from a scratch start, and to have the car quiver in epileptic agony—while danger hurtles by in every direction.

Of course the fluid transmissions and stepped-up power of the modern cars are tending to cut out these hazards by the roots; but here again is no more than another of man's boons to women: bungle-proof engineering—a streamlined version of Adam's rib.

In fact most of the modern cars are man-designed for women, and embody a thousand and one refinements to preserve women's *savoir*—no matter what the driving problem may be. Examples of these are: (1) automatic transmissions, making it impossible for Lady Clara Vere de Vere to turn the gear box into claxon; (2) fluid drives, making it impossible for madam to stall—longer than necessary; (3) automatic chokes, making it unnecessary to master carburetion; (4) finger-tip steering, relieving the flower of womanhood of any disability due to undeveloped muscle.

But aside from an almost congenital lack of feeling for machinery, and a failure to recognize a living pulse in things of harder stuff, women show, under stress, a quality that never ceases to shock and astound the normal man—brought up, as he is, on McGuffey's Reader and the legendary fragrance of lavender and old lace.

This is a primitive callousness, a coldly anti-social kind of determination which Kipling converted into a bromide, on observing the female Black Widow nonchalantly chew a way through its mate.

Whether or not men ever break away from the romantic and restraining training of their youth is a debatable question; but women most assuredly do, and with the sharp clean cut of a bright new knife. To watch the average woman whizz down a road crowded with lolling people is like watching a gladiator in the arena. The closer she comes to some unoffending peasant, the brighter grows the tiger gleam in her eye. Where men creep cautiously, jam on the brakes, and bow politely to the persecuted pedestrians, women plunge on more relentlessly than the Rome-Berlin express. Put a razor on a woman's mudguard, and, in ten minutes, you could shave a whole county.

But what complicates any sane analysis of the situation is the fact that the women who don't show an aggressive complex, offend public morals equally sorely in the other direction. In other words, if they aren't tigresses, they're mice—which is to say, if they don't scratch you to pieces, they slip meekly into the stream of traffic, stop dead still, and invite you to conk yourself to death.

How many times have you sped down a road at an average fast clip, only to have some woman, fresh from a Hokinson cartoon, dart out from a gas station, get square in your path—then stop meditatively, making the car's signal system wigwag, "Maybe yes —and maybe no." You jam on your brakes, skid off a quarter inch of tire, and think of the Purge as a happy scheme for social reform.

And here we slip headlong into the purple land of sophistry. The women who are sharp of tongue and bony of mind will say: "Make up your mind. We can't possibly be juggernauts and mince meat at the same time. Which will it be?"

But it so happens that the ninety per cent group follows the extremes. There are many Hedda Gabblers, many Little Women, but too few Melisandes; and the argument is further heightened by the fact that Melisande would seldom drive her own car.

The voices in the gallery can already be heard, shrieking, "Why pick on women?" "Take a look at your own mote," or "Cast out your own eye."

And to this blanket catcall—imaginary, it is true—there is a blanket answer. There are admittedly a few topers, megalomaniacs, and victims of senile dementia within our hairy-chested ranks. We also have so-called male drivers who are ballet dancers, designers of embroidery, and girdle architects; these, however, are little more than sheep in wolves' clothing, and are to be discounted in passing.

But by and large, men take their driving, like they take their business, with grace and aplomb; they pattern it on cricket, and they handle it without awkwardness, mock-seriousness, or fumbling.

On the other hand, men have had more experience. They've been around; they've experimented. They've stripped cars down, toyed with their fuel pumps, checked on their timing, and gotten sparks from their points. Consequently with cars, as with affairs, men are in a better position to be casual and civilized.

Parallel psychology applies to accidents. In the welter of modern traffic a given amount of fender-denting and bumper-scraping is bound to occur. Usually these things are nobody's fault, but an impersonal concomitant of the world we live in—like tenements, poverty, crooners, and Mr. Edgar Guest.

A man brushes such crumbs off in passing; but not a woman. To most women every such encounter is a thing apart, a personal affront, an invitation to invective, and a cramming course in fishwifery.

Any man who observes the negative noblesse of women in a department store loses therewith all the romantic illusions of his youth: he concludes that the *dames galantes* of French and Arthurian legend were no more than the disordered hopes of a fevered brain. But a man who is the target of a fender-bumped woman's tongue is prepared instanter to forswear all human intercourse.

Now women are beyond question the victims of an improper conspiracy. Living in twentieth century counterpart of the seraglio, segregated, educated with nonsense, it is only natural that their instincts should be warped—that they should bargain with a

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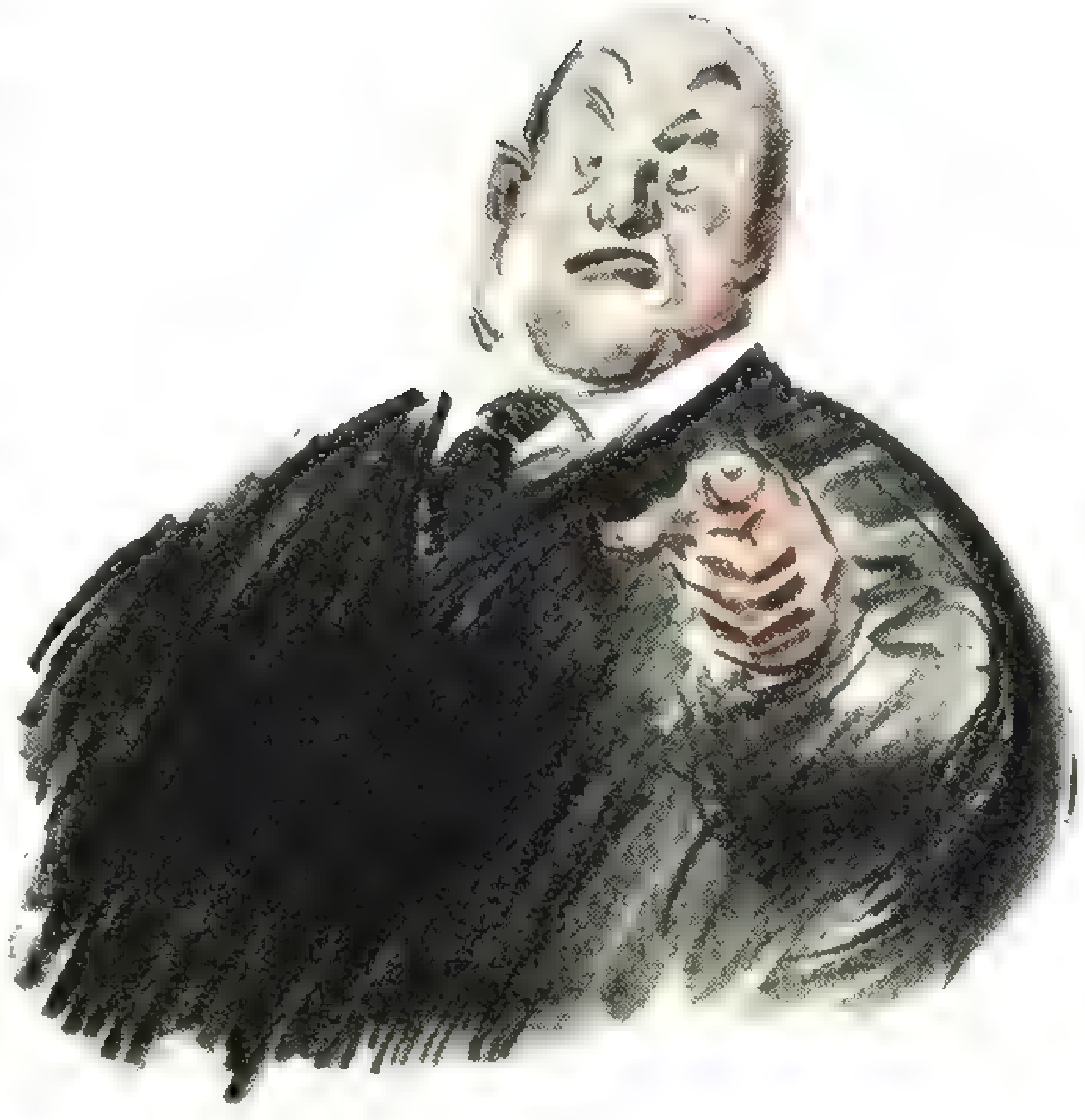
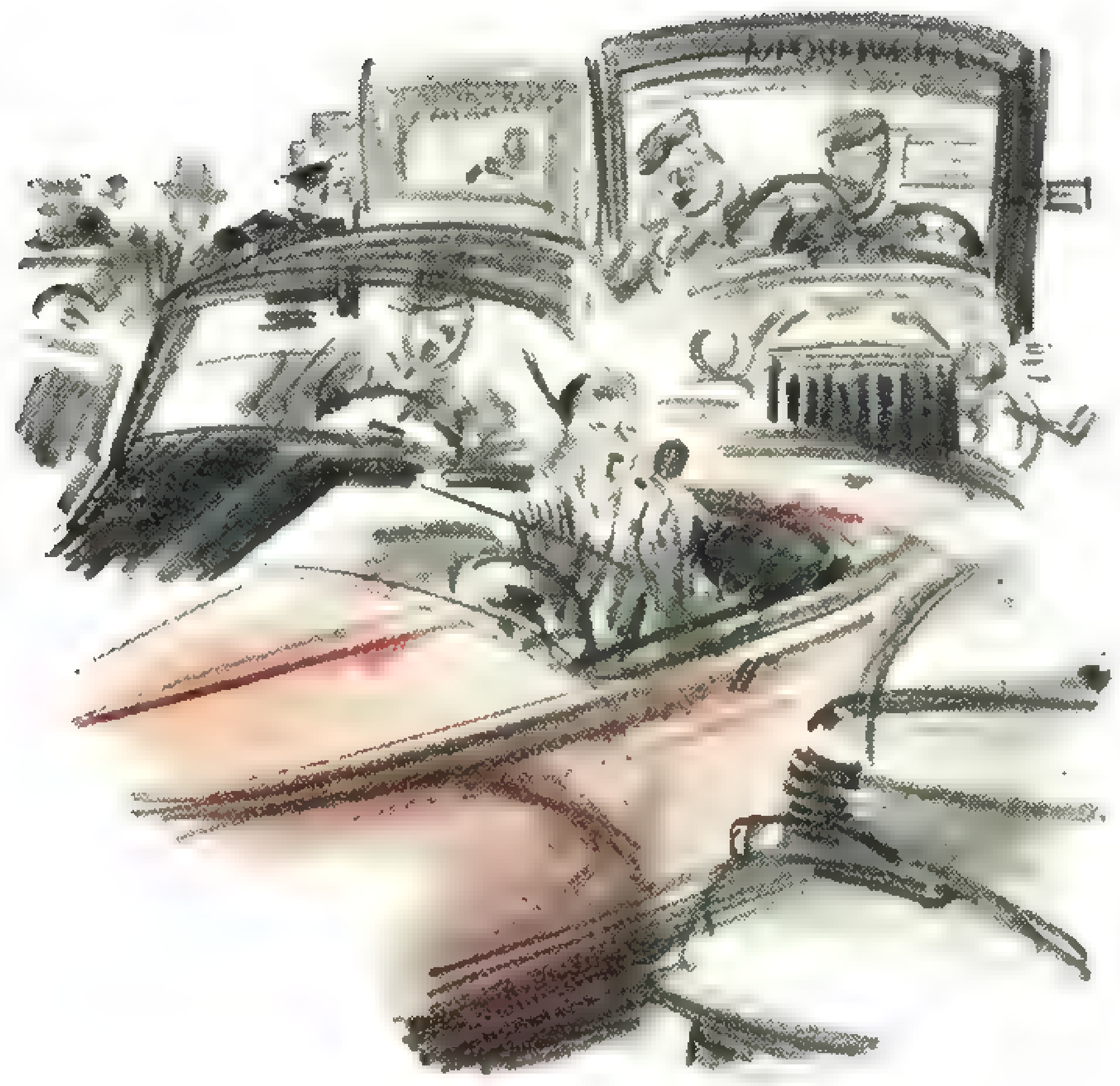
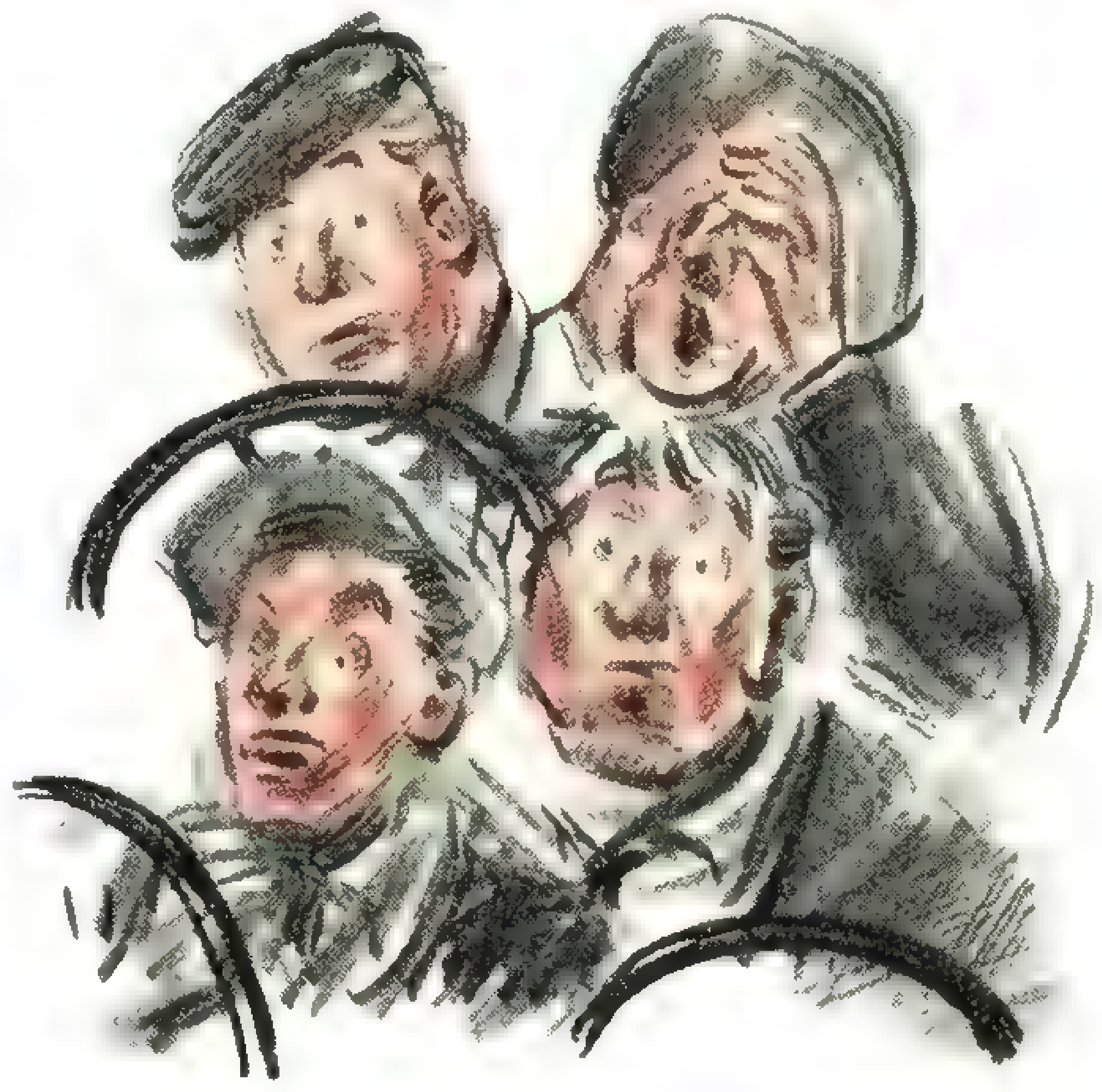


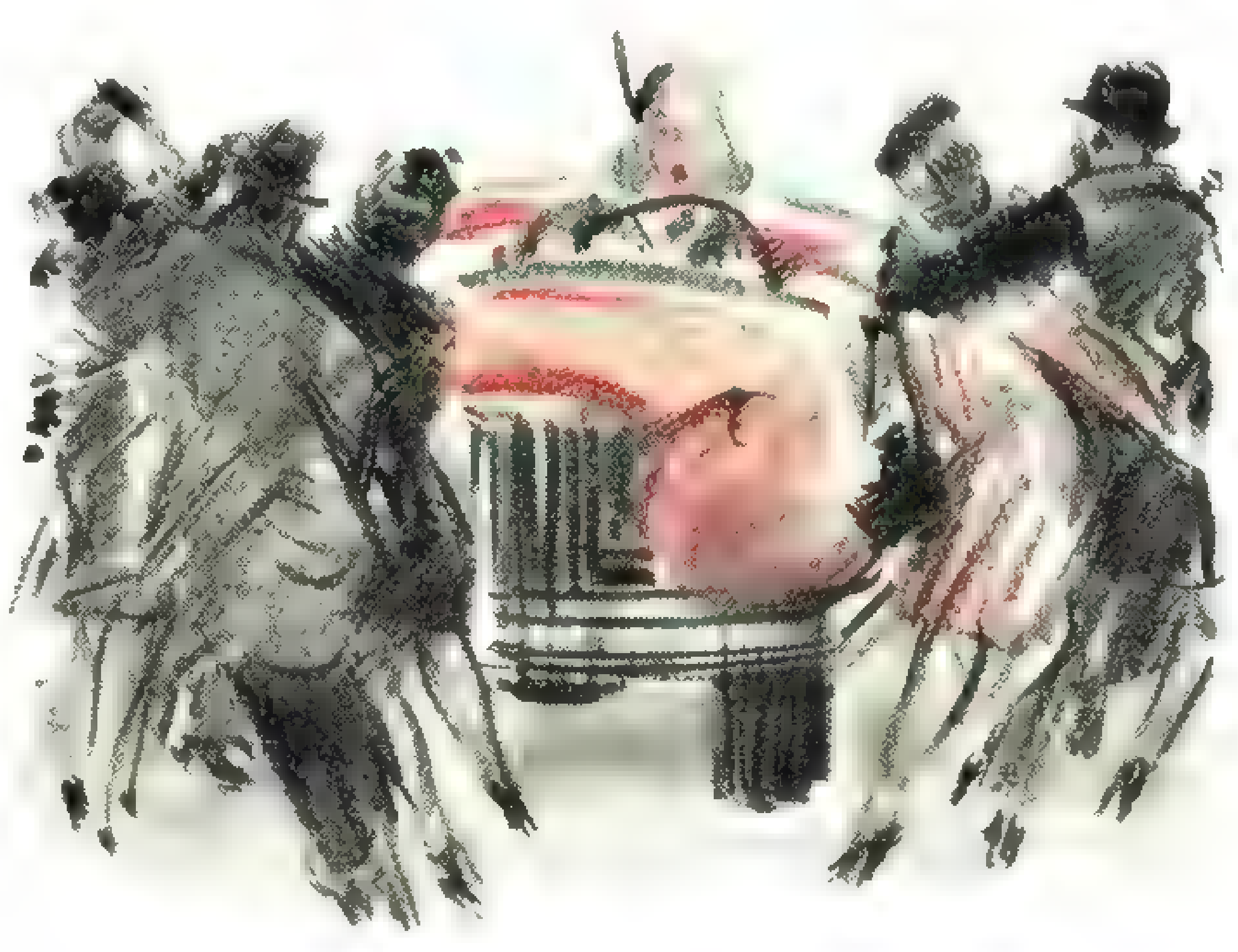
1—*Let's indict the base connivers*
Who have praised our Lady Drivers . . .



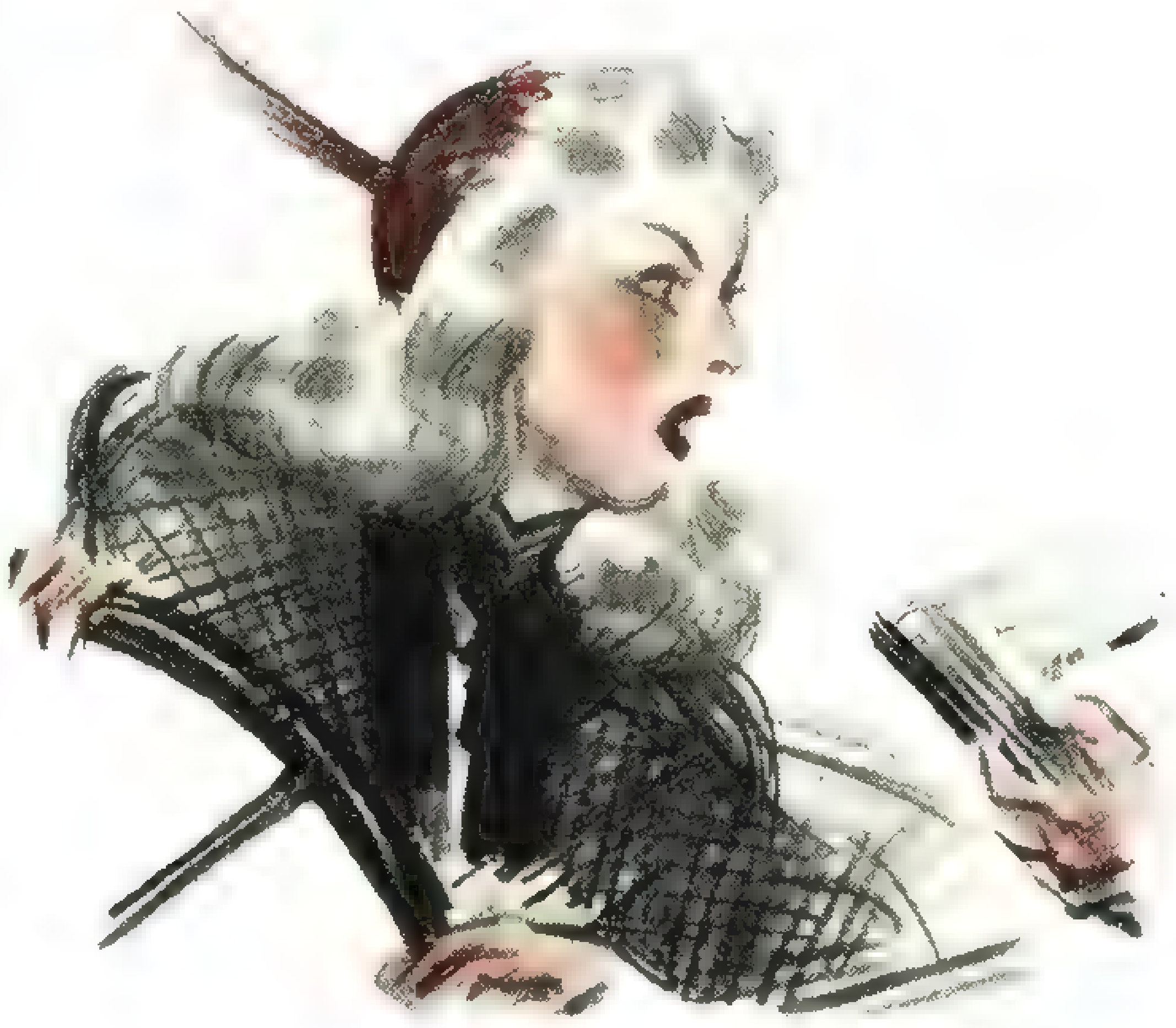
2—*And to make our charge more graphic—*
Watch this Baby snarl up traffic!



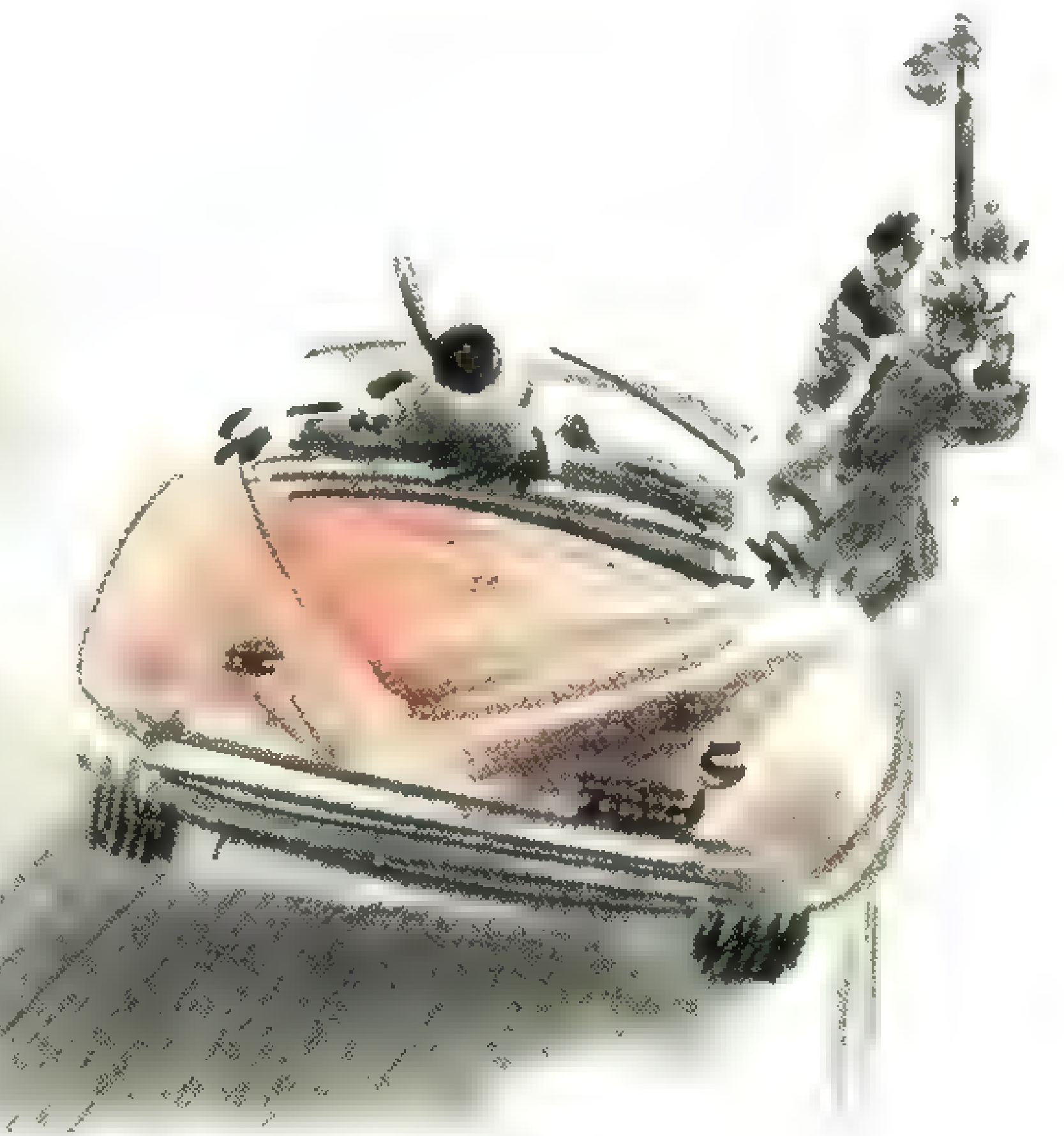
3—*Fenders bang and strong men curse!*
Whang! She's got it in reverse!



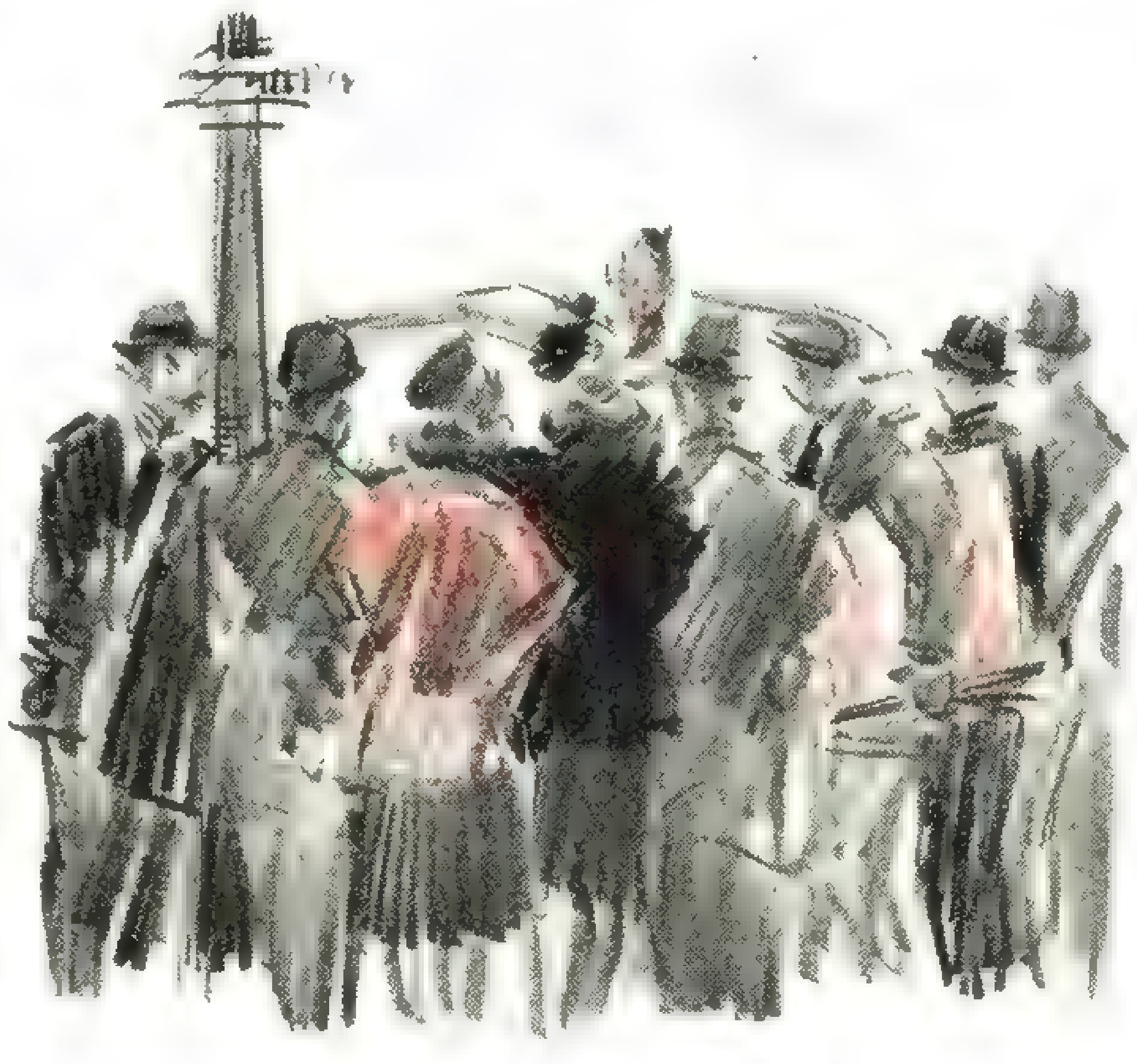
4—*Now the green light turns to red . . .*
OOPS! *Too late! She's plowed ahead!*



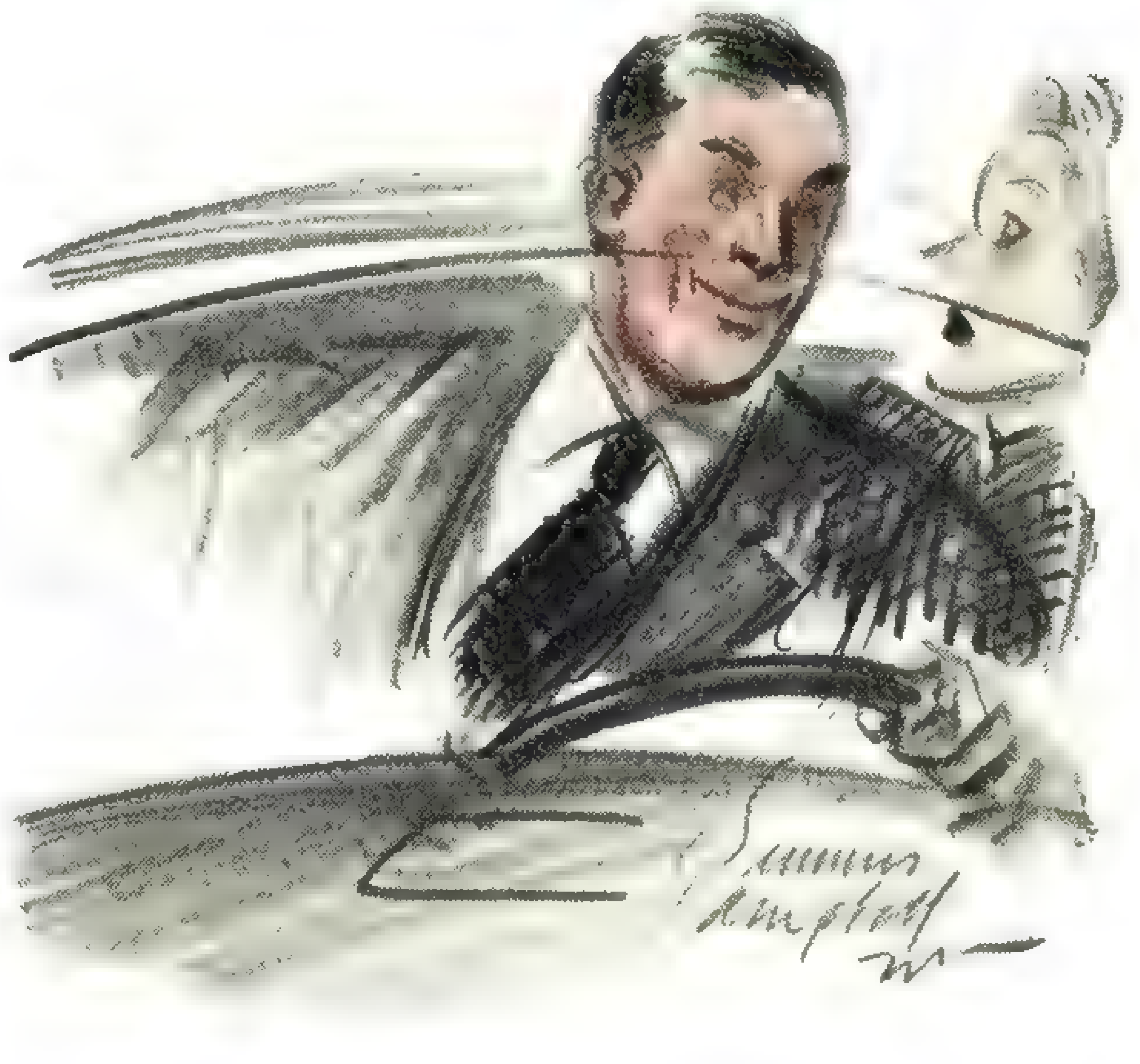
5—*When the cop writes out a ticket*
She'll just tell him where to stick it . . .



6—*And proceed, a bit distrait,*
Clipping folks along the way!



7—*Ladies! Ladies! Save your faces!*
Don't strip gears in public places . . .



8—*Just move over and let Poppy*
Operate the old Jalopy!

—PHIL STACK

Us and the Old Coot

It would knock your eyes out to see how the old man's changed since he went and married again

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION

You or me, we'd save our money, wouldn't we? Especially in times like these. Why, it's got so you never know what's going to happen the next day. Honest. But that's you or me. Not my father, the old coot. No, not him. Says: Nuts, I've worked all my life, and by God, before I kick off I'm going to have me a high old time. That's what he says. And, boy, is he having it! Don't I wish I was him. My own father, flesh and blood, as they say, and you can't get any closer than that, but that's what he says. T'hell with everything, he's going to have a good time.

Sure you remember my father. Handsome old coot, lean, gray-haired, dark eyes. Sure you remember him. Straight as an arrow, except he's got a stoop in his shoulders now. Always talked slow as though he was dragging the next word out of himself, but he could make you listen. When he was a kid they wanted him to be a minister and he learned how to talk and hold you tight with what he said. My wife used to say that he looked like an older copy of Robert Taylor except that he didn't have any teeth. Well, he's got the teeth now, too. Yah, the old man's got everything. He's having him a time.

Me, I got this job working godawful hours at night in the garage. Get home in the morning and can't sleep account of the kids. Wear myself out hollering at them and then it's time to go to work again. Day after day, makes you wish you wasn't born. So I got to thinking and I went to the old man a while ago and said, How about a hundred bucks, Pa? With a hundred bucks I could buy in a share in a little filling station. Be your own boss, you know.

What do you think he said? Why, he wouldn't even listen. Says: How do I know I'll ever see the money back? Honest. That's what he said. He's seventy-two if he's telling the truth, and now with Social Security and all that government stuff everybody's got to tell the truth. Of course, I couldn't say it to his face. A man's seventy-two, he ain't got so long to go. But you can't say it to your own father.

Of course, he did give me some dough once. He gave all of us a little money. But that was long ago. That was when my old man was the best guy in the world. Anybody come to him and ask for a favor he'd reach into his pocket. That's the way he was. Everybody knew him. Wouldn't say much. He'd listen and reach down into his pocket. Everybody loved him. Changed man now. Oh, he's changed, all right. You wouldn't know him.

He ain't even interested in the grandchildren like he used to be. Why, he used to be crazy over my Pete, that's my oldest. Pete could get anything from the old man. Course Pete isn't the only one. There's my two other boys and my girl. Then my brother Charlie has five kids, two boys and three girls. And Tom has a boy and a girl and another one coming in September. There's my sister, too, Ginger Blue, and her kids. I don't know any more how many she's got. Used to have one a year when the old man was giving fifty dollars every time a boy was born in the family. But he ain't interested in them like he used to be. Wait till you hear.

You're surprised? Just think how we feel! Look, he had a few bonds. Good stuff, some that he'd bought years ago and hadn't even looked at. We didn't even know anything about it until one day in comes Pete, my oldest. Says: Pa, do you know Grandpa's driving a new car? Honest. That was the first I knew that my own father had went and bought himself a new car. Pete saw him flashing by on the street. Honked the horn but he wouldn't stop. So we went over to see it, and Pete was right. A new car, radio, heater, defroster, spotlight, everything. White-wall tires, too, can you beat it? Oh, and I nearly forgot to tell you. It was a roadster. Just like a college kid.

I said, Heck, Pa, why didn't you get a used car?

He turned and spit. Says: Used! All my life I've been taking what somebody's used afore.

Next day he did take us all out for a ride. Oh, *he* drove. Wouldn't let nobody touch it, his baby. I said, How did you fix the payments, Pa? Because you know he's retired. No, he hasn't worked in a couple of years and I wondered whether he gave us for reference and we'd have to sign his note.

He says, Shoot, what payments? I bought it for cash. Yeah, I thought he was cocked, too. But it don't do any good. You talk to him once and you'll see he knows what he's doing. We came back from the ride and he took us inside the house and showed us a brand new combination radio and victrola he'd bought. Played all kinds of music. Yeah, swing, too. He's gone on it. Boy, it would have knocked your eyes out.

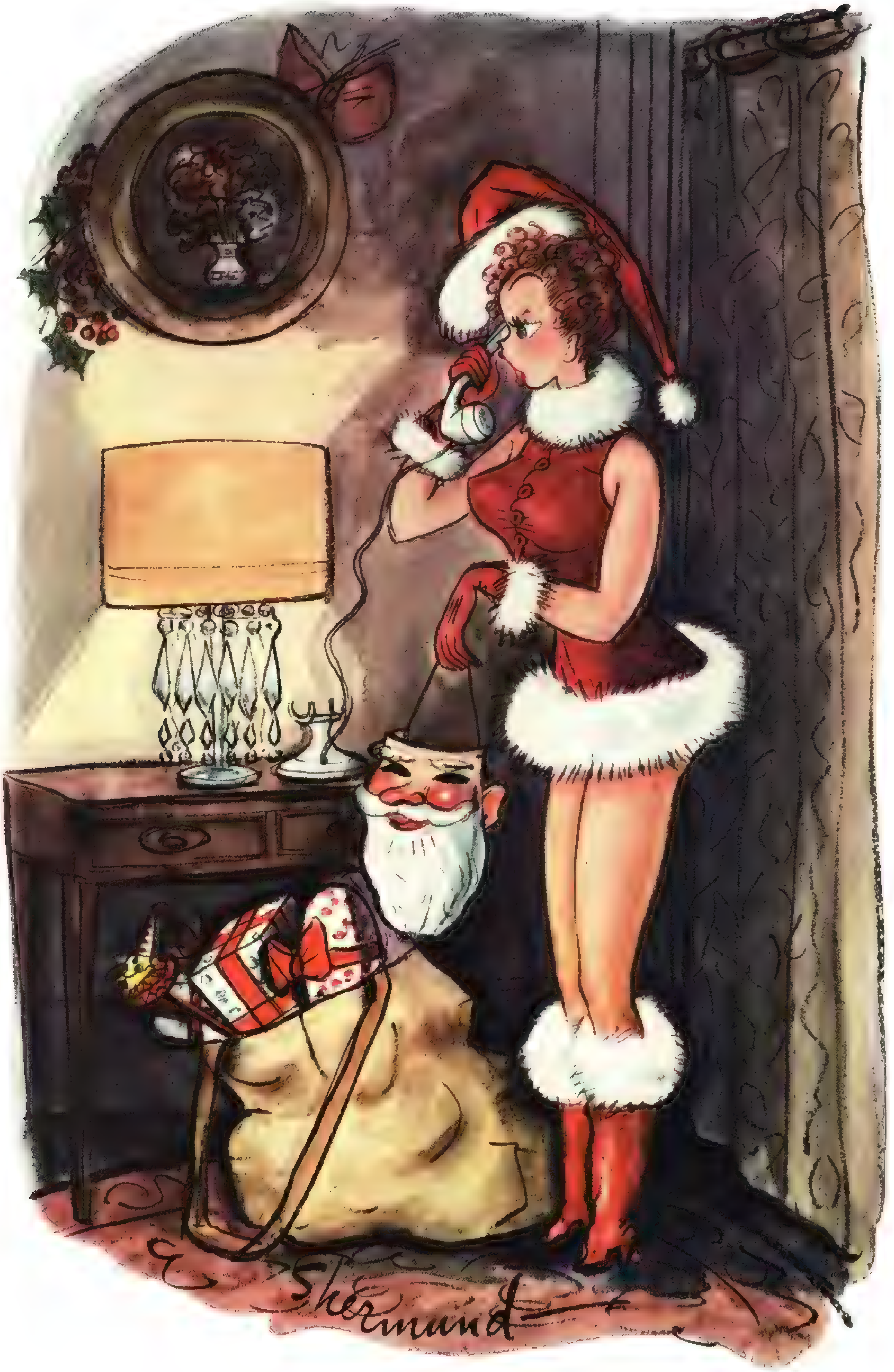
The money? Where he got the money? Well, that's another story. Don't ask me why, but the old man he went and turned in all his insurance policies. Oh, he had a stack of them. Ever since I can remember he'd been paying on them. Used to drive us all batty when premium day came around and he'd get just a little tight with his money cause he was afraid he'd get caught short. Well, then this one got paid up and the company sent him a check in full. I think that's what started him. Only maybe his wife helped along.

You didn't know? Holy K, you don't know anything about him lately! Yah, his wife. No, not my *mother*. She's been dead twenty years. Hell, the old man would never have dared do anything like that while she was

Continued on page 158

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
Ned Hilton

"Show Madam some dignified shorts—they're for a banker"



"I can't understand it—the costume seems to fool the smaller children all right but the big boys seem to be skeptical"

What Shall I Say?

Ringside seat for the main event: Marlene Dietrich mixing it up with Broderick Crawford in *Seven Sinners*

by DONALD HOUGH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

THE big guy, Broderick Crawford, has taken hold of this babe and he stands there in front of the camera, he has lifted her off the floor, and when nobody's looking he leans over and kisses her on the forehead, quick, and she laughs.

He turns to the director. "Hey," he says, "what'll I do with her?"

"Throw her away," says an electrician, up there on the catwalk above the set. He is leaning on the railing and wiping his face with his handkerchief.

The director is talking to the cameraman. "The best way to go to San Francisco," he says, "is by plane. You leave here at nine—"

"I know, but look, in the train they got this bar. You get on the train and you—"

"*What'll I do with her?*"

The director looks around, looks over the set and scratches his head, tilting his hat back. The hat has a small feather in it. "Throw her in the corner," he says. "Then pick her up and throw her on the couch, there."

"Take it easy," she tells the big actor. "This is only rehearsal, you know." She pats his cheek and smiles.

"Look out for them million dollar bones," the electrician calls down to him.

MARLENE DIETRICH *in the Joe Pasternak Production of Universal's "Seven Sinners"*

Crawford sets the girl on her feet and draws back his hand, his right, and hits her far back on the jaw, gently, then picks her up and tosses her easily into the corner of the room, it's some kind of tropical cottage, and she falls down in a perfunctory way, and he goes over and picks her up and throws her to the couch.

"Let's try it," the director says. His name is Tay Garnett. "All the way through. Rehearsal."

Miss Dietrich goes over to a dresser in the corner of the room and Crawford goes outside the cottage. Suddenly he comes in the door. He comes in fast and he is plenty mad.

"Well," he says breathlessly, towering over her, "you've done it." His voice rises. "You've done it! You—"

She slaps him on the cheek.

He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her, moving across the room with her, going through his lines, and she says, "You don't know what you're saying!"; but he keeps right on, and this is where he smacks her one, and he does it, still easily, and throws her around and she ends sobbing on the couch.

Crawford comes over to the director. He is an experienced actor; he knows his business. "Listen," he says, "she's not feeling well. We got to do this in one take. She can't stand much of this. It's got to be done in one take. See what I mean?"

Garnett nods. He calls for the camera. The set quiets down. Miss Dietrich takes her place at the dresser. Crawford goes outside. The camera rolls. Crawford comes in faster this time. He talks as though he means it. Everybody on the set knows what's going to happen. It's one take or nothing.

Not a word can be missed, not an accent slurred, and the action—

She slaps him, harder than before. He grabs her and rushes her across the room, shaking her. These are no rehearsal shakes. Her hair comes loose, and in her eyes there is a little more terror than the script calls for. He almost shakes the one line out of her mouth, but she manages it.

He swings, and the heel of his hand catches her on the jaw, near the ear where it won't knock her out, and the blow takes her off her feet but before she can fall he picks her up and throws her into the corner of the room, right where two walls and the floor come together, and every bone in her not-too-lavishly upholstered body crashes against the woodwork. She looks up, glassy-eyed, I saw the same thing when Dempsey nearly finished Tunney in Chicago, and Crawford jumps over there and lifts her from the floor and throws her at the couch, and it is a high fast one, with a hop on it.

She lies there, face down, sobbing, and then Crawford bends over her.

"Cut!"

Crawford stands up, then he sits down on the edge of the couch and leans over and says something into Miss Dietrich's ear, and pats her on the back; and when she looks up the people on the set applaud. The big actor's knees are trembling; he is wearing white duck pants and you can see the legs of them fluttering.

He walks off the set, past me.

"Nuts to that," he growls; "if I ever have to do that again I'm going back to sea."

A prop man in a sweat shirt, a bunch of keys dangling at his belt, picks Miss Dietrich up. She laughs. He holds her in his arms, swinging her gently.

"Did they hurt my baby?" he croons.

"A little, darling," she says; and she looks around at the others, laughing, and they all laugh. She is all right.

"Lunch," Garnett says, lighting a cigarette.

"They always fake them things," says the wise guy in the audience, watching *Seven Sinners*, by Universal, a couple of months later.

Marlene Dietrich's real name is Maria Mag-

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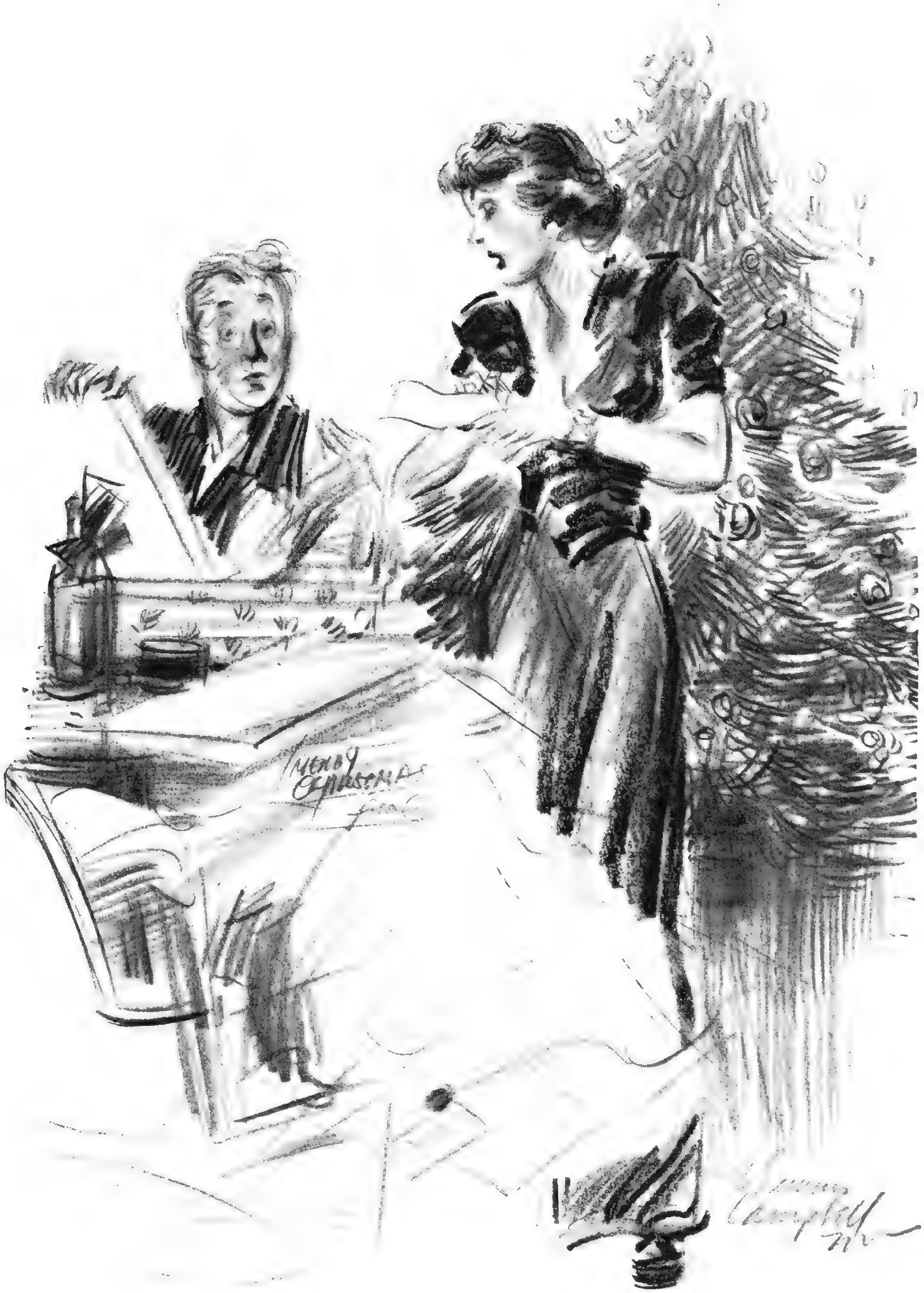
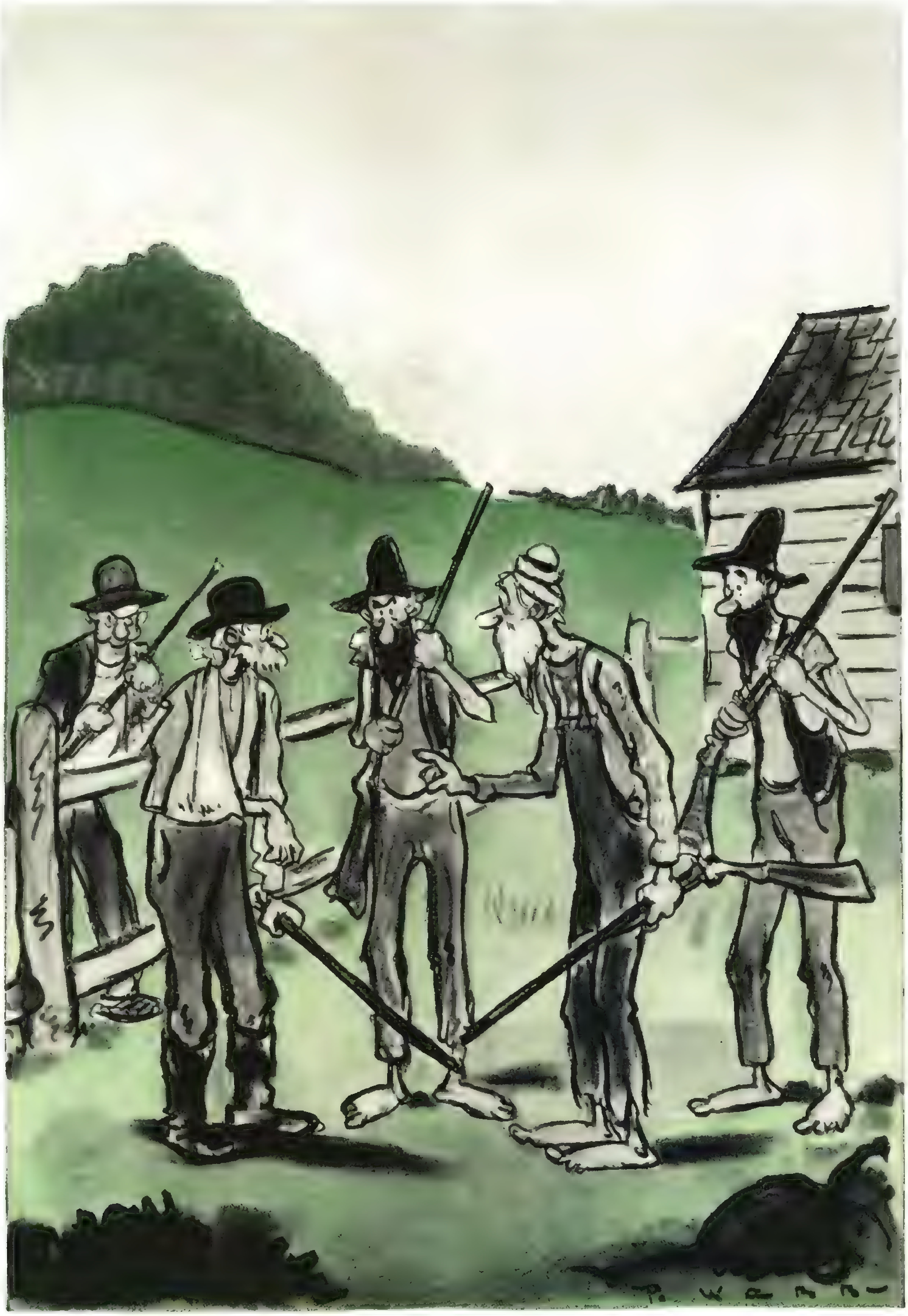

MERRY CHRISTMAS
Campbell

"Your uncle has a peculiar sense of humor—sending million dollar checks signed 'Santa Claus'!"



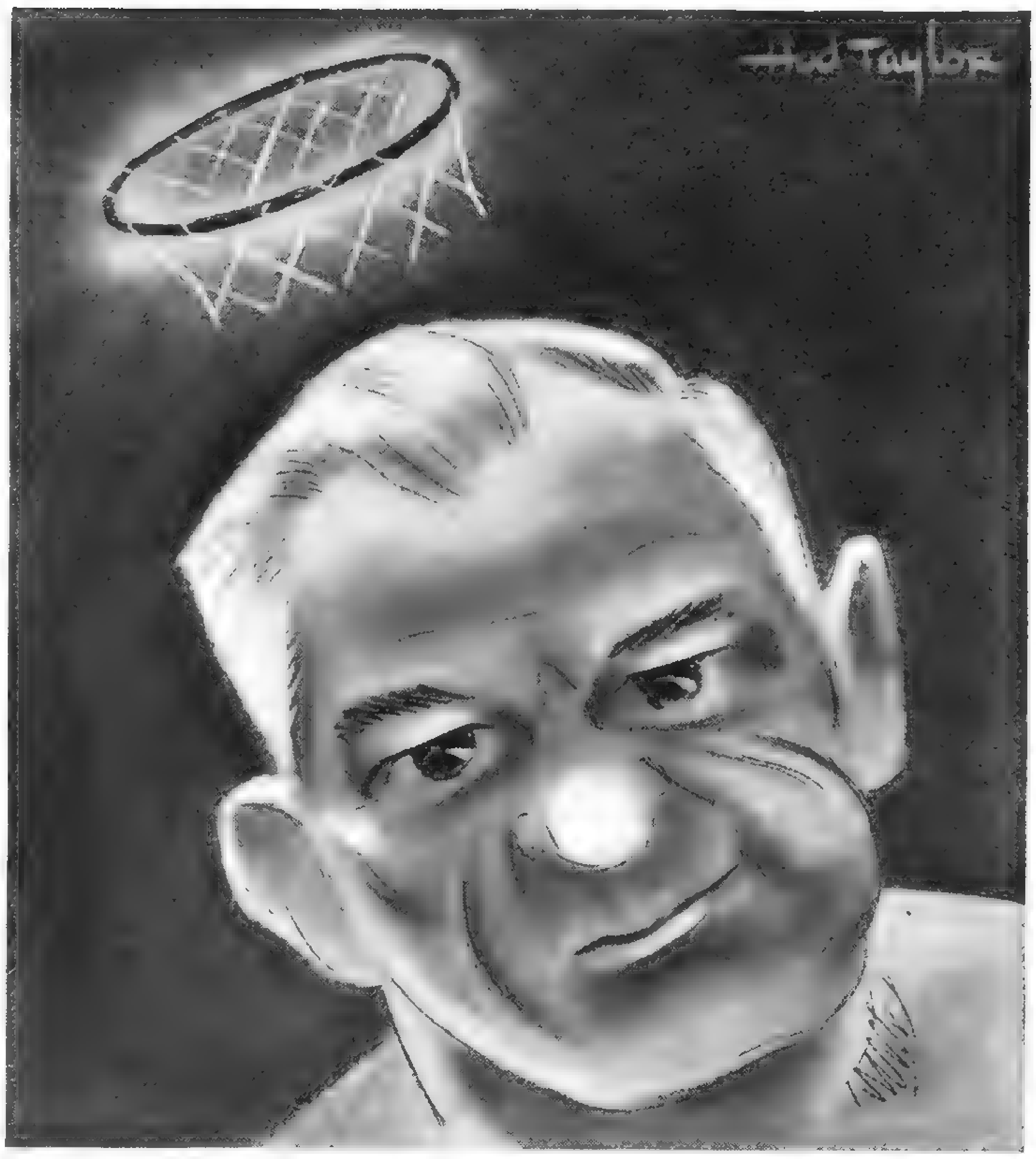
"Look, Tolliver—let's stop all this shootin' an' killin' an' act like the civilized peepul of the world outside"

Piggy of Purdue

It's taken super-coaching to keep Ward Lambert at the top of his profession for over two decades

by W. F. FOX, JR.

▪ SPORTS ▪



CARICA-TRAIT OF WARD LAMBERT BY HOD TAYLOR

Hit parades and popular dances may come and go but the Lambert walk in college basketball is a stroll-in in any league. There is something about Ward Lambert, head coach of Purdue basketball for twenty-three years, which makes strong men tremble and little men laugh. The basketball his five little Piggies play positively defies scouting. You can't tell at times whether the ball or one of Piggy's players is going in the basket.

Piggy himself probably is the only basketball coach in the United States who has two bodyguards on the bench every time his team starts. They are human anchors. It's their business to keep him there for it was Piggy's personal entrances and exits during a game that caused Knute Rockne to suggest to the basketball rules committee that there should be a penalty for a coach going out on the floor more than four times in any half.

Rollie Williams, a chip off another tough little basketball blockade (Dr. Walter E. "Short-Pass" Meanwell of Wisconsin), brought his University of Iowa team to Purdue a few years ago. Iowa led, 38 to 36, near the end of the game and just as time was almost up, Piggy dashed over to the timer's table to check on remaining minutes. As he neared the table, the timer raised his pistol and Piggy took off on a flying tackle, trying to keep the timer from firing the gun. This race was a tie. Piggy's mitts and the shot coincided and after the battle was over they took another shot at Piggy. This time it was tetanus.

The following week Piggy took his team to Iowa for a return game. There the young man whose teams have finished below the first division in the Big Ten only once in his long career was a real moving picture. He had developed a case of hives, a tetanus reaction, and this matter was not explained to the crowd. Up and down, back and forth, scratching here and there, Piggy that night could have outwalked a couple of O'Sullivans. He entertained the crowd with his discomfitures for the crowd had seen Piggy before and figured him to be a little more active than usual.

This particular Iowa game broke the Hawkeye attendance record that Saturday night. On the following Monday, the team moved up to Minneapolis to meet Minnesota. The hives became worse on that train ride to Minneapolis and Piggy's eyes were swollen to such an extent they were almost shut. He was worn out, too, from continued scratching.

As game time neared he became more and more excited and his vision became less distinct. In the heat of the battle, when players seemed to be just flying objects to Piggy, he hopped off the bench to protest a decision. He stepped right in a water bucket and fell completely backwards from the playing floor. Never a dull moment would be a fair label for any visit of a Purdue basketball team.

The year 1940 was rather a banner year in Indiana basketball, seven national championships coming into the state. Of course, everyone pointed out that the Hoosier state was the most fertile field of basketball talent in all the nation, so after all it wasn't so strange that the Hoosier teams happened to dominate the nation. That theory wouldn't hold up in its entirety, however, because Purdue, triumphant again in the Western Conference, was paced by three young men from the state of Illinois and these three happened to be sophomores. Piggy thereby became a creator of basketball material.

In the matter of offensive fundamentals no basketball coach in the country introduces a better-prepared team than Lambert. The entire attack is based on various forms of fast-breaking. His boys are fancy dancers in footwork. In feinting, dribbling and all kinds of shooting they are as handy as you'll find them anywhere.

It has been his custom in the deep dark past to play rather a loose defense with the backguard staying back to guard against emergencies, but now you will find the Purdue team acting like so many banty roosters coming down the floor to annoy the opposing offense. The boys are aggressive in their defensive maneuvers and catlike in their appetite for interception. They are like bees that keep hounding you every second.

If basketball lent itself to systems as does football, the Lambert style soon would become as famous as the Rockne brand of football. It would be more like that than the Warner style. Speed paces power in Piggy's plan. Pin him in a corner, demand an explanation of these plans and you'll learn that what appears to be what Piggy himself calls ding-dong basketball, and what others call harum-scarum, is an exceedingly well-designed collection of numerous court gestures.

Behind these swift maneuvers is mental control. That is Piggy's off-stage theme. Quietly he prepares the minds of his players for any situations that may arise. And practicing against his own plan of attack, which is as varied as the merchandise in a five-and-dime mart, usually assures his boys few surprises.

"You must create respect in boys but never fear," Piggy says. "Impress upon your players their own capabilities. Don't allow them to be affected by the success the opponent may be enjoying.

"Make yourself good and don't worry about the other fellow. You can't do more than play your best but if you permit the other fellow's good breaks to worry you, you destroy your own capabilities."

This is a very pretty speech coming from a lad who was born many, many years ago in the town of Deadwood, South Dakota. So intense was the speechmaker on his subject that he asked me to ride him home after practice, completely forgetting that his own car was out in front of the fieldhouse. It probably isn't difficult to become enthusiastic about a matter you took up in the fifth grade. That's when little Ward Lambert started his basketball career. At that time you really couldn't tell whether Piggy (weight: under 100) was taking up basketball or basketball was taking up Piggy. Rolled into a ball now he

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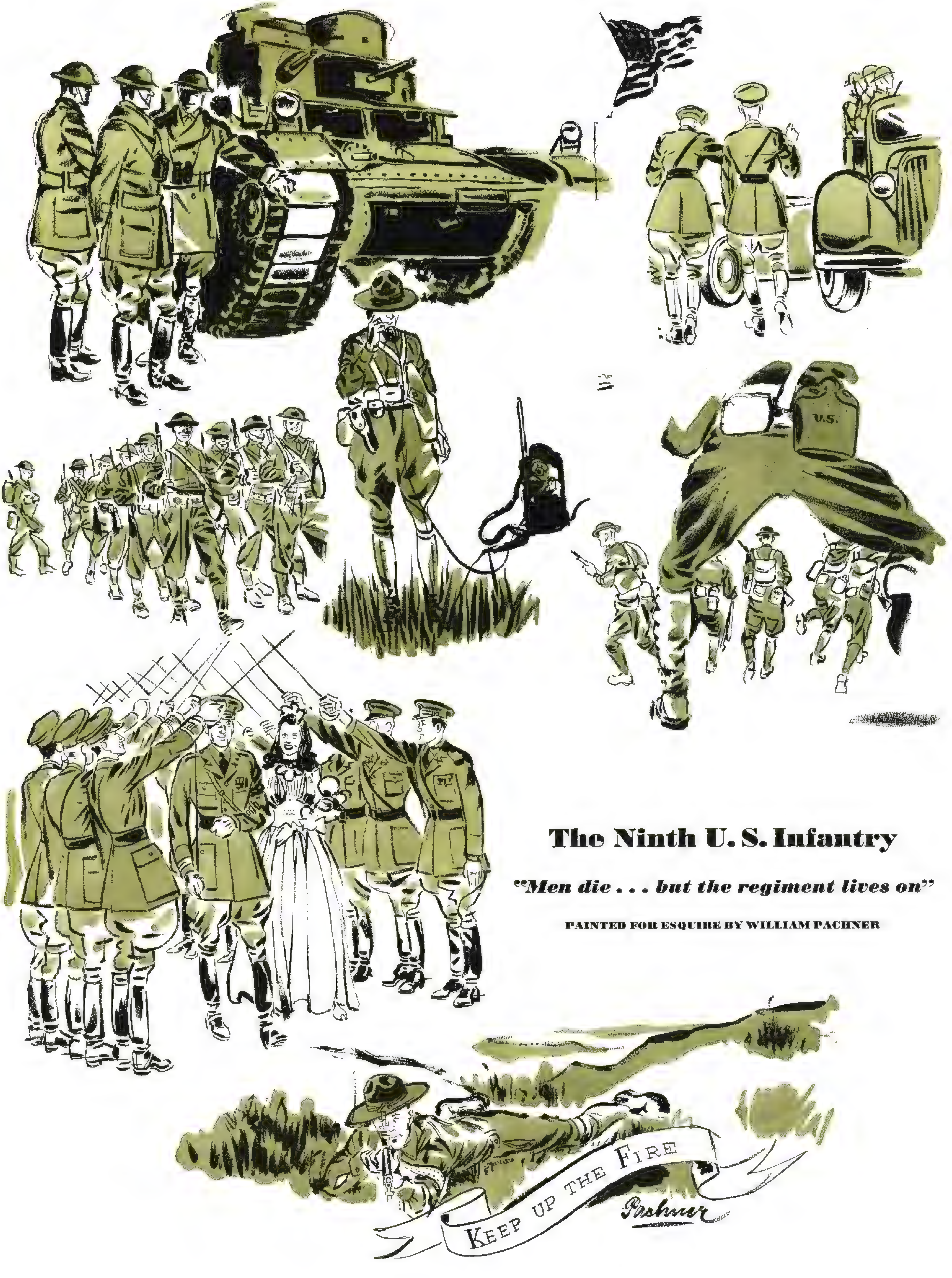

U.S.
KEEP UP THE FIRE

The Ninth U. S. Infantry

"Men die . . . but the regiment lives on"

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The Ninth U. S. Infantry

Members have died in six wars, but the regiment lives on, and its motto is: "Keep Up the Fire"

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH & COMPTON PAKENHAM

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THERE have been freshly severed Indian ears tossed on the mess tables of the 9th; Appletons, Biddles, Aspinwalls, Rockefellers, Carrs, Dents, Darrahs, Drums, Elliots, Townsends, Vanderbilts, Whartons, Sturdevants and Brinkerhoffs have officered the Regiment; and three continents have smelled its bivouac smoke.

There is no infantry regiment on the United States Army list that has the sustained history for hard-hitting gallantry the world around or the steady empire-building record at home that the 9th Foot enjoys.

On the official War Department records, it was organized in 1855 and its official battle honors (incorporating those of the 27th and 18th in the Civil War) are:

Indian Wars: Washington, 1856-58; Wyoming, 1866-67; Little Big Horn, 1876.

Civil War: Mississippi, 1862; Kentucky, 1862; Murfreesborough, Tennessee, 1863; Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Georgia, 1864, Atlanta.

Spanish-American War: Santiago.

Philippine Insurrection: San Isidro, Luzon, 1899-1900; Zopote River, Malolos, Taslac and Samar, 1901.

China Relief Expedition: Tientsin, Yangtsun, Peking.

World War: Lorraine, Aisne, Ile de France, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.

But long before those honors commence there was a 9th Infantry. In 1799, commanded by Colonel Josiah Carvell Hall and consisting almost entirely of Marylanders, it lived on the Army Lists two scant years, before an Act of Congress disbanded it. On January 11, 1812—a 9th Infantry was authorized again and organized in March of that year under that old Revolutionary fireball, Colonel Simon Learned of Massachusetts, who recruited it in that State and commanded it against the British at the Battles of Niagara Falls and Lundy's Lane. At the close of the war it was again disbanded. But again organized in April of 1847 for the Mexican War.

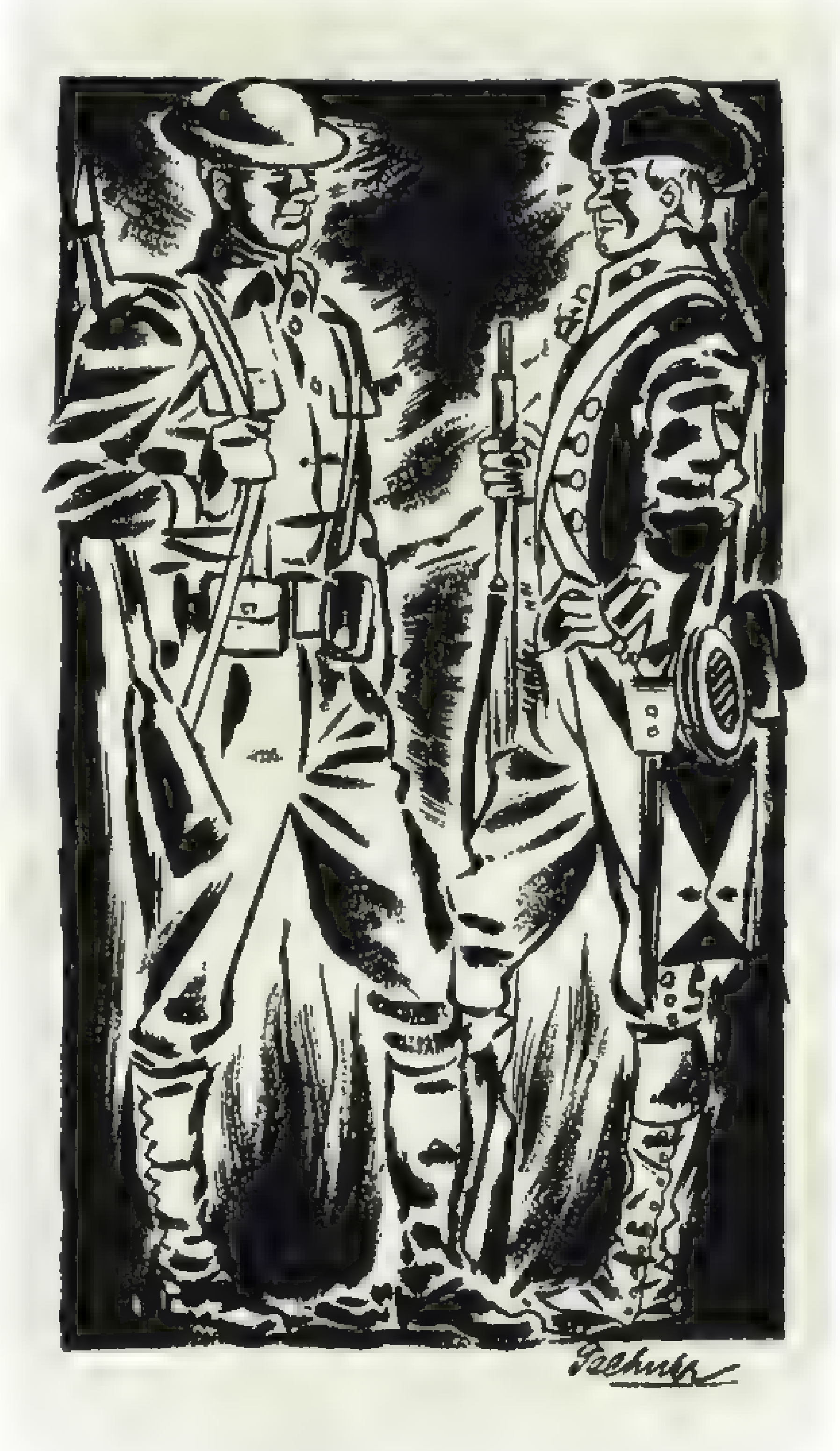
Winfield Scott had already taken Vera Cruz before the Regiment heard a shot fired, but that 9th Infantry's honors in the Mexican War include Contreras, Cherubusco, San Antonio, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, where it stormed the Citadel and is consequently included in the indictment for murder on the Mexican monument that marks the spot—a somewhat bitter castigation—and a most conservative way of describing what takes place when a doughboy outfit passes a given point with blood in its regimental eye and bayonets fixed in anger. Sixteen of its officers and eleven enlisted men were mentioned in the Divisional Commander's dispatches, Major General Gideon J. Pillow, after that action was finished.

In 1848, the 9th went out of existence once more waiting patiently to be officially organized in 1855 for duty in the Far West with station at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory. (All that you ever have to know about the army to understand it perfectly is that the First Infantry was originally organized as the Second Infantry.)

It is from there on in that the 9th becomes an empire builder. The West is something you see nowadays from a Mainliner's cabin window—but the 9th never missed a single mile of its making. Indian fighting, railroad construction guard duties, expedition and wagon-train escort.

The 9th knew all of that and knew it bitterly from a front row seat it walked to.

Those severed Indian ears that splashed on its mess table were to prove to its mess that another renegade didn't have to be chased any farther—on foot. Emphatic but final.



It must have been a gay and carefree vacation for him, when First Lieutenant Charles R. Woods, on detached service from the Regiment and in command of the military personnel aboard the *Star of the West*, was blasted out of Charleston Harbor in an attempt to bring supplies to Major Robert Anderson at Fort Sumter; for the first shots of the War Between the States wouldn't greatly excite a walking regiment on frontier duty that in one period of five years of nominal peacetime service, lost five captains and one first lieutenant by retirement for disability (one captain subsequently died), and two captains by death in harness.

The 9th furnished a detachment for the Yellowstone Expedition which acted as escort for the engineers who were locating the Northern Pacific's route. In 1874-76 the Regiment was stationed on and near the Sioux Reservations in Nebraska and Wyoming and employed constantly on trans-continental wagon-train escort duty. In 1876, three companies became part of the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition under Brigadier General Crook. In October, 1876, a detachment was on the Powder River Expedition.

In 1877 six companies were sent east to Chicago for duty during the Railroad Riots. In 1886 a detachment was on duty in Arizona, where it served until the Spanish-American War—and an empire was built.

In Cuba in 1898, the 9th was present at the storming of San Juan Hill and the next year it was on its way to the Philippines.

On July 13, 1900, the Regiment distinguished itself at the Battle of Tientsin and picked up its present regimental motto.

The Regimental Commander, Colonel Emerson H. Liscum, was shot down in action while passing the National colors to a man in H Company after Sergeant Gorman, the color sergeant, fell. The last words Colonel Liscum choked out before he died were, "Keep Up the Fire," and the Regiment adopted that final order as its motto and wears it on a special belt plate—the only special belt plate in the Regular Army.

Two days later, on the 15th of July, a guard detachment of the Regiment discovered the smouldering ruins of a mint in the southeastern section of Tientsin with approximately $376,000 in silver piggots and two huge lumps of melted silver that resembled silver ore. The detachment secured the silver and promptly notified the Chinese authorities.

Prince Ching, who was the official representative of Li Hung-chang, formally presented the two lumps of melted silver to the regiment through Captain de W. Ramsey, the Regimental Quartermaster, in official appreciation of this service.

The regiment had forty-seven cups made out of the silver in Peking and subsequently commissioned Arthur Bard and Company, silversmiths of Yokohama, to make a punch bowl "of large dimensions with four handles; it must have several five-clawed dragons worked into it and it must have a ladle and tray."

But the immediate regimental job after the Battles of Yang-tsun and Peking, was the Philippine Insurrection where one of its great tragedies occurred.

On September 28, 1901, C Company was

Continued at top of page 131

With Love, from Smiley

With all the warped ugliness of his weasel soul he had awaited this delicious time of revenge

by JACK BYRNE

▪ FICTION ▪

His name was Luther Burdick, called Smiley, and he had come a long journey to kill this man.

He had come from the cactus country, from the soft warmth of the border sun, to these midland foothills where the night wind frisked the drifted snow. He had quitted an easy job, and safety, to risk his neck against a hangman's noose. He had traveled by freight and by weary foot, taking his shelter as he found it and stealing the grub he could not beg, but all his long travail was repaid with satisfaction now—for he had found Ben Diamond at the end of it.

Big Ben Diamond, that handsome, laughing, smooth-talking man. He sat inside the dark-bound house that Smiley prowled—this very minute, now!—all snug and fed and at his ease beyond the lamp-lit windows. All unaware and unsuspecting, clever Ben Diamond, tasting the sweet of life with his cigar. Minutes more would see him in damnation.

There was an inner warmth, just thinking of it, that wrapped Smiley's frailness against the zero air. With one hand shoved beneath his coat, his thin arms hugging his chest, he high-stepped through powdery windrows to the shadowed lee of the ranch house wall. There he leaned, breathing slow and smiling.

The thin lips uptwisted, the small teeth bared—the smile of Luther Burdick, called Smiley.

In a motte of aspens across the road was a slyly-borrowed horse, and the dawn would find him riding the rods, bound south, with none the wiser. Pure luck had led him to the big bar in town where cowhands celebrated tomorrow's holiday, and their liquor-loose talk had steered him, without a question asked, straight here to the Spur Ranch and Ben Diamond.

They had not called him by that name, of course. His six years on this northern range had changed his profession from gambler to cattleman, and his name to Ben Hyatt, but sixty years would not have altered Smiley's hate for him.

It did not matter to Smiley what alias was carved upon the tombstone.

Along the wall of the house he inched his way, soundless as the shadows.

He was a short, lean, sun-browned man of age uncertain. His face was bleakly gaunt, with skin stretched tight over delicate bones, and his brows and lashes were bleached so pale that he had a woman's look of nakedness. At intervals a nervous ailment would contort his mouth in a feline grimace—thus his name—and he was a killer.

He had the soul of a red-eyed weasel, the conscience and ethics of a nest-robbing jackdaw. From his beginnings he had known a predatory world, and his natural talents had sharpened in the rigor of his training. Thirty-odd years had given him no man he could call his friend, but one day a turn of circumstance conferred the next-best blessing—an implacable enmity.

Ben Diamond was the man. Big Ben.

Their little mix-up came about in New Mexico, a business of wet ponies and the old double-cross. Ben Diamond had been the brains of the affair, with Smiley and three others handling the theft and delivery. The details had worked out smooth as silk—until the time came for rendezvous and the payoff.

Ben Diamond had not met them at the place appointed. Instead the John Laws were ambushed there, and two of Smiley's compadres were dead ducks when the smoke had settled. Smiley's share of the swag was a bullet in the hip and a five-year sentence to State's Prison.

While Smiley gritted his teeth on a hospital cot, Ben Diamond rode off with the rustling loot in his saddlebags. While Smiley limped a sweltering prison yard, Ben Diamond was settling himself on a far new range. While Smiley starved on maggoty rations and paced a narrow confinement cell and endured the brutality of hulking guards, Ben Diamond was climbing the slope to Easy Street.

The pleasure of hating Ben Diamond was Smiley's recompense. The delicious emotion of his revenge was a channel into which he poured the warped ugliness of his being. It became an obsession that cooled the unbearable heat of sleepless summer nights, that dulled the endless days of muscle-straining labor. His pains and discomforts miraculously eased at the thought of Ben Diamond settling the account of them.

He ghosted along the dark wall now, the little killer, and the cold that bit into him was sheer exhilaration. There was a dream he had, one hell-hot prison night, of snake-squirming naked through a jungle of ice, a broken-legged, broken-armed blob of agony, with a knife of flame clenched in his jaws for Ben Diamond's jugular. It was the greatest of all his dreams, and again he had its savor.

The glowing side window was within his arm's reach, and despite the shrill of the wind he could hear the faint mutter of voices behind it. He huddled momentarily, scanning the blue-gray loneliness around. He arranged his neckscarf across his nose and mouth to diffuse the smoky gusts of his careful breathing. One more cautious step, and he flattened his crouched body against the building. His fingers gripped the butt of his shoulder-holstered .38 revolver, and his shining eyes stared up from the level of the snow-piled window sill.

Through a rime-bordered pane he could see the Christmas tree.

A twitch snarled the blue-chilled lips of Smiley.

The years of his hate had assured him that

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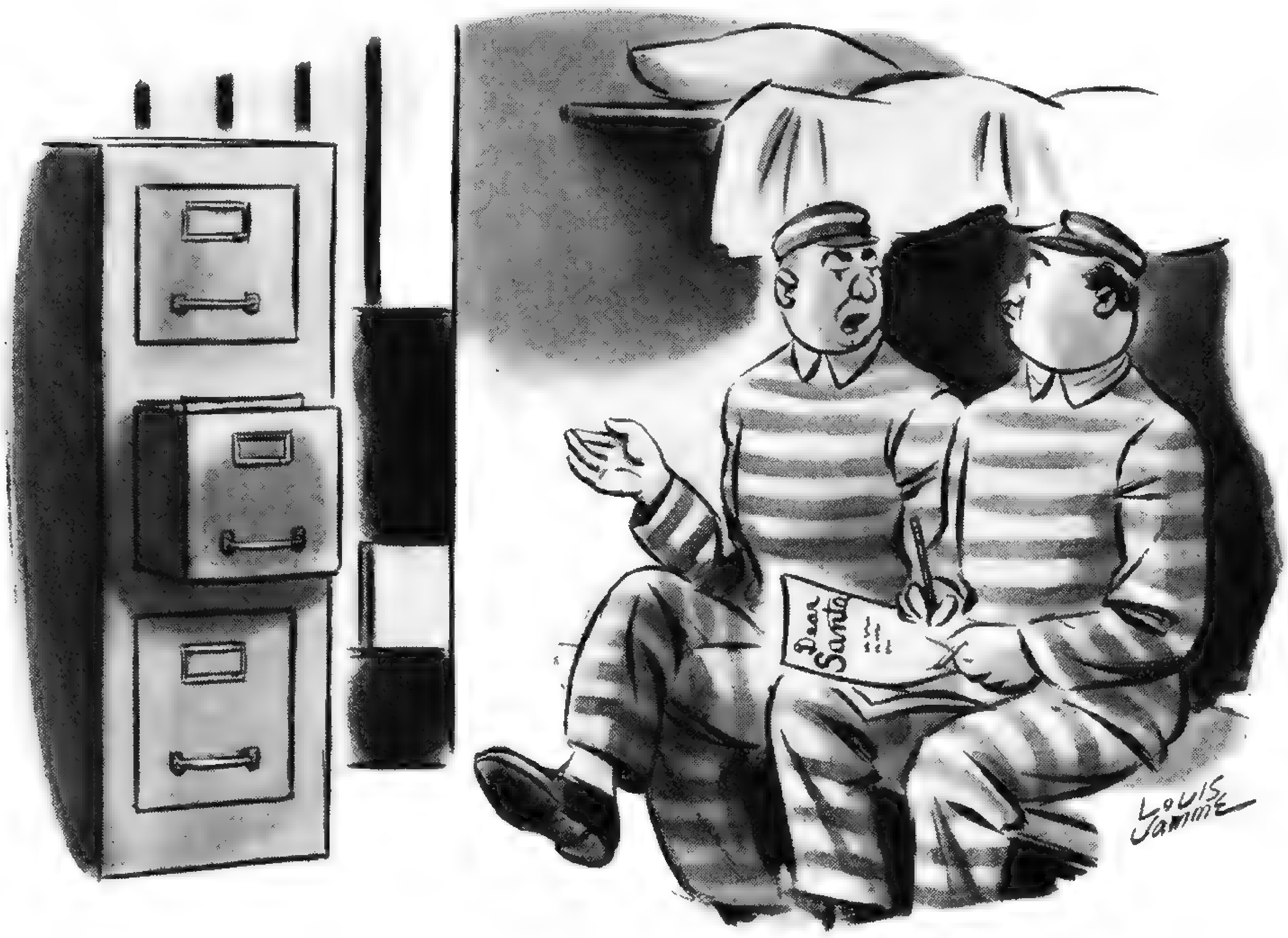
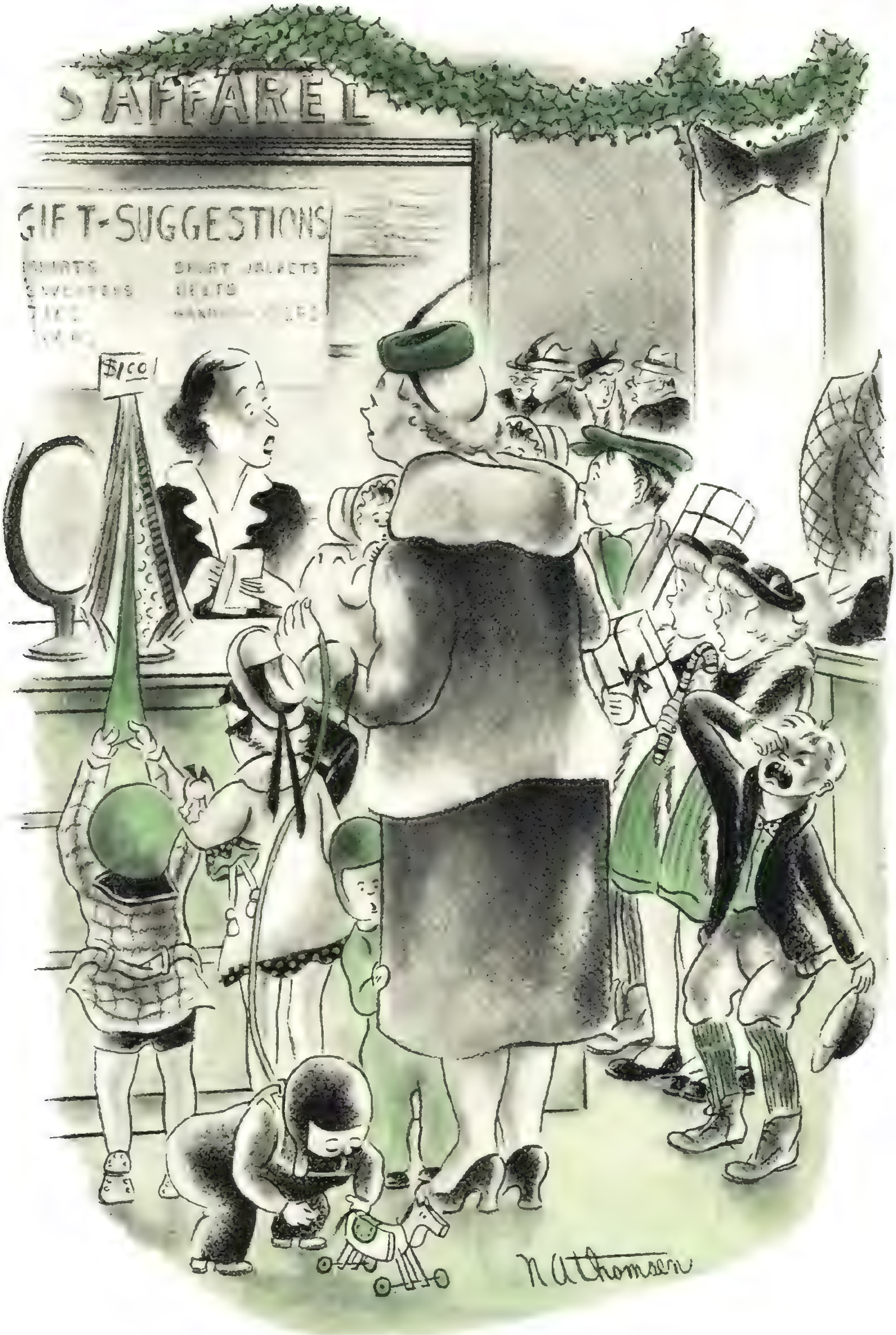


"Naw . . . I asked for a file last year and look what I got!"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"Did I understand you to want a Christmas present for your fiance?"

Art Thou Romeo?

Perhaps too many women have been too kind, and applause has come too easily for that great showman, John Barrymore

by MARVIN LEWIS

• ARTICLE •

"It was one time I was in Vienna," Barrymore recollects, "and I was lonesome. I was with Michael Strange, but she only made a man twice as lonesome—" The escapade by which he broke his loneliness, that time in Vienna, doesn't especially matter. What is significant is the frequency with which solitude is named as motivation, in John Barrymore's tales about himself.

Few people will admit loneliness. Barrymore does, with the same lack of inhibition with which he describes the menages where he sought surcease. And his preface to his Vienna story contains a whole set of clues to his character. The actor's gift for malicious wit is in his reference to his second wife; his egoism, his worldliness, even his posturing may be noted in the remark; but dominant is the plaintive, beautiful little boy whom all women want to mother.

The ladies who wish they could take him to their bosoms, in whatever capacity, are still numerous enough to make John Barrymore (once mis-printed as Marrymore) profitable at the box office, though he is nearing sixty. To at least three generations of women the great lover's great profile has been the image of romance. And it may well be that beyond the suave and dashing stage figure in tights that revealed—as one of his wives remarked before she wed him—every portion of his anatomy, the multitudes of women reacted intuitively to his motherlessness.

They may or may not have known the details. John Barrymore has been a legend for a very long time, and probably the latest generation affected by him responds to tradition, to his reputation as satyr and elf, without being quite aware how it grew. Earlier generations knew that the mother of Lionel, Ethel, and John Barrymore died while the children were quite young, and that John, bouncing from one boarding school to another, knew as home the harum-scarum household of his grandmother, the amazing Mrs. John Drew, herself a multiple marriage veteran.

That childhood at the whirling juncture point of two great actor-families was scarcely designed to fill an excitable boy with a sense of security. John was in loving awe of his grandmother; to this day he thinks Mrs. John Drew was one of the most beautiful creatures that ever lived. He named her recently on his list of ten glamour-queens he had known. (His four wives, his sister Ethel, and his daughter Diana stocked the gallant list. A few film stars, not relatives, filled in.) But analysts tracing his loneliness might reflect that he went from unsettled childhood to chaotic young manhood, skipping among art schools with the idea of becoming a painter, living in bohemian fashion in cheap hotels that often doubled as bordellos, or sleeping on the floors of studios inhabited by equally impecunious friends.

He resisted the theatre, with the freedom-loving soul's fear of a set destiny. He scorned it. John Barrymore's inability to carry lines in his head today, his need for the famous blackboard, on which his speeches are inscribed, on the movie set, is not a sign of failing memory, for he can quote Shakespeare by the mile. It is rather a reversion to the attitude of his early days, when the mouthing of trivia seemed unworthy. He was in the theatre for many years, had even become a matinee idol, before he began to take his work seriously.

"They don't have to be genuine—she doesn't see very well!"

His very first appearance, in a barn performance of *Camille* presented for the Thespian family by children Ethel and Lionel, was characteristic. John simply would not bother to learn the lines. He ad-libbed through the entire proceedings.

This resistance to the theatre, in a family that should have had Stage-Door marked on the front door, must have given him a sense of isolation even at home. From the age of nine, he insisted he was going to be an artist. John Barrymore's passion for painting began when, as a student in the Notre Dame convent school in Philadelphia, he hit a fellow-scholar with a hard-boiled egg. His punishment was to copy some lines out of Dante's *Inferno*. The book contained Gustave Doré's illustrations. In the macabre, ghoulish, flamboyantly melancholy style of Doré, the future Hamlet found immediate affinity.

All through his youth he turned out an unending stream of cadavers, horned and fiery beasts, limb-torn wretches. His happiest period seems to have been when he got a job as illustrator on the *New York Journal*, and provided starved and tortured effigies for the editorials of Arthur Brisbane and the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The poetess didn't find the illustrations quite in the mood of her passionate verses, but when she objected, Brisbane sent Barrymore to charm her, and from then on she insisted on having the young man embellish her efforts. Shortly afterward, however, Brisbane himself had to fire the forty-dollar-a-week genius for a too-gruesome cartoon.

High point in Barrymore's artistic career was the time when one of his sketches got into an exhibition and was bought by Andrew Carnegie for ten dollars. It was a picture of a hangman.

Finally, he gave up the graphic arts, remarking, with characteristic candor, that "there is hope for a bad actor, but the indifferent painter usually starves."

To this day, however, the thwarted painter lives in Barrymore. Fourth-wife Elaine has told how he would suddenly get the impulse to paint frescoes in his closet. At midnight, art-supply stores must be opened for him; he would sketch the beginnings of a violent

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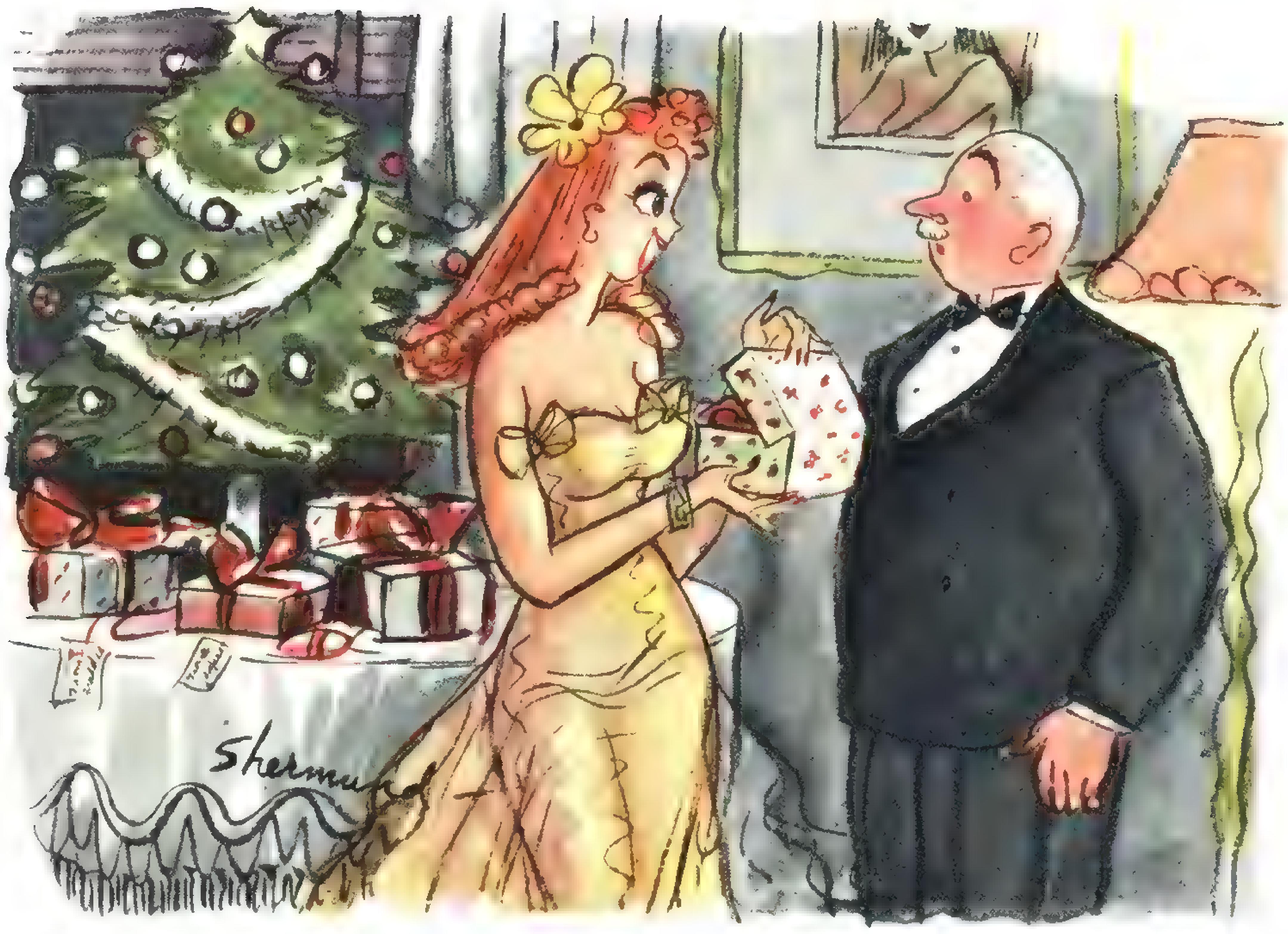
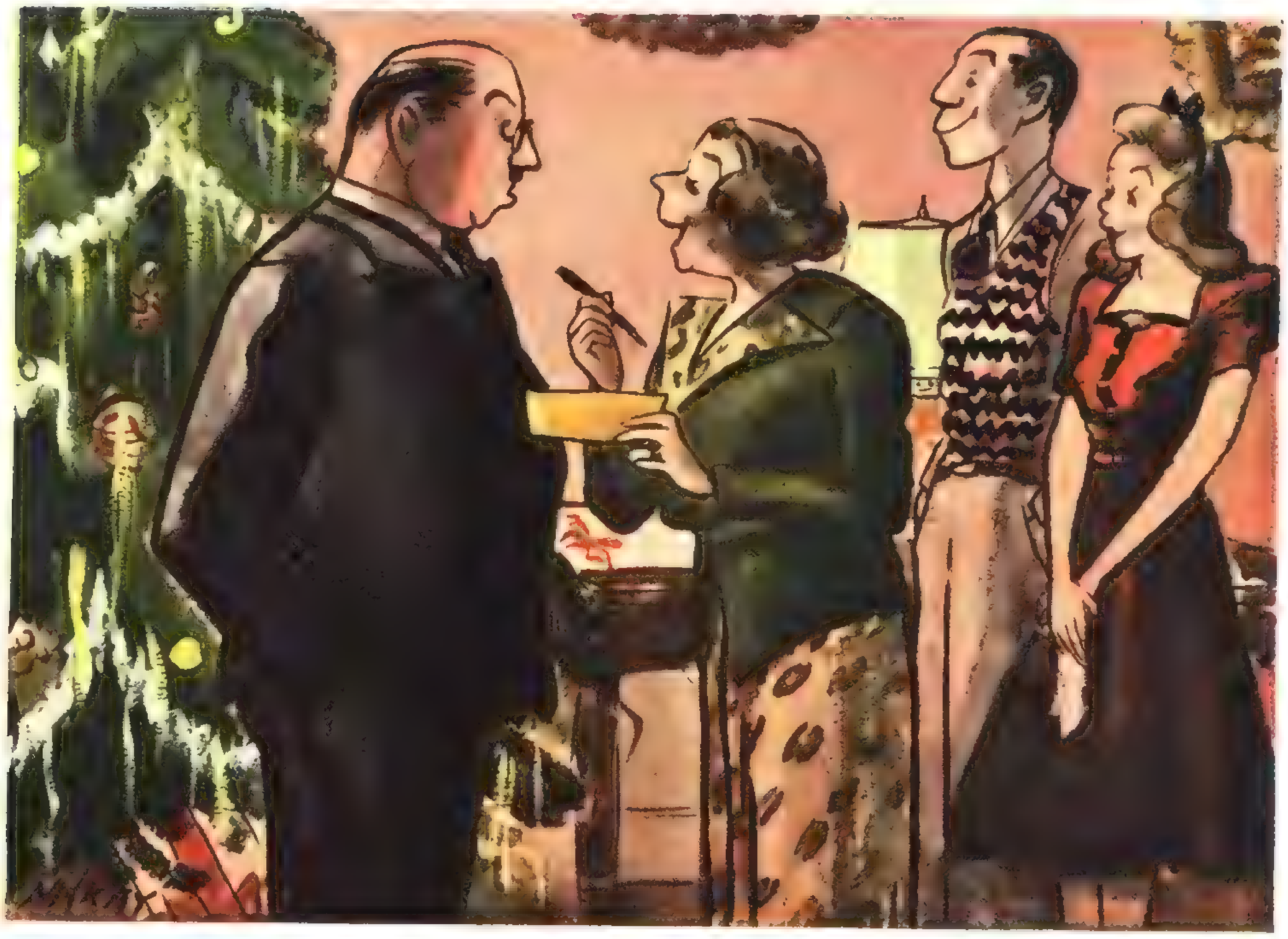
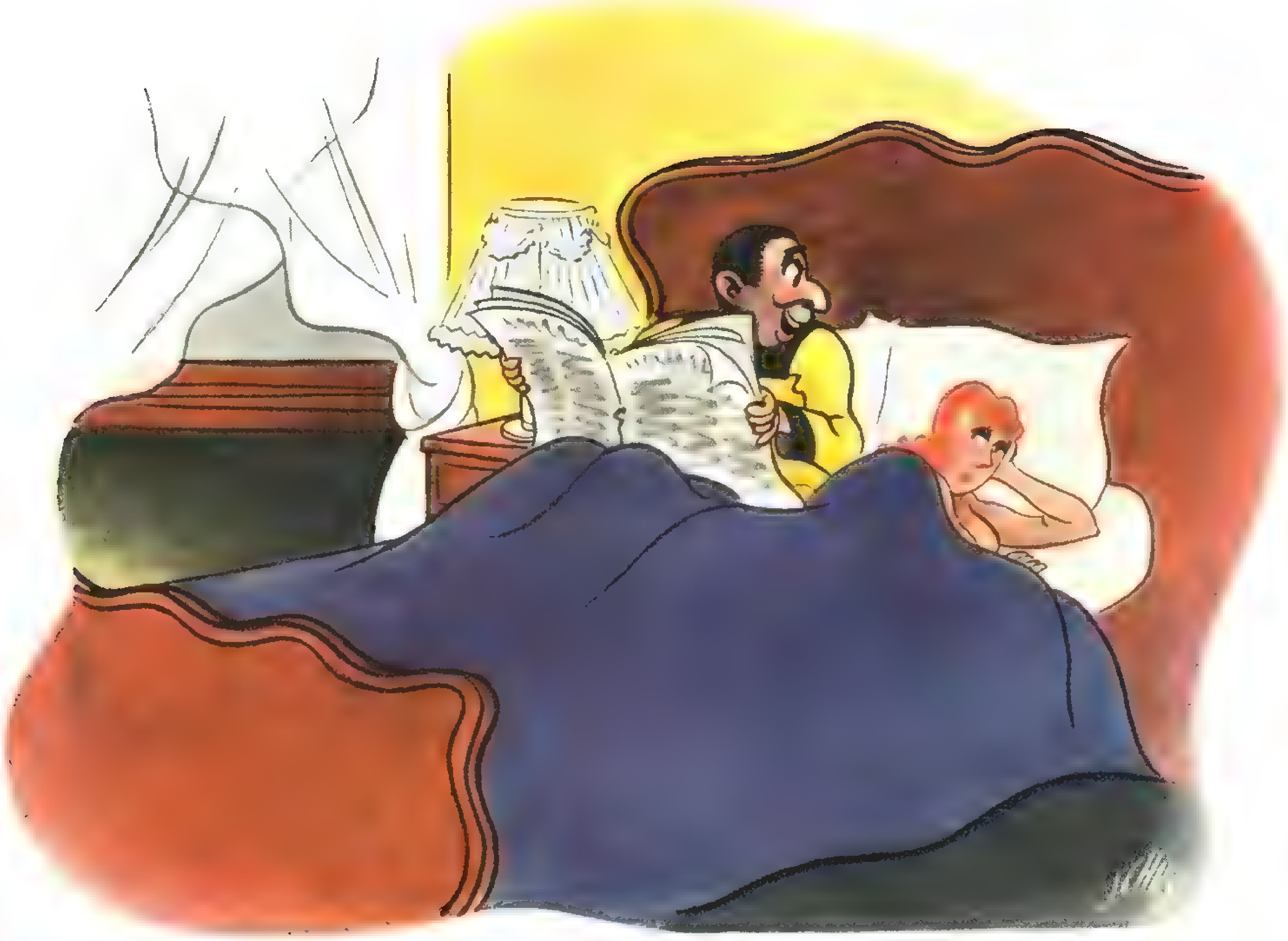


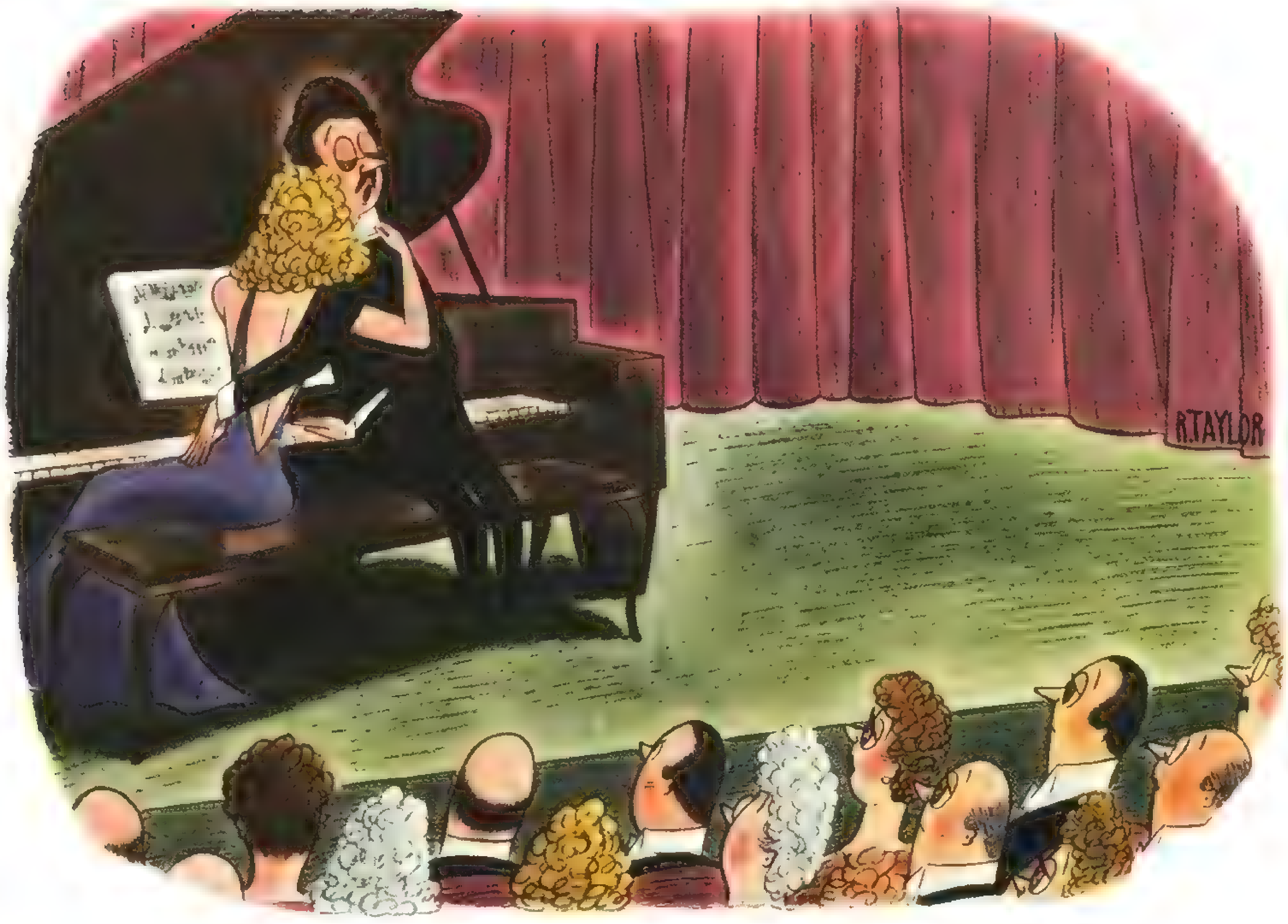
"Oh, it's lovely, Mr. Dillingham—just what I've been needing—what is it?"



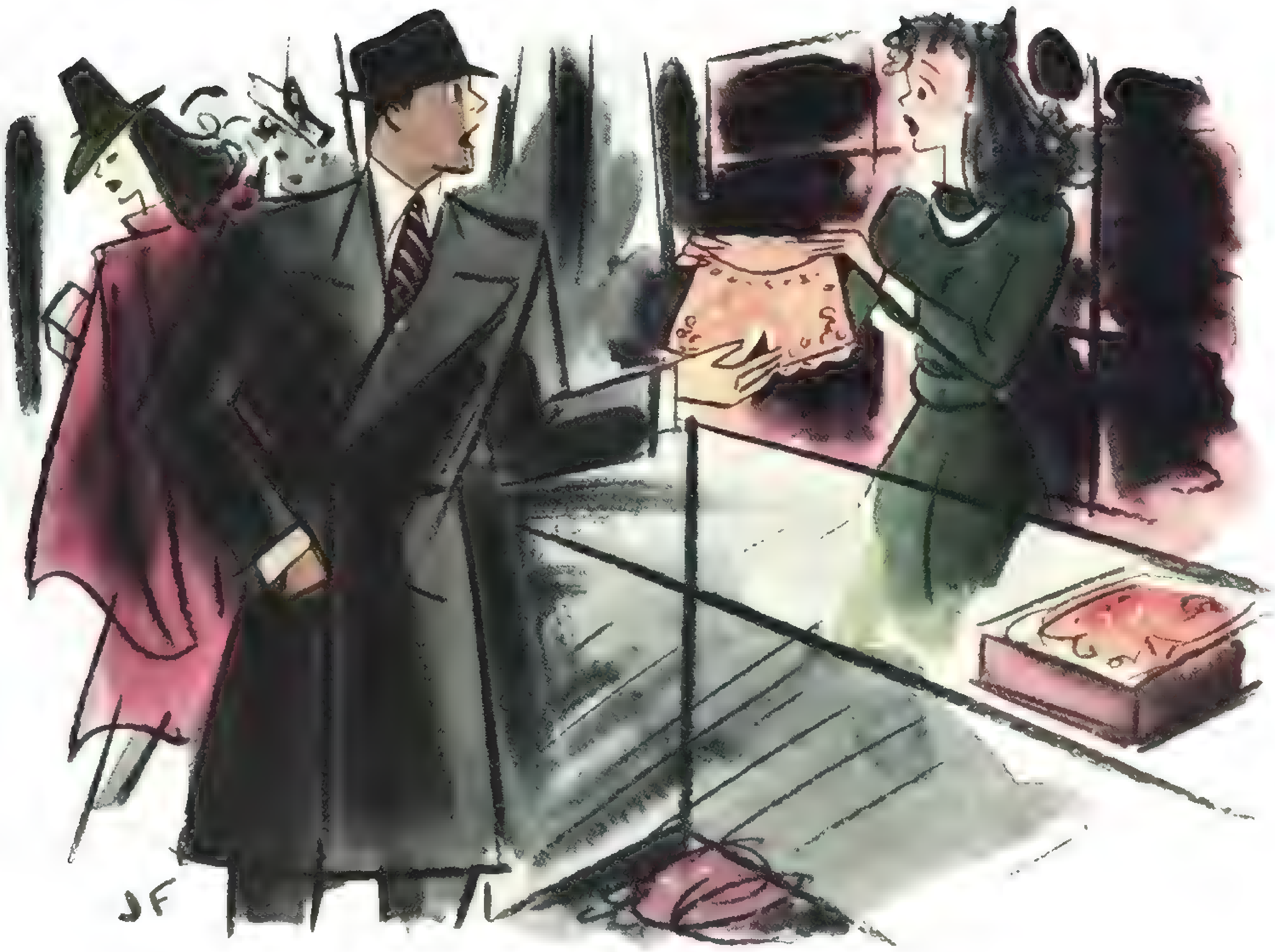
"It's your gift from the family, dear . . . a check for one hundred dollars . . . now all you have to do is sign it"



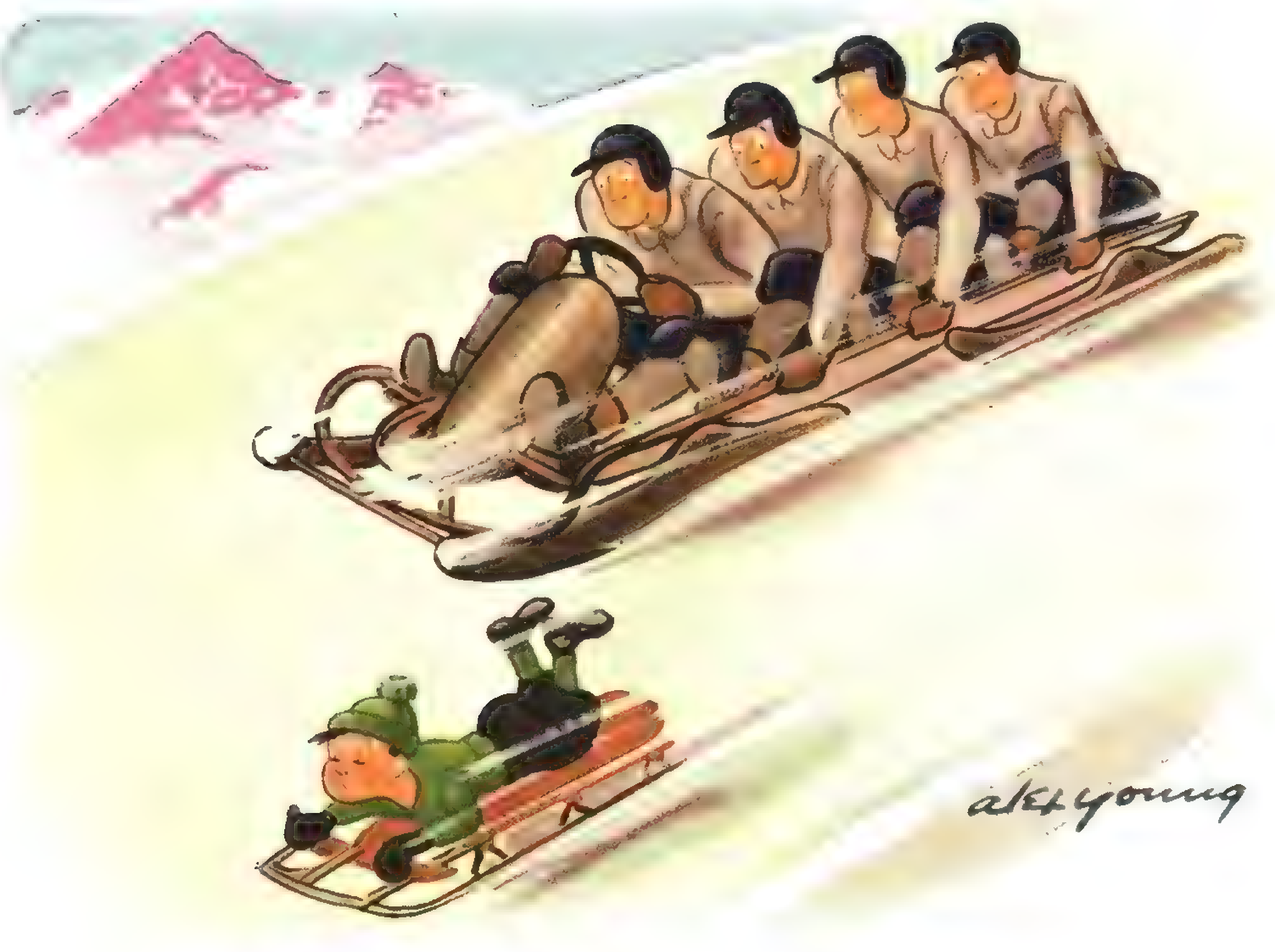
"Oh boy! This Superman, is he terrific!"

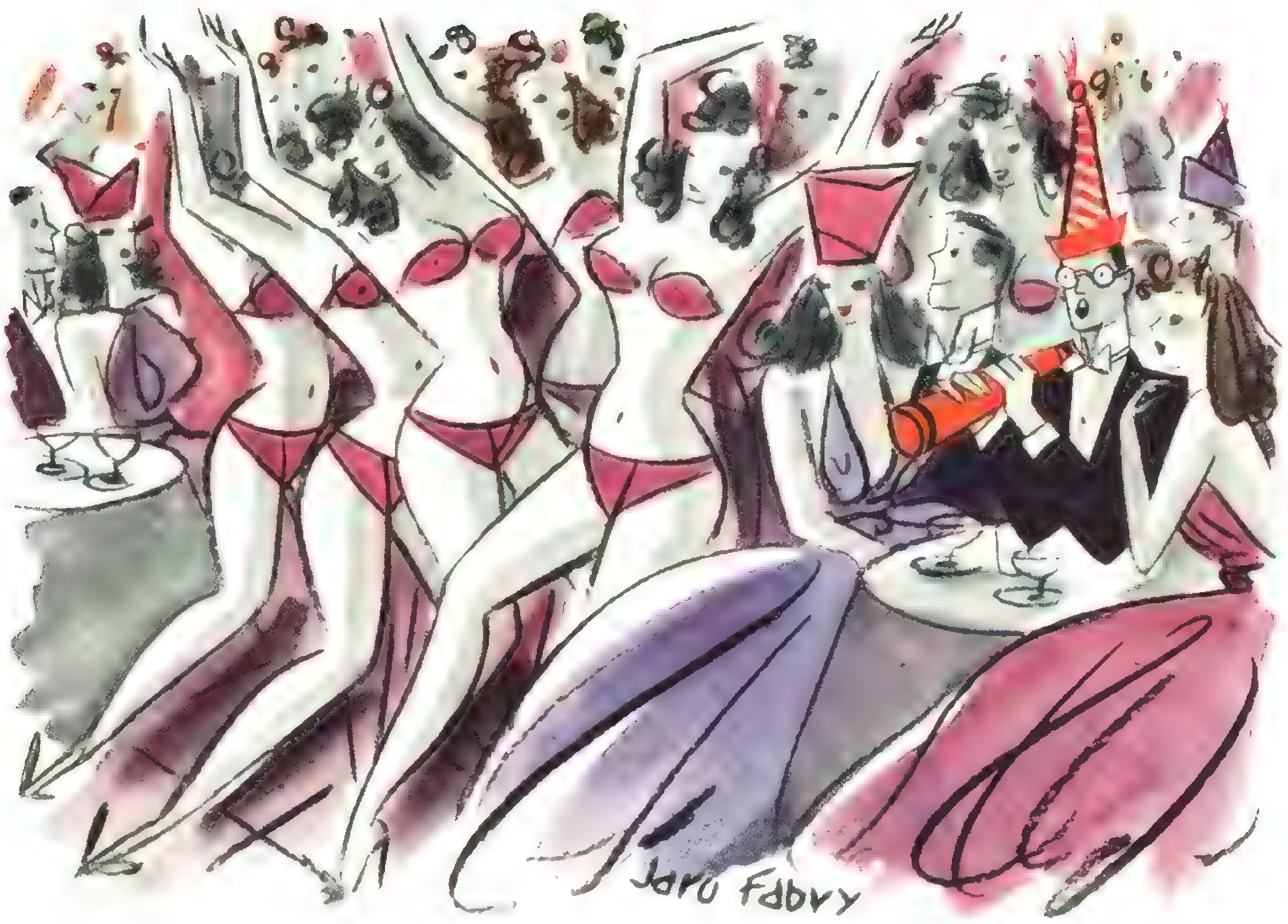


"Next, a composition for the right hand only"

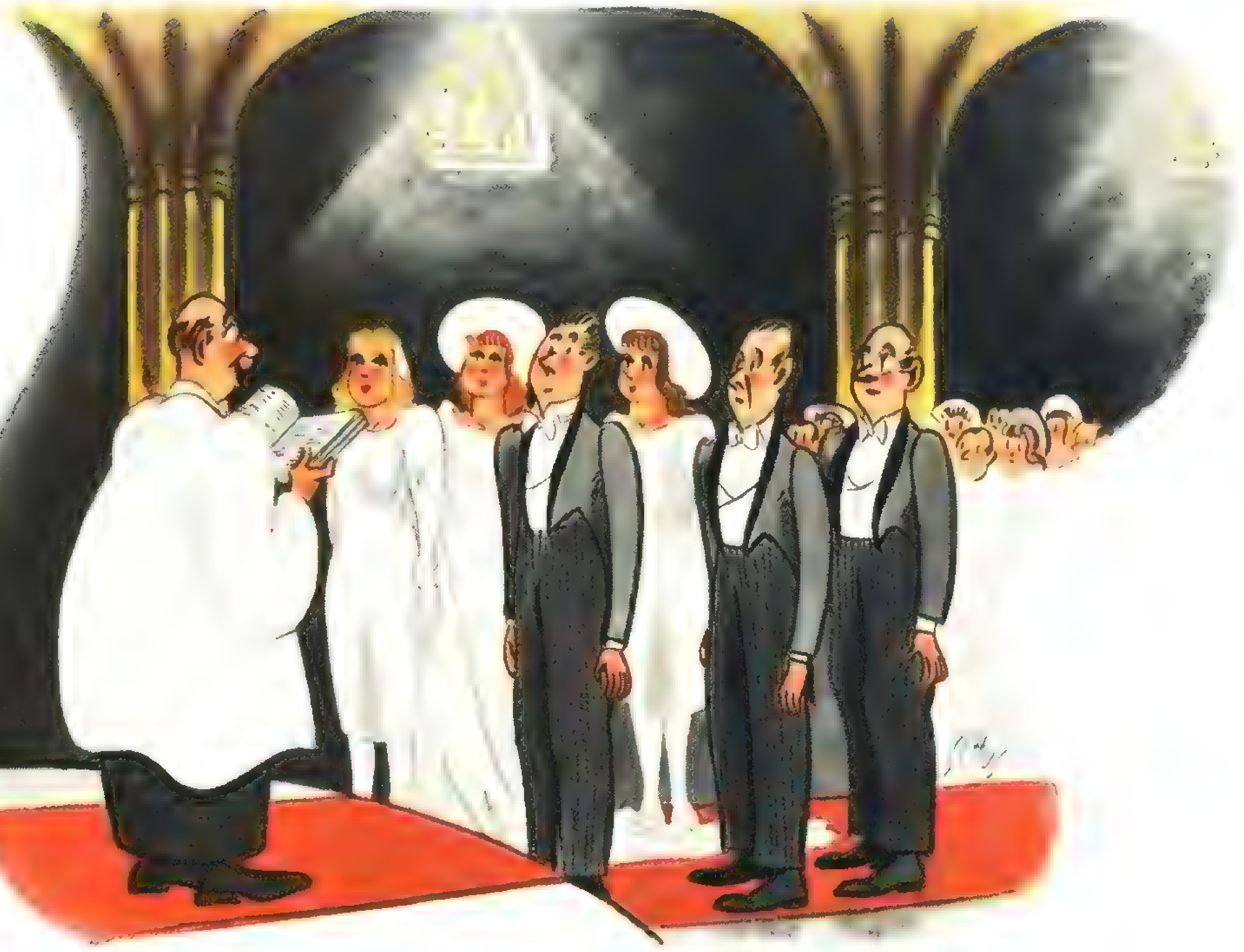


"How will they look on a redhead?"





"I wish it were twelve o'clock"



"And now, Mr. Lawson, a foolish question . . ."

Why Kick Football?

A manufacturer of sporting goods argues in favor of the collegiate game, maligned by sports writers

by L. B. ICELY

▪ SPORTS ▪

Not the least profitable commercial phase of collegiate football is the business of writing articles about the commercialism of collegiate football. Fervent, evangelistic essays have been ground out in volumes on the theme that football is to the male youth of collegiate age what white slavery is to the simple country maiden adrift in a large, sinful city.

Some highly emotional writers sincerely believe their plots. Others are merely taking advantage of the curious psychology that has made a large market during the past decade for sports writing accenting the cynical. The late Harvey Woodruff, a distinguished asset to sports journalism as the sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, commented on that cynical trend by remarking that sports writing was in danger of losing its sportsmanship.

A highly popular note has been to depict varsity gridiron material being shanghaied to the campus by prowling squads of evil and merciless mercenaries. Once upon the campus and in the sinister clutch of football the youth is ruined.

This sort of yowling hit a crescendo when the college football situation on the Pacific Coast was carefully examined by an independent investigator employed by the regional conference. Those who dwell long and luridly on anything that might have a sinister implication in a sport of kids made much of the fact that the investigator was a former FBI man.

Publicity attendant upon the investigation constantly emphasized an aspect of the investigation described usually by the newspaper headline phrase "crime hunt." Only by careful reading was the public able to get the proper view of the Coast schools financing their own research to see that valid amateurism was protected in their football.

This protection is no simple job of reading the holy writ aloud to any assembled multitude of athletes, fans, school officials and writers. Conscientious and vigilant college authorities, both academic and athletic, occasionally learn to their amazement how subrosa financing of athletes by over-zealous alumni has defeated the spirit and letter of fair competition.

However, even in discoveries of flagrant cases there is a handicap to official action. That handicap is something those who wail loudest about the commercialization of varsity football never seem to realize. The handicap is a decent, sporting consideration for the interests of the boy involved.

Neither the kid nor the sport is served when some 16- to 21-year-old boy is penalized for the excess enthusiasm of real or vicarious alumni.

California players getting movie jobs, or kids in Texas and other Southwestern sections getting oil company jobs, have provided numerous citations that critics present as prima-facie evidence of C.O.D. football.

But can you see any reason why a youngster shouldn't have any good out-of-school-hours job he can get although guilty of the sin of playing football before crowds who want to see football played?

Job and scholarship opportunities—not offers—are perfectly legitimate selling points in the recruiting of athletes and non-athletic students. In an average year at the University of California 8,500 part-time jobs are filled by students. Of more than one hundred scholarships offered by the University of California to entering freshmen who have residence within the state, only two of the scholarship winners won their varsity letters. One of the two won election to Phi Beta Kappa.

Examining the situation at that one representative Coast school we find that thirty-five of a recent year's football squad helped pay expenses of their school in these employments: service station work, three; garage work, four; janitorial work, five; clothing store salesmen, four; house managers, two; waiters, three; milk salesmen, two; drug store work, one; gardener, one; soda clerk, one; salesmen, nine. The average monthly income from all of these jobs was twenty dollars. Now where's the sinful commercialism?

There continue to be echoes in the papers and in Remote Control Quarterbacks' clubs of a drastic "purge" at the University of Pittsburgh. By the way some talk and write you might think that Pitt made a practice of recruiting as students only fleet and brawny coal miners and steel workers who were assured of steady gridiron work in the fall. Rather than accepting such tales you'd be much better aware of the true situation if you'd look at the lengthy list of excellent doctors and dentists who studied at Pitt and took their football as a sideline.

In the natural course of events Pitt—and every other school—is due to have great years, fair years, and bad years on the gridiron. After a school has had several great years it does not attract as much first-grade football talent as one casually would expect. Boys go to colleges and universities where they are reasonably sure of making the team. They hear so much of the excellence of the currently star teams they are not disposed to think too well of their own chances of qualifying as successors who get to play every Saturday.

This condition is one inevitably bearing on the Pitt situation. But, should Pitt have a normal recession of the football cycle, who will be the first to blame the coaching? The critics who formerly snarled about the University of Pittsburgh operating principally as a corral for football material. They never

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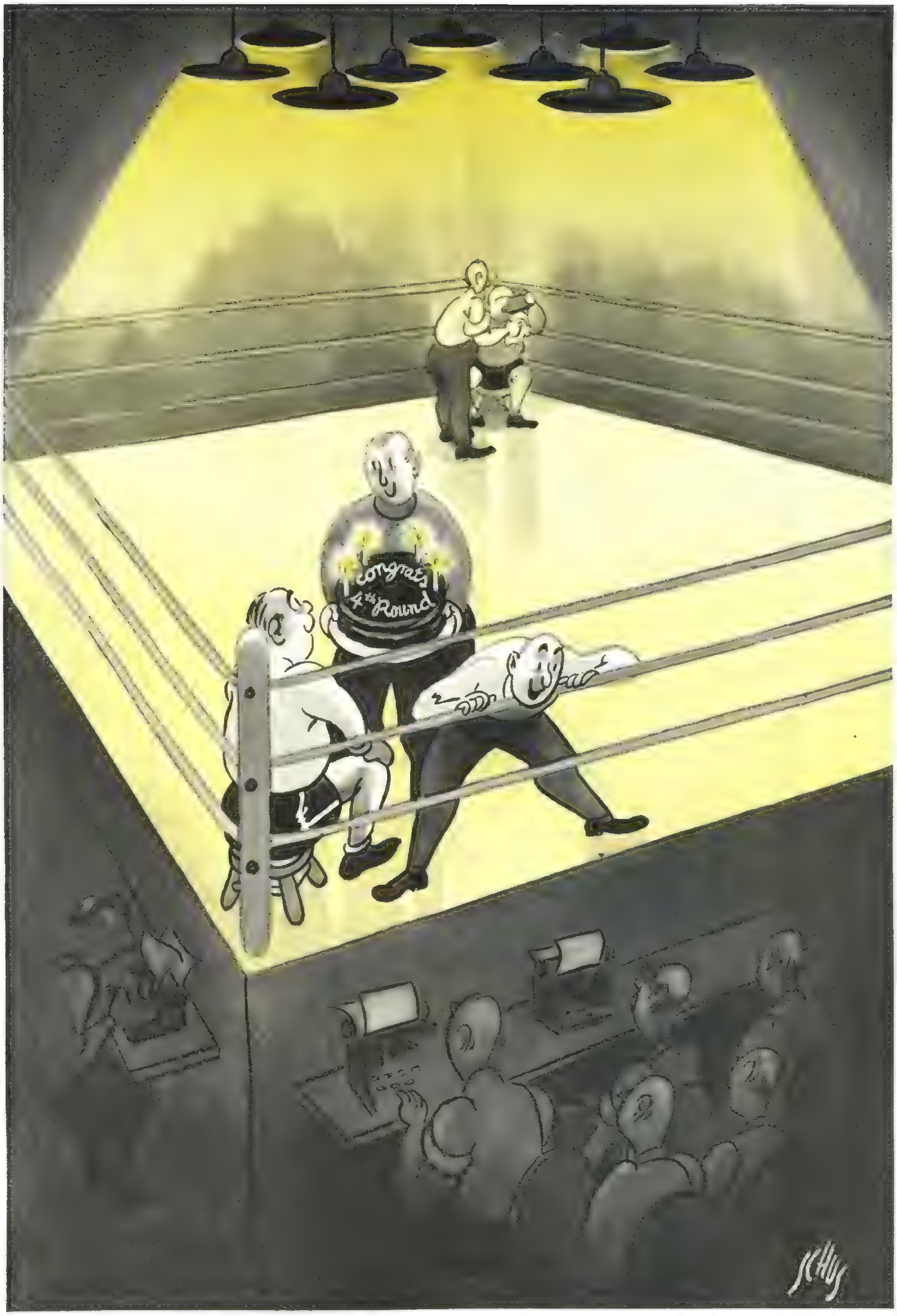
"Mama says you're not to break all my toys until I've had a chance to play with them"


Congrats
4th Round

"It's a surprise to all of us. We never thought he'd make it!"

Technique of the Night Club Fight

You're cold sober, you don't want trouble, but the clunk on the next bar stool is spoiling for a brawl

by HERBERT M. ALEXANDER

• ARTICLE •

Call it the gin-mill fracas, the beer-hall brawl, the night club fight. Call it anything you want. Peter Arno, George Abbott, and Frankie Shields put it on the front pages but it's not confined to Café Society. Just mix men and liquor in a public drinking place, proletarian or patrician, rowdy or respectable, and you'll have it. Sooner or later.

You—of course—are a nice quiet guy. You like your glass of beer. You mind your own business. You rarely get into arguments with people you don't know and you never settle them with your fists. But one evening you're having a nightcap in your favorite bistro. A drunk standing next to you at the bar suddenly goes to sleep on your shoulder. You disengage him, try to finish your tipple, when you suddenly find yourself yanked around by your no longer affectionate neighbor.

"What's the idea of lousing me up?"

You retreat in alarm but before you can get your hands up in the manner described as approved, he has led with his right and dumped you into the sawdust with a mouthful of ruined bridgework.

There are a number of variations on this simplest of themes and they do not all happen in taprooms. "What's the idea of dancing with my girl?" "Who made that crack about the Irish?" "The South is the Sahara of the nation." And so on. Roosevelt and Willkie were responsible for the loss of many a bicuspid in debates that never had their approval. Jealousy, fancied slights to fly-eyed human vanity—anything can touch off a Donnybrook when men are in their cups.

And you're always the one—gentle, retiring, inoffensive—who gets lumped. Like measles, a fist fight doesn't care who has it. If you refuse to participate, it takes place anyway with the other guy doing all the scrapping. So cock an ear and give heed to these fundamentals. You'll be able to take your snifter, or three or four, without fear of being maimed by some truculent inebriate.

There's a first rule in the lexicon and for emphasis it goes into large letters. DON'T OVERMATCH YOURSELF. If the other guy is bigger and broader, or wears the cauliflowered earmark of professionalism, take it on the Roscoe Turner. Fly, do not run, to the nearest exit. If there's no door, make one. Let him call you a yellow cur. Let him call you pisher. But put enough distance between you to make him shout.

If you're the average man, however, the fellow you tangle with will probably be nothing if not another average man . . . your height, your reach, your degree of physical decay. So when the argument boils over and he's about to fire a punch, you observe Battle Order Number One.

Let him have it first! They call it self-defense, but the prime canon is to hit before you get hit. The strategy of attack applies especially to the bare-knuckle brawl. Unless you've picked a golf course as a place to get pugnacious, some article of furniture is going to interfere with the footwork necessary for defense.

At a crowded bar, f'rinstance, there's no room and no time for the maneuvers which the English boxers, who are good at it, call "avoiding." Even if you rely on your ability to duck, you're liable to drop your chin into a knee or a brogan. The other guy may be no gentleman.

So get that left hand out there and fast. Why the left? The enemy, if he follows this handicapper's form, will lead with his finisher, the old Mary Ann or right swing. Your left is nearer to him, has less difference to travel. If he lets that haymaker go at the same time or slightly before you start your jab, you'll beat him to the punch, knock him off balance, make him miss.

Aim at the face! If you go for the body, you're liable to spread a knuckle on his belt buckle, or waste your shot on an armament of coats and sweaters.

Be forceful but not ferocious! You don't want to murder him. You want to protect yourself. And here's a little secret you can't learn too soon. The big noisy ones that come whistling from the floor seldom hurt because they seldom connect. The short well-timed shot gets results precisely because it doesn't come whining over like a 75 mm. shell. If you rap your man even lightly on the nose he'll feel it. If you've any doubts, try the little number on your own sensitive organ.

When you've landed your punch, and especially if you've missed it, jump in and clinch! Hold onto the unpleasant creature as though you were a Scotchman and he your last shilling. In a few seconds, depending on locale, the barkeep will have vaulted over the counter to separate you, persuader in hand, or the spectators will have intervened. Even if there's no one around but the two of you, the opening phase of the row will have terminated in your favor. The other fellow had sudden assault in mind. He wanted to finish you with a punch. You stopped him and without injury of the sort likely to draw attention from the police or a lawsuit for damages. You saved yourself from surprise, preserved your inalienable right to your own but rather mutable features.

In a fairish proportion of cases, something less than half, hostilities will end at this point. Your Café Society rumpuses always do. The playboys don't step beyond the stage where the first blow lands. They're too soft or too smart to take more than is good for them. But you may be playing potsy in a slightly tougher league. The guy you took a sock at is busting for revenge—"He offers you outside," as they put it in the Bronx. In

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ACME
DETECTIVE
AGENCY
John M. Price

"I wanna be shadowed. I disappear every night at Harry's bar and don't show up till morning"

Women Are Funny People

When Bella refused to leave the neighborhood, there was nothing left to do but shoot Jake Motz

by ELDON ROARK

• SATIRE •

WOMEN are funny people. They'll call you trifling and good-for-nothing, and they will declare it was a sad day when they married you and wish they'd never see the likes of you again. They'll drive you wild and push you into a peck of trouble, and then they'll stick by you till hell freezes over.

Take Bella and me, for instance. Boy, I mean we used to have it, round and round. But since I got charged with assault to murder Jake Motz, she has been the sweetest thing you ever saw. Even sweeter than she was the first year we were married. She always has a good dinner waiting for me, and she never nags me about working in the yard any more. What's more, she ups and voluntarily sells her little diamond pin and tells me to take the money and help pay my lawyer, that it's really her fault that I'm in such a pickle.

Well, just between you and me, I don't think I'm in much of a pickle. If we can just get a jury of married men, I'm sure everything will be all right, for I reckon every married man has gone through what I went through in some form or other, although probably in a lesser degree. Anyway, the charge that I tried to murder Jake Motz is plumb goofy. Why, I can take my little old .22 and plug a postage stamp at fifty feet nine times out of ten. If I had really wanted to plug Jake, I could have done it with my eyes closed. All I wanted to do was hit the handle of that screwdriver in his hind pocket and scare the daylights out of him, and that's exactly what I did. Course, the bullet did sorta glance and nip him in the rumble seat, but that part of it was just an accident.

Jake isn't a bad guy at heart. He means well, and I hated to have to shoot even to scare him. Goodness knows I did everything I could to keep things from reaching such a head. I was even willing to pocket my pride and leave the neighborhood, but my wife wouldn't hear to it. We had looked at lots for three months before finally deciding on this one, and it just suited her and she flat-footedly refused to sell out and move.

It's a big double lot, you see, and that gives Bella plenty of room for flowers and shrubbery. She's just wild about gardening. I didn't argue with her about the size of the lot, even if it did take every nickel we had saved. I like to look at pretty growing things myself, and have plenty of breathing space. It helps a fellow—especially a writer like me. Inspires him.

But we didn't buy it on the spur of the moment, although it looks like people who do things that way get along just as well. Before we signed on the dotted line we made it a point to call on the neighbors. We wanted to size 'em up.

The Motz place was the stucco to the south. The house wasn't anything special—just a box-like structure—but their yard was quite a sight. My wife grabbed me by the arm, and we stood there and took it all in while she gasped and sighed. Sometimes I think Bella overdoes that sort of thing—especially the way she clasps her hands over her heart and closes her eyes, and leans against you like she is going to faint.

Anyway, as I say, they had all kinds of shrubbery and flowers in little half-moon and diamond-shaped beds, but the hedge was really the thing that made Bella take on. They had hedge running the entire length of the lot, and it was cut in the shape of linked hearts. And in the front of the yard they had their initials in dwarf hedge, and back of that was larger hedge trimmed to resemble a bench. "Isn't that the cutest thing you ever saw?" Bella squealed. "A growing, living bench!"

Mrs. Motz answered the door. She was a round, rosy woman with a nice smile. We told her we were prospective neighbors and just wanted to get acquainted, and she said that was fine and we must meet her husband. She came out and led the way around behind the house, and then she cupped her hands to her mouth and yelled, "Oh, Ja-ake!"

In a moment Jake came from behind the combination garage and chicken house, dragging a spade. I nearly busted out laughing when I saw him. He was a thin, wiry little guy with sharp features and an Adam's apple like a pecan, and he had on overalls and an old felt hat folded up so it looked like an admiral's hat.

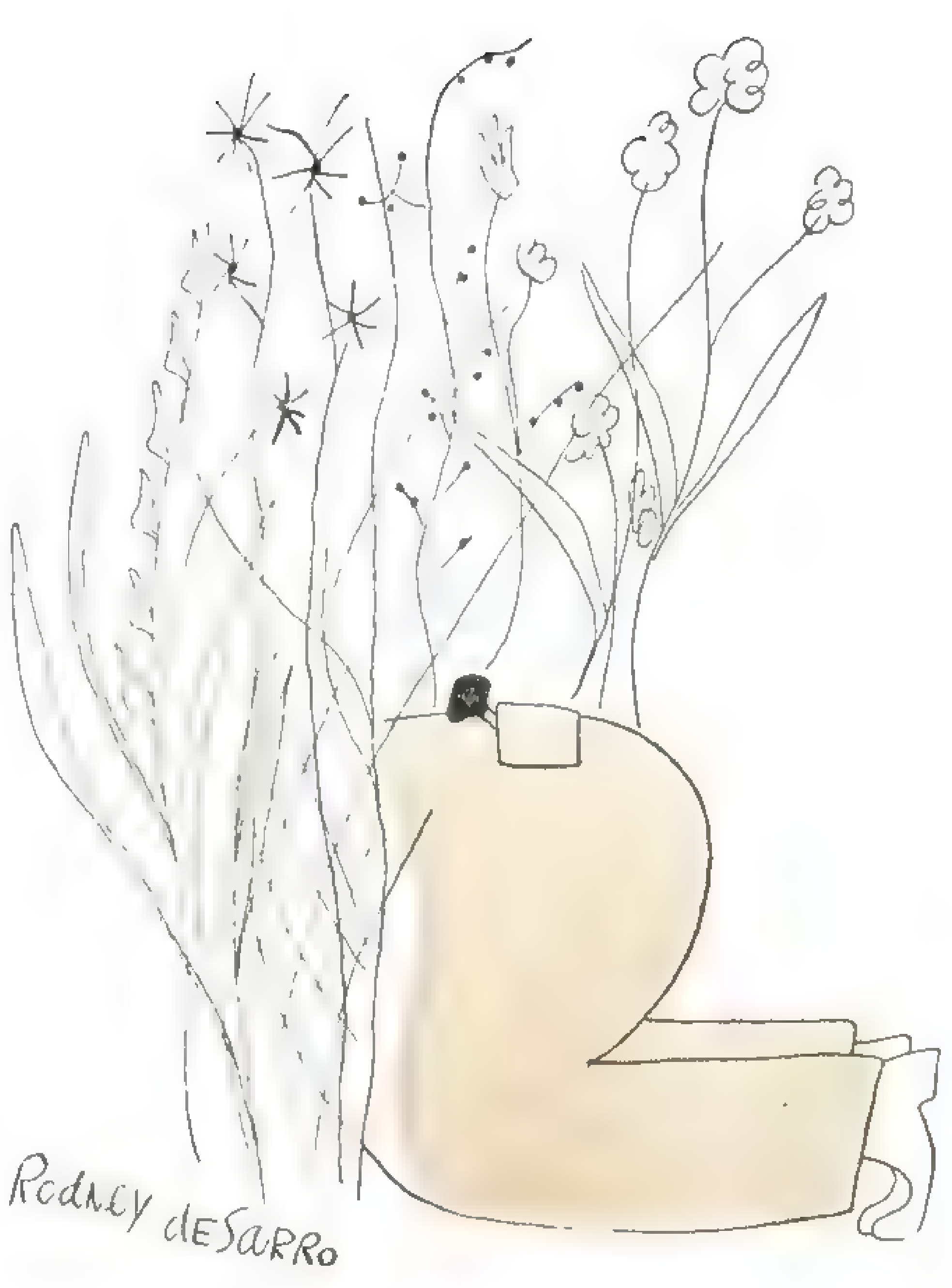
"Come here, I want you to meet our new neighbors," Mrs. Motz said, and Jake came up and shook hands with us. "I was just back there spading up my mustard bed," he said. "If this war business gets any worse, a man'll appreciate something to eat in his own backyard."

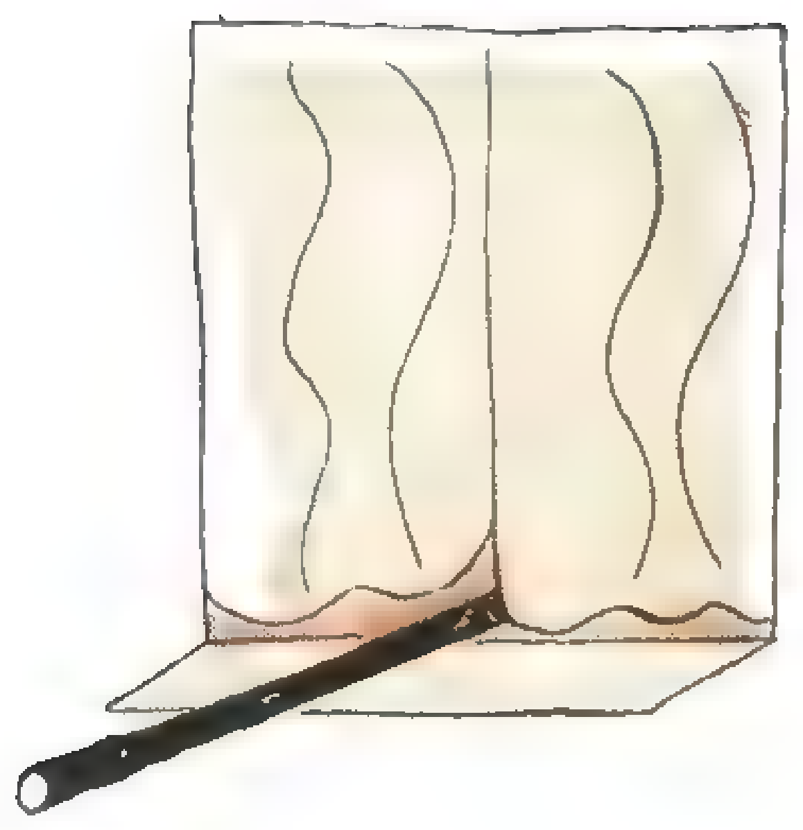
"Taking the day off from your business, eh?" I said. And Jake laughed. "No," he said. "I work here in the garden in the daytime and at the Press at night." I perked up when he said that, thinking maybe he was a writer, too. But he wasn't. He was a printer.

Bella laughed and asked him when he slept, if he worked for the paper at night and in the yard in the daytime. And he laughed, too. "Oh, I sleep on rainy days," he said.

We were favorably impressed with the Motzes, so we bought the lot. And then we got an FHA loan and built a cute little colonial clapboard.

It was a great day for us when we moved in. Bella could hardly wait to get out in that yard, and I could hardly wait to get started on my novel. My head had been buzzing for years with an idea for a story built around the famous steamboat race between the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, but I had never had a place where I could set myself up a little office and buckle down to work. So





when we planned the house, I took particular pains to see that it included a nook that would be just the thing. It's in a corner of our big back bedroom, and I have my desk right by a window where I can get light and fresh air, and where I can look out at the birds and flowers.

I didn't get much writing done that summer, though. Bella just kept after me and kept after me about helping her in the yard. When I came home from work, she'd be out front to greet me with a hoe or a spade. "Let the old book go till winter when we won't have so much to do," she'd say. And then she'd add that the sunshine and exercise would do me good. Imagine it!—me, a bill collector, needing sunshine and exercise!

You can't reason with Bella. "If you'll just co-operate with me and let me write my book," I told her time and time again, "I'll put over a best-seller and we'll clean up. Then I'll get you a yardboy. Look at Margaret Mitchell," I said. "Suppose her husband had been after her all the time to quit writing *Gone With The Wind* and work in the garden. Where would they be now?"

But, as I say, you can't reason with Bella. She'd get sarcastic and say she hardly thought I was a Margaret Mitchell, and she'd point to Jake Motz out in his yard, hoeing and snipping and sweating. "Why can't you be like other men?" she'd snap. I'll bet I heard that fifty thousand times—"Why can't you be like other men?"

Then she'd put on those old blue slacks of hers and that big sun hat and those cotton gloves that make her hands look like laundry bags, and she'd get out on the front lawn and tackle some hard job, like trying to spade or push a lawn mower—just to embarrass me. She wanted the neighbors to think I was a mighty poor excuse of a husband to sit in the house and let my wife do a man's work.

Fall came on, and I thought it would put a stop to all that gardening. But that's where I showed my ignorance. "Now's the time we can begin transplanting trees and other big stuff," Bella said one morning when she got up and looked out and found everything white with frost. And then she nearly ran me nuts about driving out to the country to dig up oaks and elms and dogwoods. Jake and Mrs. Motz went along, too, and every time I'd want to stay at home Bella would raise the roof. I was the most ungrateful man she had ever seen. Jake Motz was going to lots o' trouble to help us transplant stuff, and I wasn't even appreciative enough to want to go along.

We got our car all muddy and tore the upholstery, and twice we got chased by farmers for digging up trees without permission. I got so I hated the whole damn business, and I'd wander off with my rifle and shoot at stumps.

Just before Christmas some terrible weather set in, and that nearly tickled me to death. It snowed and sleeted, and everything got frozen over. Besides, the days were short and the nights were long, and I settled down to work. I don't know whether you've ever tried to write a book or not, but if you have you know the hardest part is getting started. I stewed around a week before I got a line written. After all the turmoil I had been through, I found it hard to concentrate. I'd just sit there by the window and look out at the snow.

Late one afternoon, though, after I had finally got my story under way and was really making progress, Bella came busting into the room. She was panting and her cheeks were rosy and her eyes were shining.

"Whew! I'm almost out of breath," she said. "Ran all the way up here." Then she grabbed me by the arm and pulled me up out of my chair. "Put on your hat and coat," she said. "Got something to show you."

She caught me by the arm as we went out the door, and she made me skip down to Motz's. Jake was in the kitchen sawing and hammering, building a lot of shelves. Bella thought it was just too darling, the way they were arranging their kitchen.

"Yes, I'm a sorta jack of all trades," Jake said. "I always do my inside carpenter work in the winter." And then he had to show me some closets he had lined with cedar and some built-in bookcases he had made.

When we went back home, Bella and I had a big row. She wanted some shelves like that, and why couldn't I be like other men? Imagine it! Our house was new and we had the cutest kind of kitchen. But we didn't have any shelves over the stove, and we did not have any in the corner by the water heater.

I hit the ceiling. I wasn't any damn carpenter, and I didn't have any ambition to be one, and if she wanted shelves she could build them herself. That was something she couldn't do in full view of the neighbors and embarrass me, and I had her there. At least I thought I did. But you know what? She got Jake Motz to come up to our house with his tool box one afternoon about a week later. He had on his overalls and that funny hat, and there was a grin on his 'possum face.

"Hiya, neighbor!" he said. "Your wife says you want me to show you how to build some shelves."

I felt like crowning him with a chair right then and there, but I kept my temper and we built the damn shelves.

A month later Jake got to flooring his attic, and that got Bella all worked up again. That was another row. And it was just one thing after another all winter. By April I had only three chapters written, and I didn't think much of them. I was just about a nervous wreck, and the realization that spring had come and soon there would be all that yard business going on again didn't help me any, either. I made up my mind that I wasn't going to touch a hoe or a spade till I had finished my book—and to hell with everything else.

Bella and I had it round and round, but I stuck to my guns. We got so we hardly spoke, except when we were having a row, and she quit having an evening meal. She'd fix a good lunch for herself at noon when I wasn't there, and at night I had to go to the ice box and eat anything I could find.

"If you were like other men and would take some interest in the yard, I'd have more time for my kitchen," she'd say when I

Continued at top of page 109

The Birthday Horse

Knowing horsetraders, Father just winked when Leo said it was too bad the stallion wasn't for sale

by COURTNEY O'BRIEN

• FICTION •

I REMEMBER the day so well, I guess, because it was my twelfth birthday. I had been pestering Dad for a long time to buy me a horse of my own. Every time he got seated in his favorite chair, I would approach him and start telling him how many wonderful things I could do if I had a horse. He would never make me any answer, but would sit reading his paper and paying no attention; when he had finished his paper, he would look up at me and smile and say: "Wait till you're older, Son," and send me off to bed.

Finally one night, a couple of days before my birthday, when I was carrying on my usual arguments, he looked up from his paper and said, "What kind of hoss did you have in mind? I thought I might buy you one for your birthday."

Well, I was so surprised that I guess I couldn't say anything for quite a spell; you know how it is when you're used to having someone else take the other side of the argument, and when he suddenly stops arguing and begins to agree with you, you don't just know what to do. That's how I felt. Well, I finally found my tongue and told him that I did know of a horse that I wanted—a horse over in Weston that had been in this part of the country for only a few months and everybody was talking about him.

Dad flushed a little and asked, "Have you ever seen the hoss?"

I answered truthfully that I hadn't, and then I immediately realized that I had said the wrong thing.

Father was angry. "Why, Boy, I thought you had more sense than to set your heart on buying a hoss that you've never seen! I got a mind not to take you over there at all if you're going to make a damn fool of yourself."

I remember that I hardly knew how to answer him. I was so excited about this horse that I felt like hollering, but I knew that when Father was angry he wouldn't stand for anybody hollering. Even me. So I finally said as quietly as I could, "I know I haven't seen him, Dad, but I've heard so much about him that . . . Well, I've just got a hunch that he's the horse I want."

I saw what was coming. "Ah, damn! a son of mine buying a horse on a hunch!"

Neither of us said anything for a while, and then Father began to cheer up. "Now wouldn't you rather go South with me, and we could look at a whole string of horses before we pick one? We could leave in the morning."

I could see that this was what he wanted, but I said no. I wanted a horse from around home. I don't know why I felt that way. I guess I just wanted a horse that was famous with the folks around home—not a strange horse that no one had heard of. I wanted a horse that everyone was talking about and that everyone would give their right arm to own, but that horse would be mine alone. You know, as I look back on it, I guess I was pretty selfish in those days. But that's the way kids are.

Anyway, Dad finally agreed to go over to Weston the next day and sent me off to bed.

I was the first one up the next morning; it must have been about six o'clock when I'd finished my breakfast and went in to wake Father. I tried to be as gentle as I could, but I guess he didn't like it much either way.

"Damn it, Son," he roared, "have you gone plumb out of your mind? Don't you know that nobody wants to show you a hoss this hour o'day?"

Dad went back to sleep, and I was left cooling my heels until about half-past nine, when we finally got started. The trip only takes a little under an hour. On the way over I kept talking and saying what a beautiful horse we were going to see, and Dad finally told me to keep quiet. But I could see he was getting a little excited himself. One reason was the way I was raving about this horse, and also because he always liked a chance to match wits with Leo Camp, the horse dealer in Weston. Father told me for God's sake not to let on to Leo how anxious I was to get this horse, and I kept saying, "How much would you pay, Daddy? How much would you pay, Daddy? How much would you pay?" But he'd just smile and say, "We'll see."

Well, once we got to Weston, it didn't take us long to find the stable. We drove down the long sloping curve of the driveway, and were parking the car in front of the barn when Leo came out to see who it was. He didn't recognize us until we got out of the car.

"Why, Ben," he said to Dad, "it's been a long time. I was beginning to think you were dead. It's nice of you to drop around and tell me you ain't dead."

Father laughed. "Hello, Leo. You know my boy, don't you?"

"Why, sure," said Leo. He put his arm around my shoulder. "By God, I guess he's big enough to take the old man over by now, eh?"

Father laughed again, but Leo had been saying that now every time he saw me for a couple of years, and I was sort of sick of hearing him say it, so I didn't say anything.

Leo was chewing a shoot of hay, and he offered Dad part of it. Then I knew we were in for a long talk before we could get anything done. We stood there, the three of us, talking of one horse and another until Father finally let it be drawn out of him that we wanted to see Leo's new horse—the one everyone was talking about.

"Sorry." Leo said. "He's spoken for."

I was so used to the tactics of horse trading that this didn't even bother me; I knew that a good trader says all his horses are on the point of being bought that very day just to make you name your price in a hurry. Father

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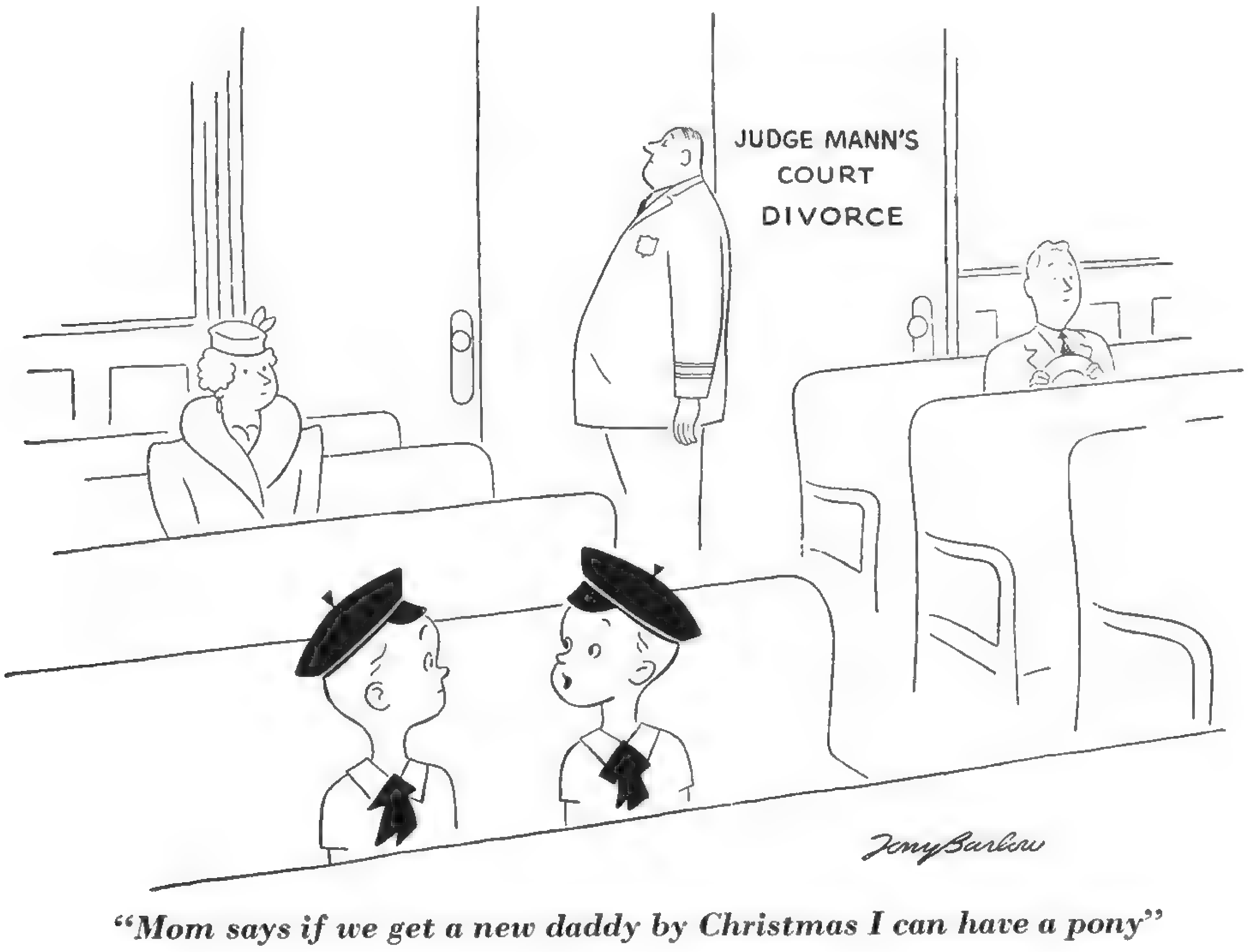
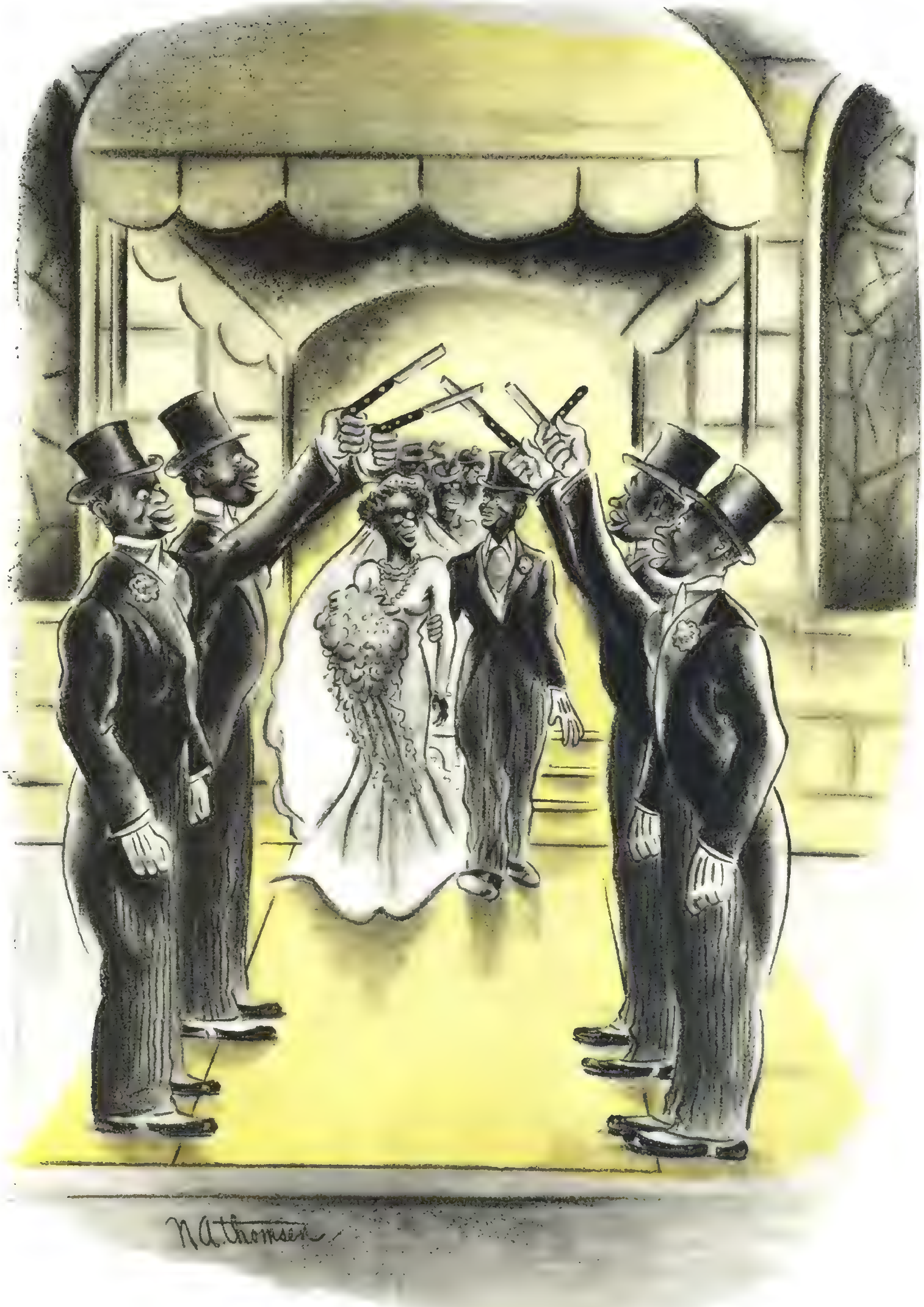


"Mom says if we get a new daddy by Christmas I can have a pony"


N A Thomsen

Chaplin's Triumph of Comedy

Your laughter verges on tears, not for *The Great Dictator's* tragic overtones, but for the world's funniest slapstick

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

The first thing to say is that for long sections *The Great Dictator* must be the funniest thing ever created by the mind of man; not merely the funniest Chaplin or the funniest movie; but simply the funniest in whatever field you can mention. Slapstick is enormously funnier than most other things and slapstick in the movies is funnier than it is anywhere else and Chaplin is the master of that art, which he leaves behind so delicately that you don't see him going—so that he comes back to it fresher and funnier than ever. He has done merrier pieces, he has been more smiling; *The Great Dictator* is a satirical slapstick and it has other elements beside fun; but it has sequences, one piled on the other, which are unbearably funny not because they verge on tragedy, but simply because you laugh until the back of your head hurts, you rock and sway with laughter, your whole body laughs; Chaplin has never been more imaginative, more inventive, more skillful. The great pitfall of *The Great Dictator*—that you couldn't get laughter out of the grimmest event of modern history—has been avoided.

The reason for putting this first is that the civilized world owes a debt to Chaplin—all that's left of civilization at least; and as people won't necessarily go to see a great picture, but will to see a funny one, I put the fun first. At the moment of writing I don't know what the first reviews have been like; and the actual fate of the picture won't be certain for perhaps a month. Therefore, any man who has had pleasure out of the picture should encourage the others. Mr. Chaplin ought to get his investment back—two or three-fold; and the free citizens of the world ought to take the additional joy in their freedom which this picture can give them.

But having said that *The Great Dictator* is a great funny picture, I want to say instantly that it is also a great picture, among Chaplin's half-dozen great ones, not necessarily greater, but in his tradition of masterpieces. It hits home a little harder because we all believe the things it stands for; but that doesn't automatically make it great, any more than the melody of *The Star-Spangled Banner* is great because we are patriots. It's a great picture because, with a few distractions, it does its job completely and economically and with overwhelming effect; and it doesn't flinch from the brutal indignity of the facts from which it starts.

I think with satisfaction of prints of this picture sent to England by clipper and of men and women and children, perhaps in underground shelters, seeing the picture and laughing and crying; I think of a print smuggled perhaps into Czechoslovakia or into Germany and a few civilized frightened and desperate people seeing it. I think that of the thousands who saw the press preview and the opening, many must have been frightened at the thought that we were the last people who could see the picture—and we might be the last generation in this country who could—or could see it with such easy consciences. And I hope a few people thought that one of the things worth fighting for was the right to look at pictures like this—and the right of the Chaplins of the world to make them.

You can't—and shouldn't—sidestep these things; but *The Great Dictator* isn't a propaganda film except as every free human endeavor is a challenge to slavery, is propaganda for freedom. There is a long speech at the end of it, in favor of love and friendliness; against unnatural men who hate; a plea to soldiers not to be killed for greed. It balances the maniacal speeches of the dictator which precede; it is the precise meaning of the picture. But the blow which the picture strikes comes earlier and lasts longer.

Chaplin worked a long time over this picture—so long that it may have changed form under his hands. At any rate, the description, which issued from Hollywood long ago and has been repeated a thousand times, is misleading. It is true that a Jewish barber is mistaken for the raving anti-Semitic dictator of his country; but that error in identity occurs in the last ten minutes of a long picture and has little to do with the general theme; it gives Chaplin as the barber his chance to make his speech; it has an overtone suggesting that the dictator isn't so much, and more important that the little barber, the human being, *is* much; but the episode remains an episode. In a perky parody of the usual "any resemblance to persons living or dead" disclaimer of books of films, Chaplin has a brief foreword: . . . "any resemblance between the dictator Hinkel and the barber is purely coincidental." And oddly that is so.

The main line of the story is less complex even than this mistaken identity idea. It is that a shell-shocked veteran of the World War recovers, gets away from hospital, and is plunged into the hell of a Nazified world—which he cannot believe exists. So he fights back. That's the real significant thing: that this man who has not gone through the intervening years cannot believe in the degradation of humanity—so he hits out at it. The typical moment—for the plot, not for fun—is when the barber is beaten by a storm trooper; he gets away, rushes to another trooper, and cries out, "Arrest that man." That is Chaplin's stuff from way back; it is the essential Chaplin stuff, that he is the simple man, the naïve one, the little fellow—and his strength is greater than the strength of all the brutalities in the world.

Do you remember *Easy Street?* It is one of the masterpieces and it is like *The Great Dictator*. In *Easy Street* Chaplin becomes a

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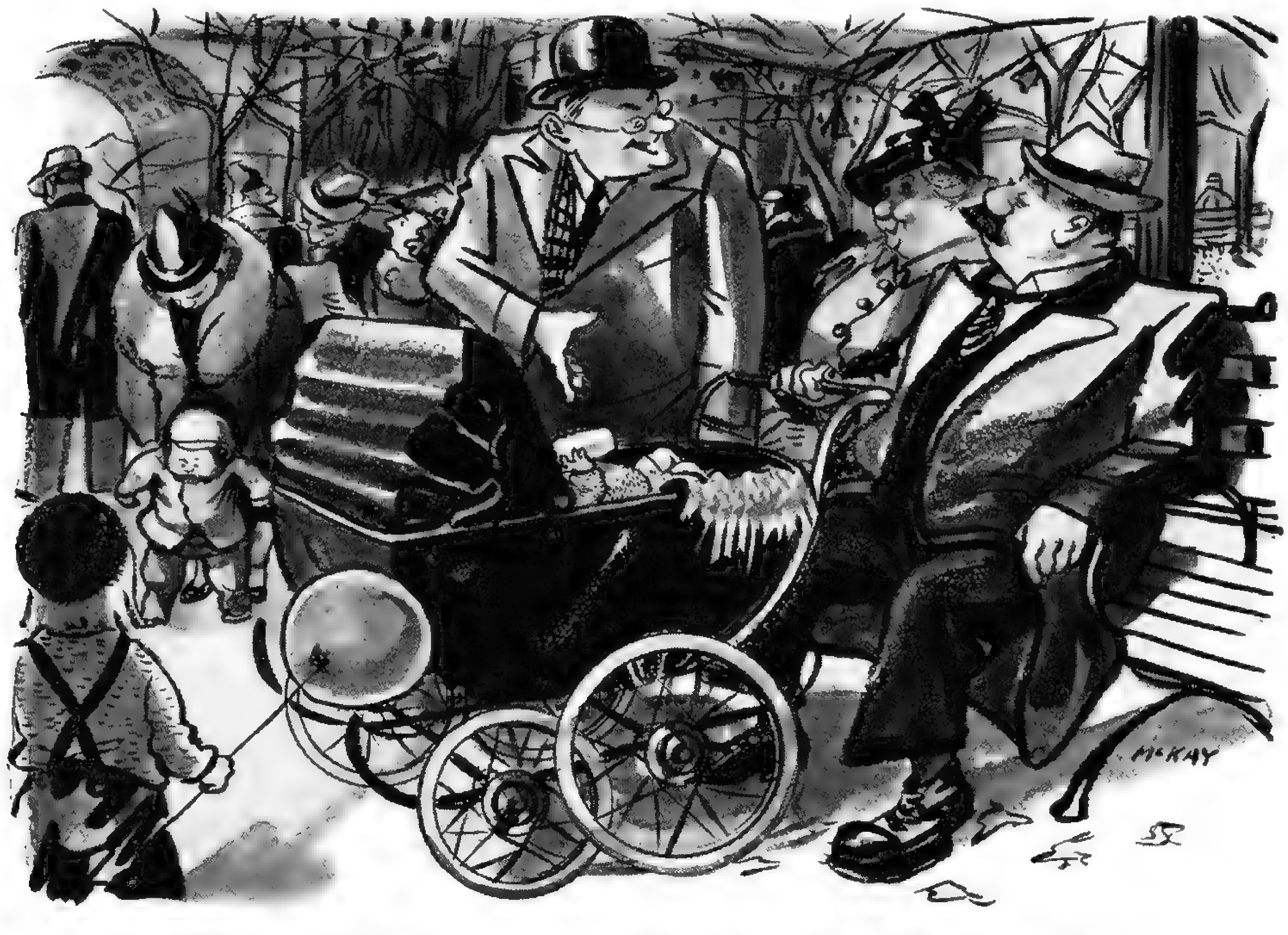

"Well, well!! He's got your wife's eyes, Meyer, but there's no mistaking that mustache!"

ELIZABETH EARL
Hurrell Photograph

DOUBLE TROUBLE

You might prove romance is lasting
But the barb of Caution stings,
For your bodice, oh, my goddess,
Proves that love and you have wings!

PAINTING BY VARGA—VERSE BY PHIL STACK

So You Want to Be a Bombardier

While resting from Falling Leafs, Loops, and Snap Rolls you whip through physics, aerodynamics and combustion engineering

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

Everybody wants to drop bombs these days; and everybody is learning how to drop them—except Americans. In this country we are still keeping the art of the bombardier secret—for diverse reasons. As a matter of fact, you practically have to get a Ph.D. in Sanskrit before anybody connected with the Air Corps will speak to you.

Now bombing, strafing, reconnaissance, and air fighting can't very well be taught in print—otherwise this column would convert itself into an air university. But a kind of literary map can be drawn here, indicating where and when you can get some of the ABC's of this new manly art of self-defense.

The first thing you have to acquire, if you plan to strafe friends and blow up people, is Primary Flight Technique—as the name might indicate. This, briefly, includes a study of straight and level flight, and the ability to execute normal climbs, normal glides, gentle turns in level flight, gentle S turns in level flight, gentle turns of 180 degrees, gentle turns of 360 degrees, gentle turns in normal glide, 45 degree bank turns, glide approaches to field, landings, take-offs, spins, forced landings, and to speak all aeronautical lingo. After this you are ready to solo.

The above calisthenics require a minimum time of eight hours—in maximum doses of half an hour. And don't think you're going to beat the rap, that you're going to be the one man to jam all this in in one grand, orgiastic day; you're not.

As a matter of fact, if during your first week you even learn to fly a series of perfect forty-five degree bank S's without gaining or losing altitude, you can consider yourself pretty apt. For in spite of all the cockiness you might have on the ground, a succession of steep banks made at 1000 feet, at 100 miles an hour, will soon bring about doubts as to which end is up. At such moments you have nothing to fix your eyes on except the horizon, your banks will get too steep without your knowing it, breaking the smoothness of your arc; and you'll find that a slight drop of the nose, at this speed, will pull a hundred feet off your altitude before you can say "Blitzkrieg." And half the time, like Pinocchio, you won't even know what your nose is doing.

The first half-hour of instruction is customarily given over to the operations of the ship. You will learn that a forward movement of the stick noses the plane down; a backward movement, up. A push to the left gives a left bank; a push to the right, a right bank. You will learn the use of the throttle, and the pleasant usages of the basic instruments: *i.e.*, the altimeter, air speed indicator, tachometer, and compass. You will learn how to use the rudder pedals—and the all-important maxim: "Caress the controls—don't wrassel."

After this you go "upstairs," following the instructor through on the take-off.

Now comes the delicate business of getting the feel of the plane. In making a turn, for example, you give so much rudder, and, at the same time, just so much bank—to prevent side-slipping (as on an automobile highway).

Just how much rudder to give, and how much stick is something that can be learned only in the doing. Perfect co-ordination is required for correct maneuvers. Beginners over-control all over the place. In your early stages, you'll probably yank the stick to one side and almost roll over; you'll pitch forward almost into power dives, or try to make the ship climb vertically, like a rocket. Naturally the ship, which is traditionally compared to a sensitive girl, will buck and squirm and fight back. If you were handling a machine gun this way, you'd end up with one of your own bullets in your bile duct.

Kindergarten over, you will come to the problem of level flight. It sounds simple; but try it—without looking at the altimeter. You'll find, once again, that you really can't tell whether you're going or coming unless you have someone or something to tell you. Your plane can be climbing steadily, or it may be ready to plough the field—and your sense of proportion will still be unruffled.

Level flight is determined by the horizon. You have to learn to keep the wing tips parallel to the horizon, or some part of the nose on a line with the horizon. All of which is hunky-dory except when there is no horizon—or when the horizon is a saw-toothed mountain range.

Normal climb is another elementary "feel" to be mastered. A given plane will climb just so steeply—and no more. Pull it back into a sharper gliding angle and it will lose the speed necessary to maintain flight. What follows was determined by Mr. Newton. The ship quivers, it trembles, it comes to a dead stall; after that you're on your own.

In the old days, a stalled ship would tend to fall into a tail spin—and you would proceed from this gyration to Eternity like a handful of confetti. In modern planes you're safe; most of them won't spin unless forced—and a stall will end itself in a gentle glide. Of course it's nerve racking, at first, to have a plane melt away under you—with terra firma no more than a distant memory. But you get used to it; and this, after all, is nothing compared to Stuka diving.

In time come glides, maintaining a given angle and a maximum airspeed throughout. These, later, have to be co-ordinated with turns, and executed precisely; for landing is a combination of accurate turns and glides terminating in a stall a few feet over spot X. Slip up on these maneuvers during a forced landing and instead of coming down on the tip

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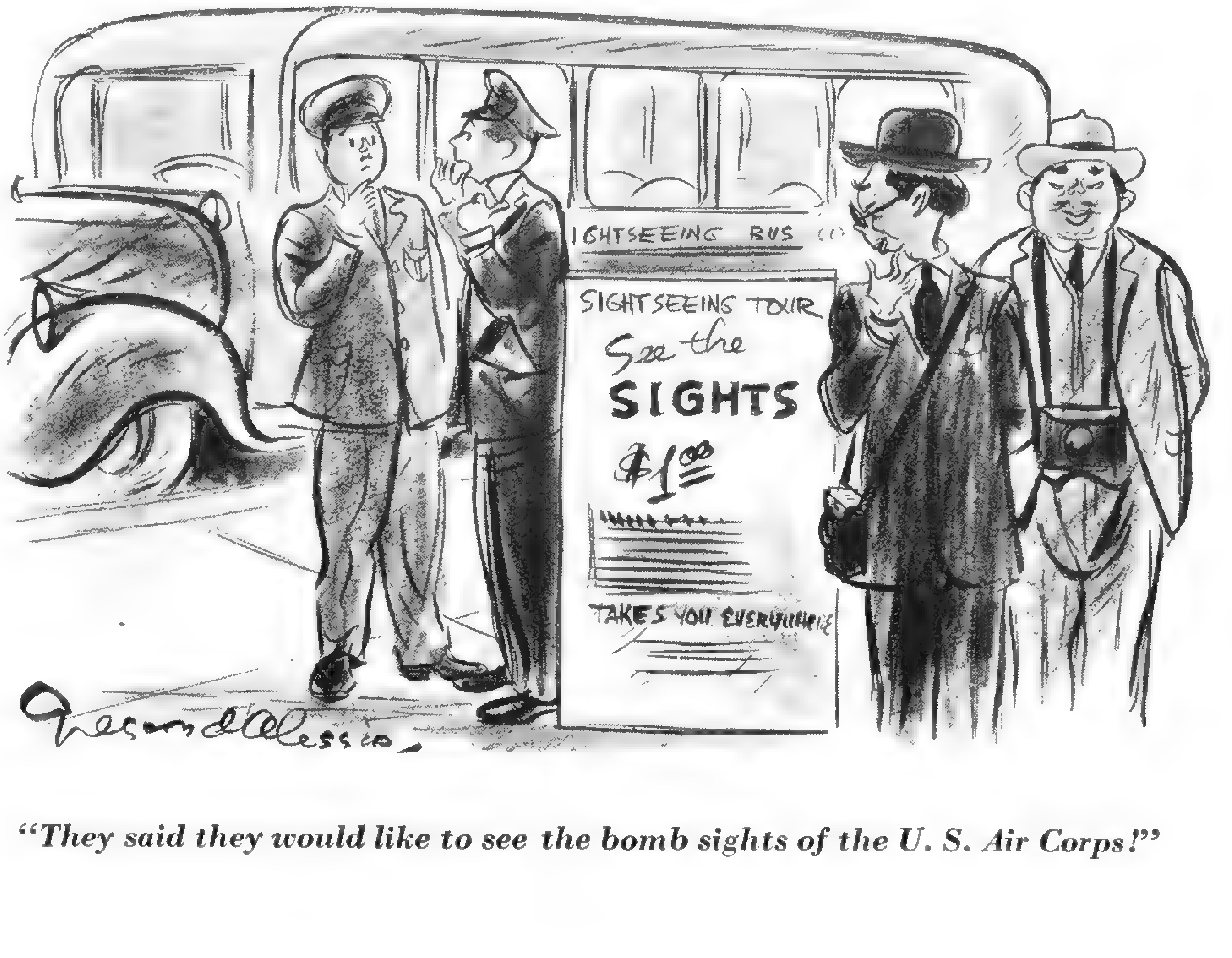
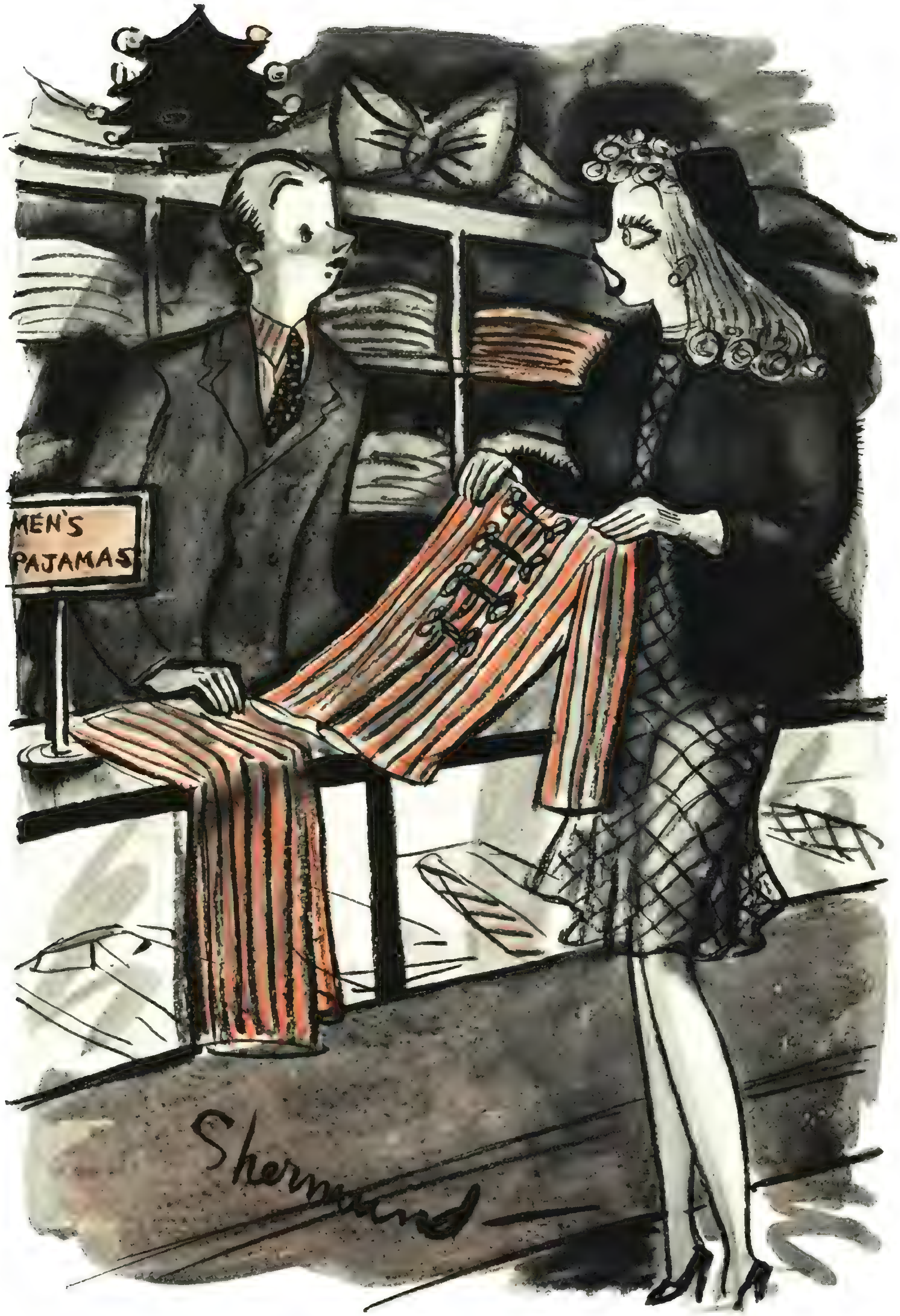


"They said they would like to see the bomb sights of the U. S. Air Corps!"


MEN'S PAJAMAS
Sherwood

"Don't you have any with odd coats and trousers?—they're for a college man"

The Boy Wonder

Willie Hoppe is a living denial of Mark Twain's crack: "Proficiency in billiards indicates a misspent youth"

by BYRON SCHOEMAN

• SPORTS •

WAY back in 1893, Willie Hoppe, a slender, golden-headed, five-year-old, so small he had to stand on a soap box to get a clear view of the table top, began to play billiards in his father's hotel at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. (James J. Corbett had won the heavyweight championship from John L. Sullivan and big league ball players wore handlebar mustaches.)

Four years later, under his father's tutelage, he was playing exhibitions in the near-by towns. (Bob Fitzsimmons had succeeded Corbett as heavyweight king. The Spanish-American war was at hand.)

In another four years, 1901, Wee Willie, wearing knee breeches and a tony tuxedo jacket, won his first tournament—at 18.1 balkline. He had abandoned pool—pardon me, pocket billiards—for the carom game exclusively upon Maurice Daly's advice. Hoppe's first victims were Ora Morningstar, Tom Gallagher, Ed McLaughlin and José Ortiz. (Napoleon Lajoie and Jess Burkett were the major leagues' batting champions. Frank Gotch was the wrestling phenom.)

As early as 1902 the blond youth was known all over the country as the "Boy Wonder." (That was the year John McGraw started as the New York Giants' manager and there was a youngster on his pitching staff by the name of Christy Mathewson. James J. Jeffries had wrested the heavyweight title from Fitzsimmons.)

In 1906, the Boy Wonder went to Paris and startled international sportsmen and wowed the *Police Gazette* by winning the world 18.1 balkline championship from Maurice Vignaux. (Detroit had a fighting, steel-shod player named Ty Cobb, who was the talk of baseball. The Cubs of Evers, Tinker and Chance were just hitting their stride. Sir Huon was the Kentucky Derby winner and first prize money in Matt Winn's classic was $4,850.)

Within another twenty-four months Willie the Kid won the world 18.2 balkline championship from George Sutton in old Madison Square Garden. (In that year Fred Merkle pulled his famous boner in neglecting to touch second base. Jack Johnson won the heavyweight crown from Tommy Burns. Vince Powers was the leading jockey. American League hitters were dazzled by the blinding speed of a young pitcher named Walter Johnson.)

The years rolled on. Hoppe won and lost and won again the balkline titles. (The war came and then the Golden Age of sports, headed by Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby, Bill Tilden, Earl Sande, George Sisler, Bobby Jones, Knute Rockne and, yes, Man o' War.)

The year 1933 saw Hoppe win the world cushion carom crown for the first time, but, however, in his first attempt. (The years had caught up with the old heroes and as they faded new ones came on—Dizzy Dean, Carl Hubbell, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Sylvio Coucci, Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy Braddock, Lawson Little and Equipoise.)

Three years later, the "Boy Wonder"—at forty-eight—won the world 3-cushion championship for the first time. Ironically, however, he gained the honors in a challenge match against Welker Cochran after finishing second to him in the title tournament. (Cavalcade had the turf world agog. A youngster named Joe DiMaggio was heralded as balldom's future greatest. Joe Louis won the heavyweight title from Braddock.)

This year, the old master—34 years after his first title win—won the world 3-cushion diadem again, but it marked his initial angle victory in title tournament competition—his life's ambition.

As Baseball Fan No. 1 of Brooklyn might say to St. Louis American League Fan AAA, thirty-four years is a long time between titles (aged or green), and Hoppe is the only man who has spanned the gap.

Cobb stayed in baseball's big show for 23 years and that's the limit. Furthermore, he wasn't winning any titles at the finish. Nor was Ruth, who lasted 22 seasons, or old John Pincus Quinn.

Jim Thorpe had the longest competitive life in football; 13 years, beginning with his performances at the Carlisle Indian School and winding up with his professional campaign. Red Grange put in about 10 years on the gridiron.

Tilden was good enough to win the national singles title in 1920 and still good enough in 1929. But he played top tennis for only 15 seasons.

Polo? Well, what about it? Tommy Hitchcock was a member of his first international team in 1921 and that's a far cry from 1906. Fifteen seasons of international competition was the limit for Devereux Milburn.

The prizefighters, of course, haven't and couldn't produce a champion who would last anything like 34 years. Dempsey's title reign was a matter of only seven years. So were Leonard's and Jack Britton's.

They called Reggie McNamara, the bike rider, who, oddly enough, resembles Hoppe, the "Iron Man." But he didn't win his first six-day race until 1918 and after 19 years of bumps and bruises decided to present his wheel to the kiddies. Bobby Walthour and Frank Kramer lasted 20 years each.

Of course, men go on playing golf forever, but not championship golf. Walter Hagen started making money at the game in 1912, which was 28 years ago. That's not thirty-four. And The Haig hasn't won a major title since 1929. There was a lapse of 20 years between Harry Vardon's first and last British

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HORTON INC. JEWELERS

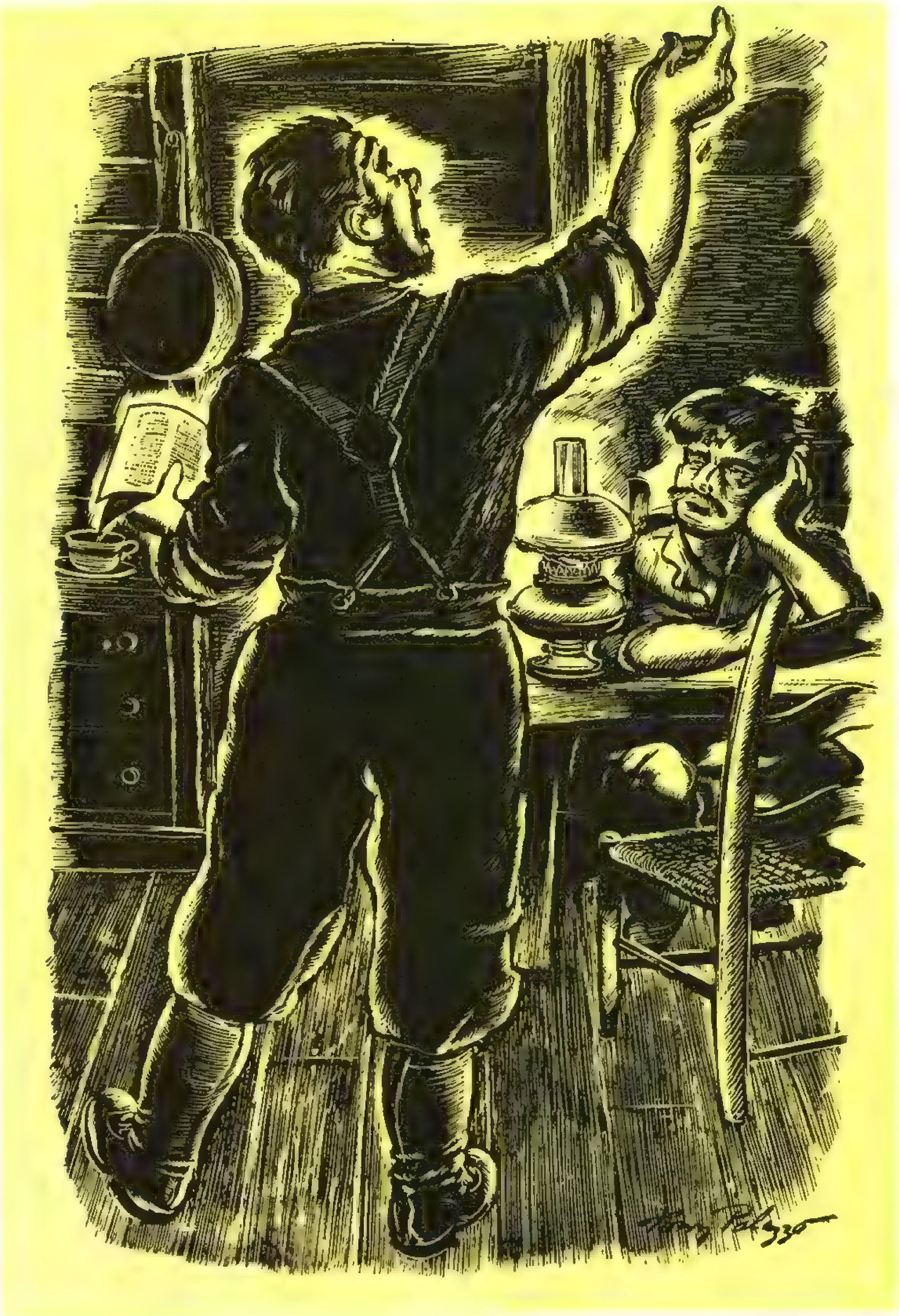
"Look, Sarge—do you mind if I call you back later and listen to the rest of the story?—I'm pretty busy right now"

One-Eyed Poacher Indulges Holiness

The game warden didn't propose to be taken in by Uncle Jeff's talk about the tortures of Hell

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •



THE doings around Zack Bourne's cabin, as viewed through Tom Corn's field glasses, were topheavy with innocence. The young Mopang County game warden was suspicious. For five days and nights he had spied in vain. He knew that Uncle Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher, was visiting Zack Bourne; and he knew that when the two old woodsmen got together the violation of game laws was practically certain. But Zack's deer dogs, Buck and Slats, were chained in the back shed. There hadn't been a rifle shot to break the stillness, nor had the dreary nights been cheered by a single ray from a jacklight.

On the sixth afternoon of his vigil, Tom Corn cased his field glasses. Certain that his quarry had scented him, and was parading its saintliness for his benefit, he realized he must resort to trickery. On a letterhead bearing the State seal, he wrote himself the following note:

Warden Corn: Proceed to Mopang Corners on the seventeenth November to receive illegal fur confiscated by agent. Imperative.

After forging the commissioner's signature to the letter, Tom stepped into the clearing and walked briskly toward Zack's cabin.

His scheme was so simple that he felt a twinge of shame. He would spend the night fraternizing with Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, the seventeenth of November, he would depart early, leaving behind him his wallet containing the forged letter. Zack and Jeff Coongate would find the wallet, open it, read the letter, and assume him to be well on the trail to Mopang Corners. Thus assured that the coast was clear, they would promptly get about the business of killing a winter's supply of moose meat. Returning that night after dark, ostensibly to recover his wallet, Tom would catch his men red to the wrists.

"Damn it to hell," reflected Tom, as he crossed the clearing, "a fellow owes his conscience a decent excuse for snooping, even if he's a game warden!"

With the wallet to come back for, he wouldn't look quite so treacherous, either to the poachers or himself. He would even leave his money in the wallet. A man's pride required him to take at least a sporting risk, and it would make things look genuine, too.

By the time he had reached the cabin dooryard, Tom Corn had begun to dislike himself heartily. He had orders to catch his men, but what good would it do? He could fine them, and imprison them, as he had done in the past. But he knew he could never change them. They were of the breed which still believed the fish of the waters and the creatures of the forest theirs for the killing. And they killed!

Tom cat-footed across the dooryard and peeked through the nearest window. The scene which greeted his eyes caused him to groan with exasperation. The two old rogues had set a record in the elaborate staging of their innocence. Uncle Jeff Coongate held an open Bible in his hands. His head was tipped back, his one eye half-closed, as if in prayer. Zack Bourne sat jackknifed in the wood box by the stove, his hand to his forehead in an attitude of reverence. Not for an instant was Tom Corn taken in by the show. It was too incredibly remote from precedent. But what the young warden didn't know, and couldn't believe even if he did, was that love had come to the one-eyed poacher of Privilege—and along with it paroxysms of moral uplift which for a week had been driving Zack Bourne nearer the brink of lunacy!

Through a magazine conducting a brokerage in lonely hearts, the one-eyed poacher had located Mrs. Letitia Turnbuckle, a blonde widow of New Wampum, Idaho. Uncle Jeff had never seen his beloved. She had reformed him by air mail. Letitia Turnbuckle's long range evangelism was a spectacular, if not enduring success. After a whole week without meat, rum, or blasphemy, the one-eyed poacher's holiness oozed from his every pore, and he had journeyed up lake to Zack's cabin in order to bring Zack into the fold.

How eagerly the unsuspecting Zack had rushed to the canoe landing to greet his old comrade! Zack hadn't seen a living soul in three weeks, much less a salvaged one.

"Jeez!" he cried, helping Jeff with his canoe. "But ain't I glad to see you! I got a quart of Old Sabre Tooth rum—just had one little snifter out of it—and I got a last year's lamb deer hangin', an' gawd a'mighty, Jeff, I been so lonesome—"

Drawing himself to his full, towering height, Uncle Jeff had held up his hand, and intoned: "Sinner, repent! And take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain, lest his wrath smite you in thy tracks."

Zack sniffed. His old comrade's breath, while not exactly perfumed, was innocent of rum, gin, rye, or Hand Brand alcohol. So Zack honored his visitor's unique utterances as being an experiment in humor. Thumping him on the back, he said: "Come up to the cabin an' we'll have us a couple snorts. Then we'll eat a feed off that lamb, lay 'round till dark, an' tonight we'll go out an' kill us a moose to winter off of."

"Thou shalt not kill!" he said sepulchrally.

"Then thou is slated straight for hell!" said

Zack emphatically, but growing vaguely uneasy.

"Where is the bottle of Old Sabre Tooth?" asked the one-eyed poacher.

"Now you're talkin'!"

But Zack's relief was momentary. In the cabin he produced the bottle, graciously offering it to his guest. Uncle Jeff took the bottle, stepped out of the cabin door, and smashed it against a boulder.

"Where is the lamb deer that you slaughtered?" he asked, while Zack, stunned and speechless, leaned limply in the doorway. Zack was so slow in recovering from shock that Jeff was obliged to find the deer carcass by himself. Zack watched, quaking, as Uncle Jeff dug a pit, tossed in the precious meat, covered it with chloride of lime, and filled in the hole.

"There," said the erstwhile poacher, as he mounded the little grave. "Henceforth we shall eat of the berry, the yerb, and the fruits which growith in the earth, but roamith not upon its surface. Amen!"

"In the name of Aunt Becky, what's got into you, Jeff?"

"The Holy Spirit—in the name of Mrs. Letitia Turnbuckle, which shall be my bride-to-be! Where is them dirty magazines, Zack? I got to burn 'em to the ash!"

"Roscoe Carrion took 'em with him trappin'," said Zack numbly.

"Then fork over all your petint medicines, thet I may distroy same. The only remedy is prayer!"

"Who—uh—who's this Letitia Turnbuckle? Where in hell'd you run afoul of her?"

"We have corresponded each day for a month. Sit down. I'll read you the messige."

Zack wilted into a chair. Clumping his elbows on the table, he hid his face while, for an hour-and-half, Uncle Jeff read letter after sanctimonious letter from Letitia Turnbuckle. At the conclusion of each, the one-eyed poacher asked: "Do you feel better? Do you feel the spirit borin' into your guts?" Zack answered variously. He began by saying he felt as if someone had lammed him in the midriff with a post maul, but his responses gradually weakened until, after the twentieth letter, he answered listlessly: "I—jest—feel—sick, Jeff."

As the days passed, Zack Bourne felt even sicker. If he ate meat of any kind, including salt pork or bacon, Uncle Jeff immediately launched into prayers for him. So after the fourth day Zack resigned himself to a diet of turnips, beans, and potatoes. On the sixth day Zack's stomach began to make dismal rumblings. Uncle Jeff promptly informed him that it was the voice of the Lord within him. And by the seventh day, at about the time young Tom Corn abandoned his vigil and stepped into the clearing, Zack was so corroded that he half believed anything his friend said.

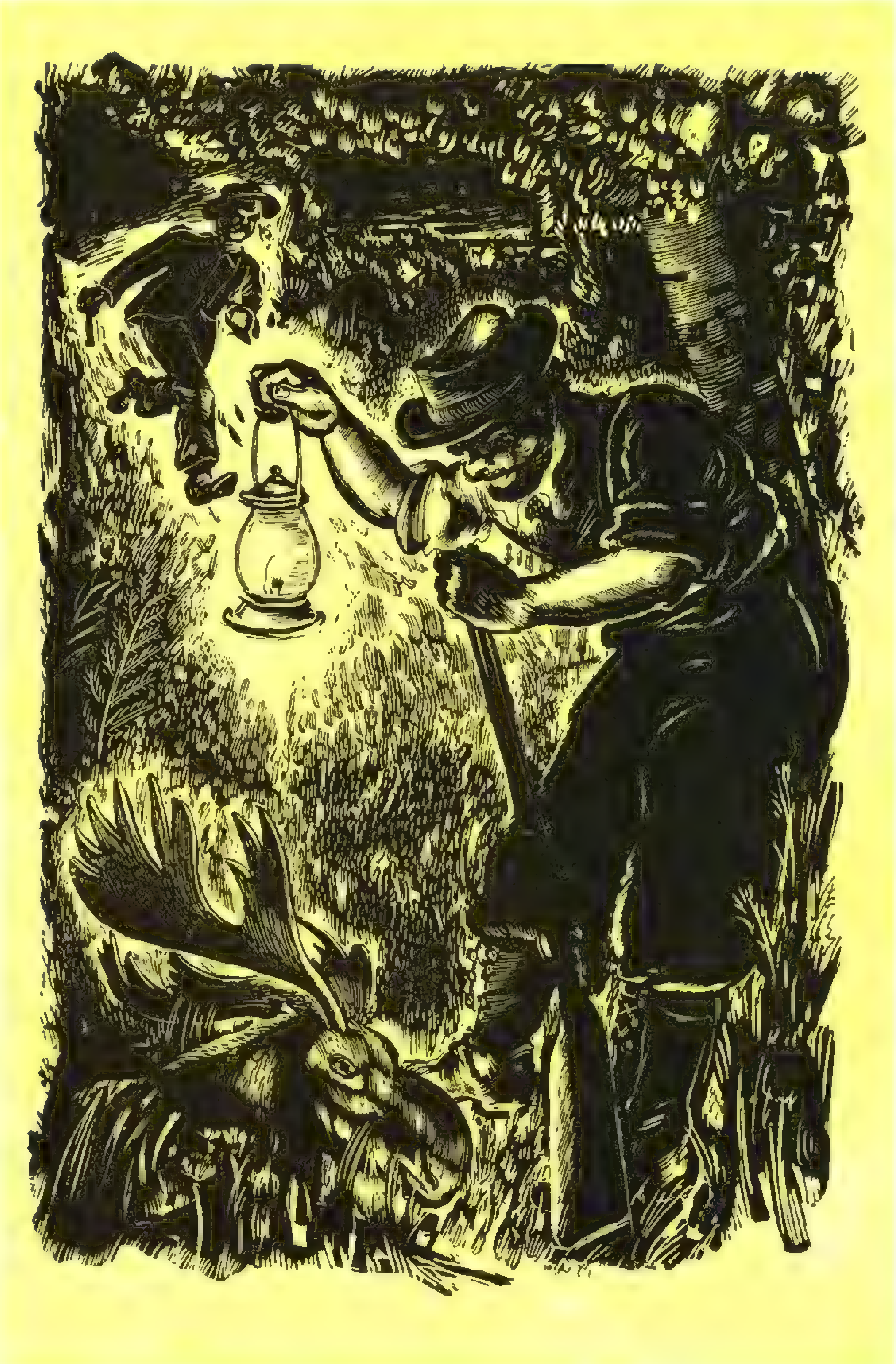
The one-eyed poacher was going nicely on the tortures of hell-fire as the penalty of poaching, meat-eating, rum-drinking and profanity, when Tom Corn rapped on the cabin door.

Zack squirmed out of the wood box where he sat wedged, opened the door, and stepped back blinking in surprise.

"Game warden!" he yelped.

"Howdy, boys," said the warden, smiling. "Camp meetin'?"

Uncle Jeff Coongate's guilty leap at the appearance of the warden was merely a conditioned reflex. He composed himself, and smiled beatifically, realizing in a stronger light than ever that God's word was good, and virtue its own reward. For he held in his hands not a jacklight, a salmon spear, or a crimson skinning knife—but the Holy Bible!



"Tom, my son," said the one-eyed poacher, almost sweating with righteousness, "you were never more welcome. Here shall the weary find rest. His feet shall be laved in sweet oil. He shall be fed, and given fine raimint, and jewils, and—"

"Leave out everything but the grub, old-timer," said Tom. "What's the menu?"

"Turnip hash, beans without pork, prune sauce."

Tom grinned wryly. "No venison, or moose meat perhaps?"

"My boy, before God we have foreswore the eatin' of flesh," said the one-eyed poacher.

"Sure, sure. I bet!" ironically replied young Tom.

The holy light, hitherto so elusive to Zack Bourne, now struck him a dazzling blow. Zack saw that his old comrade had been right all along. In fact, had it not been for the sacred influence of Letitia Turnbuckle, Tom Corn would have found the deer carcass hanging in the shed. And Zack didn't even have a hunting license! Zack winced at the narrowness of his escape. Supposing they had shot a moose? Five hundred dollars fine, or six months in jail at Mopang!

Praised be the Lord!" Zack blurted, awed.

"Hallelujah!" said Uncle Jeff. "Put on the skillet! What brings you here, warden?"

"You old hellions ought to know," said Tom.

Zack stared numbly at the warden. Holiness, he began to feel, was mighty fillin' stuff. "You been layin' in the cedars with your glasses, Tom? Your clothes is wrinkled considerable."

"You know the answer to that one, too, judgin' by your behavior the past five-six days."

Zack looked at Uncle Jeff, his eyes bleary with salvation. The one-eyed poacher himself had reached a new summit of blessedness, and looked it. "We never suspicioned you was near," he told the warden.

"So help me, it's the truth!" said Zack.

The warden, grinning from one to the other, said: "Uhuh."

While Zack heated the detested turnip hash, Uncle Jeff and young Tom Corn reminisced.

"Mind that time," said Jeff, "when you nailed me an' Zack with eleven beaver skins?"

"Sure, I mind it all right."

"Who's the turnkey down to the jail now, Tom?" asked Zack, churning the hash with a spoon.

"Ed Post."

"Good old Ed," said Uncle Jeff. "Kind of makes me sorry me an' Zack's reformed. Best we ever wintered was with Ed. That's a mighty comf'table jail."

"Now that you fellows turned a new leaf, I suppose I'll get some peace," said Tom suavely.

"Yessir, boy. Your troubles is over." They nodded in agreement.

"Thanks," said Tom, more than ever suspicious that his troubles were just beginning.

Zack scooped out three helpings of hash and said: "Come git her!"

"Warden," said the one-eyed poacher unctuously, "will you ask the blessin'?"

The hash, having been blessed by young Tom, was eaten in silence. After the meal, Uncle Jeff gushed about the benefits of a strictly vegetable diet. Tom Corn said it must be a drastic change for one who was accustomed to venison, moose meat, or broiled poached salmon twelve months in the year. Uncle Jeff admitted that the change had a purging effect, both to the bowels and the soul.

Zack Bourne, silent except for the rumbling in his harassed stomach, wrestled with his new-found faith.

They turned in early, young Tom Corn in the spare room, and Zack and Uncle Jeff in the double bed in the room just off the kitchen.

"Jeff," whispered Zack, when the lamp

Continued on page 98

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Can anyone solve these riddles of the theatre and oblige your not-so-wiseacre correspondent?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

Whenever a dramatic critic expresses an opinion with an air of confidence it is customary for at least ten thousand people, or maybe half a dozen, to sneer: "Oh! So you think you know everything, do you?" It matters little what the opinion expressed is. Let a critic state positively that Ethel Barrymore is John's sister, that George Bernard Shaw is an Irishman or even that Lee Shubert isn't and the retort will be the sarcastic same. The simple fact is that, right or wrong, people don't like dramatic critics. They consider them, even at their best, as showoffs and know-it-alls, and to hell with them.

In order, therefore, slightly to ingratiate myself with my readers, I herewith charmingly confess that there are a whole lot of things about the theatre I don't know. Among the whole lot I confide the following:

I

Why the novelist should with such startling regularity prove a poor hand at drama continues to be just one of the things that mystifies me. It is all very well to say that the two mediums are different, but that isn't an entirely satisfactory argument, and for several reasons. If dramatists can prove themselves good hands at the novel, as numerous dramatists like Strindberg, Andreyev, Chekhov, D'Annunzio, Björnson, Pirandello, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maugham, Barrie, Lady Gregory, Rolland, Courteline, Dunsany, Capek, Galsworthy, *et al.* have, it seems strange that the business should not also operate the other way 'round.

Surely, the drama is not such a recondite art form as some like to make it out. The long record of successful tyros argues against any such notion. Yet when novelists, however eminent, in these modern years have tackled it they have most often found themselves with their chemise tails flapping. I can, indeed, at the moment think of only one novelist in the last ten years—and there have been many who have tried—who has contrived a really reputable play and that one, John Steinbeck, simply dramatized a novel of his own which was in itself largely a dramatization.

Confining ourselves to American novelists and to those who have not enjoyed the collaborative assistance of practiced playwrights, consider the record in part. Among those who have attempted the drama and who, even at their best, have succeeded in confecting only defective theatrical goods are the following: Margaret Ayer Barnes, Louis Bromfield, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Arthur Goodrich, Du Bose Heyward, Ernest Hemingway, Gustav Eckstein, Thornton Wilder (if you regard *Our Town* as a great work of art it's yours for a nutburger), Susan Glaspell, who like Wilder got the Pulitzer prize (*loud laughter*), Ayn Rand, John Dos Passos, Wilbur Daniel Steele, James M. Cain, George F. Hummel, Fannie Hurst, Michael Gold, Robert Nathan, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Roark Bradford. Dreiser also has tried, David Graham Phillips tried, Zona Gale tried, Rupert Hughes has tried, George Middleton has tried, Percy MacKaye tried, and only Booth Tarkington among them all has proved himself occasionally and critically suitable.

I of course appreciate that some of these novelists aren't any shakes as novelists either. But in such cases their attempts at playwrighting are and have been worse than their novels, which have been bad enough. And even in the case of the better novelists, worthy fellows all, the dramatic efforts have turned out to be for the most part woefully inferior.

If you can tell me why this should be, you will considerably augment my presently dubious store of knowledge.

II

Early in the season, Dr. A. J. Cronin, the successful English novelist, delivered himself of a porky dramatic try called *Jupiter Laughs.* It induced in your savant another puzzled speculation. Why do otherwise presumably intelligent writers imagine they can achieve an important play simply by taking a lot of old Man-Meets-Woman materials, all mildewed, and embroidering them here and there with scientific allusions? In the belief, the Doc joined the ample English company of Priestley, Morgan, *et al.* These fellows seem to think that all you have to do to manage significant drama is to give Aubrey Tanqueray a few irrelevant speeches about Ouspensky and Freud, cause Hazel Kirke to refer a couple of times to the Binet-Simon test and the formula for curing hypernormocytosis, and make Charley's aunt put on a straight face for a minute and confabulate on dysteleology, kinetics in relation to aerial torpedos, and the psychological functionings of the cyclencephalus.

III

I don't know why directors of plays in which there is a young maidservant seldom permit her to walk out of the room as young maidservants commonly do but almost always make her friskily scamper out as if fearful that the master and mistress of the house were contemplating goosing her.

IV

I certainly wouldn't be able to tell you why it is that playwrights like Mr. Samson Raphaelson—and there are a lot of playwrights like Mr. Samson Raphaelson—so often offer such interview stuff as: "It is hard on dramatic critics to expect them to be authorities on everything from *Hellzapoppin* to Shakespeare and Euripides. In book reviewing the same man isn't supposed to judge a novel by Sinclair Lewis and a history of the Italian Renaissance. But the tradition of

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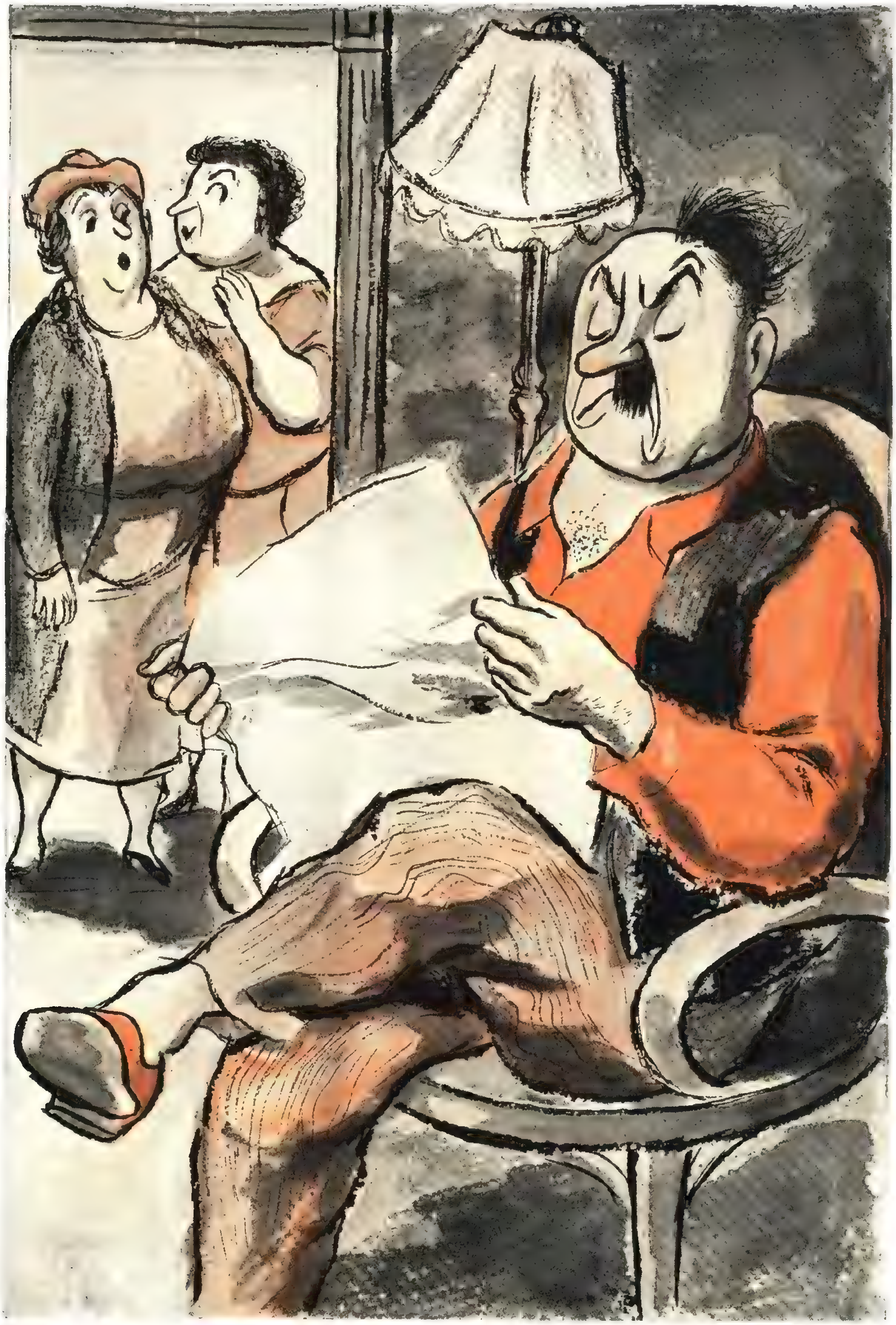
"My wife . . . a baby? . . . why certainly I want to be there, doctor . . . can you make it say three o'clock sharp?"



"He got into a silly argument with his barber, over our foreign policy"

Alajalov: Clown or Hamlet

However much serious art he may produce, may he never neglect those good-natured caricatures of American city dwellers

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Constantin Alajalov is one of the most successful artists practicing in America today, yet the probability is that he has never sold a canvas. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have seen reproductions of his pictures and tens of thousands, at a conservative estimate, have admired them, and continue to admire them, for he is in the full stride of his power, yet he is as hungry for fame in art as any starry-eyed novice at the Academy. For Alajalov is an illustrator, and every illustrator, no matter how top-notch his penthouse and *Packard* standard, wants also that kind of recognition that may come to the pure art artist, the garret painter.

The illustrator who is bitten by the itch for intellectual importance and aesthetic significance may make paintings on canvas that have the virtue and quality only of blown-up illustrations, at the same time that he attempts to give an art direction to his illustrations, in which case he will hold a most uncomfortable stance between the two ladders, and risk his bacon besides. Alajalov has long been, to me, one of the wittiest, one of the most amusing and sophisticated illustrators working in America today and whether or not he becomes a great artist in his leisure time, I, for one, hope he will continue strumming the banjo strings of clever illustration without surrendering his time and talents entirely to the grand piano of art. There are many pure artists among us, but there are not so many clever caricaturists that we can afford to encourage defections among them. If dentists may play with sculptor's clay and bond salesmen with watercolors, one should not attempt forcibly to restrain Alajalov from painting large-scale portraits of ladies in 18th century poses in his spare time, but the artist who has the power to amuse us should continue to do so—without making rueful apologies about it. More than one successful clown has often desired to play the tragic and exacting role of Hamlet.

Which is my way of expressing the hope that no matter how many landscapes and portraits, life-size and small-scale, he may paint in his spare time, Alajalov will continue to enliven the covers of *The New Yorker* with his caricatural comments on the ten thousand facets of the muddy diamond that is, at present writing, the largest unbombed city in the world. Ever since the early Fall of 1926 Alajalov's covers for *The New Yorker* have served to sum up the lighter side of the city whose life that weekly reports and illuminates—the opera, theatre, night club, horse and fashion shows, the East Side and Fifth Avenue, the suburbs, shooting, winter sports, yachting, golfing, the football arena, the World's Fair, the fatuous faces of a fashionable dinner party—and all kinds of people. My particular favorite is the cover showing a quietly insolent beggar shoving his tray of knick-knacks into the dead pan faces of the genteelly irritated couple in a limousine halted in a traffic jam. Many of Alajalov's *New Yorker* covers are in a sense pictorial reports of New York at work and play, but mostly at play, and they are witty with a zip that is good-natured rather than cruel. One thousand years hence the lucky archaeologist who will have the good fortune to thumb through a sheaf of Alajalov's water color covers will learn more about how New Yorkers—and American city dwellers generally—looked and lived than any colleague of his will be able to learn through the reading of thousands of issues of that, or any other, magazine. Perhaps, without knowing it, Mr. Alajalov is a sociologist as well as an artist and illustrator of the most even and polished skilfulness.

For Alajalov there was a long trail a-winding, through the Russia of the Bolshevik revolution, through Persia and Turkey, through hunger, deprivation and danger, before he reached the comparative security of magazine illustration and his bachelor's apartment on Central Park South. His is a story that cannot yet be told in full detail, but what can be told is sufficient to indicate that all the risks are not run in imagined books of adventure.

He was born in Rostov-on-the-Don, in Russia, toward the end of 1900, the son of well-to-do people who could give Constantin the advantages of a carefree, cosmopolitan education. He had a French governess in childhood; studied German at school and subsequently learned English and Italian, not to mention a smattering of Turkish. His mother was especially interested in art and used to take him to art exhibitions. He chummed with a group of youngsters who were most interested in English and French literature and his earliest gods were Wilde and Baudelaire. In art Beardsley was his first model. He recalls making sketches as early as his tenth year and by the time he was fifteen he knew that there was to be, for him, no alternative to the career of artist, no second choice. The group to which he belonged—the eclectic exquisites, as he calls them—expressed itself outside school hours by publishing an intra-mural magazine, for which Alajalov did the illustrations. At the age of fifteen, quite in the Beardsley style, he drew a group of sketches inspired by Baudelaire's *Fleurs de Mal* and he illustrated lives of Savonarola and Torquemada.

He was a schoolboy at Rostov when the Czar's armies marched and an art student at Petrograd when the Bolshevik revolution compelled him to return to his native city. He was too young and too inexpert to be worth a rouble as an artist, but the revolution picked him up and by giving him oppor-

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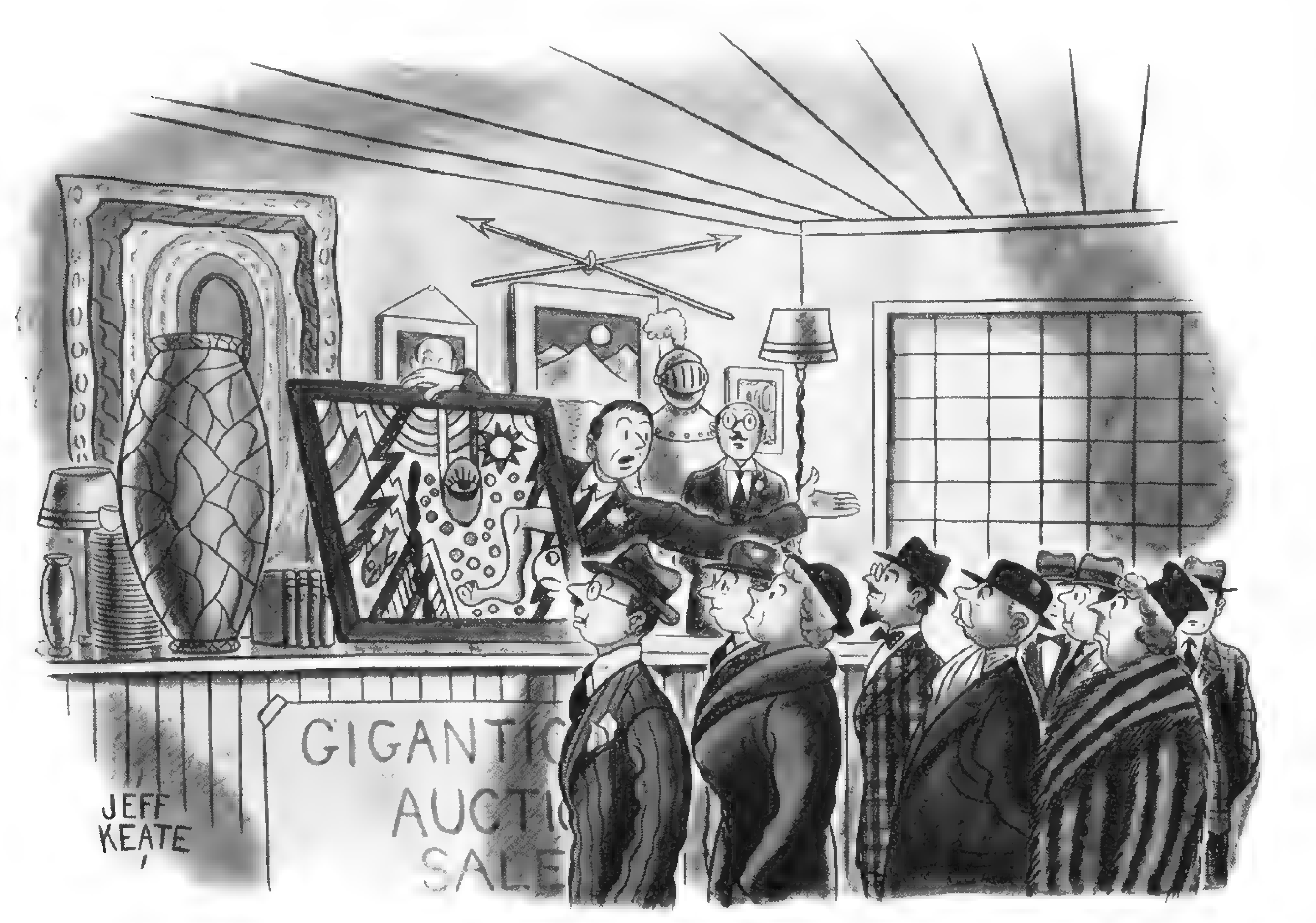
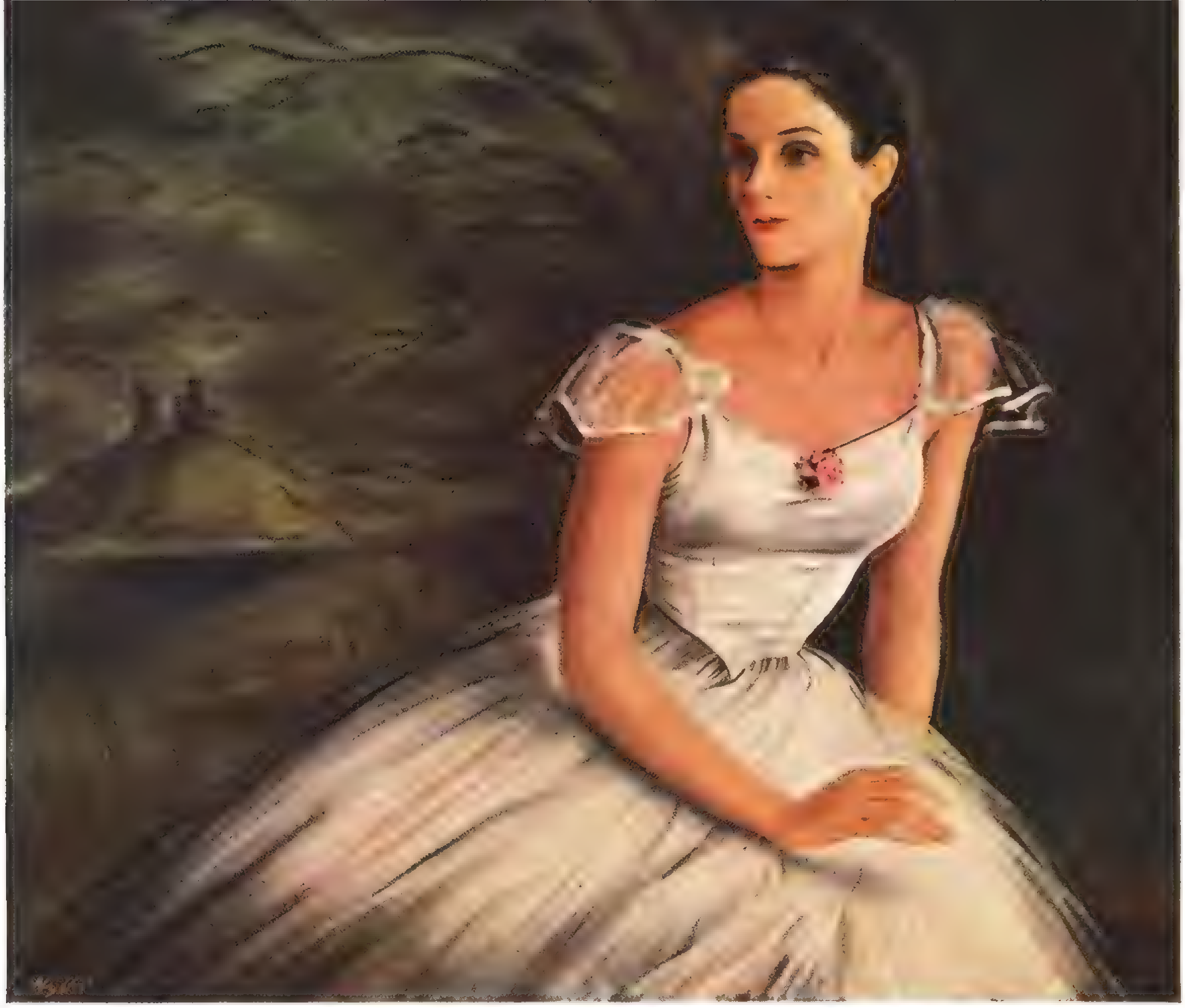


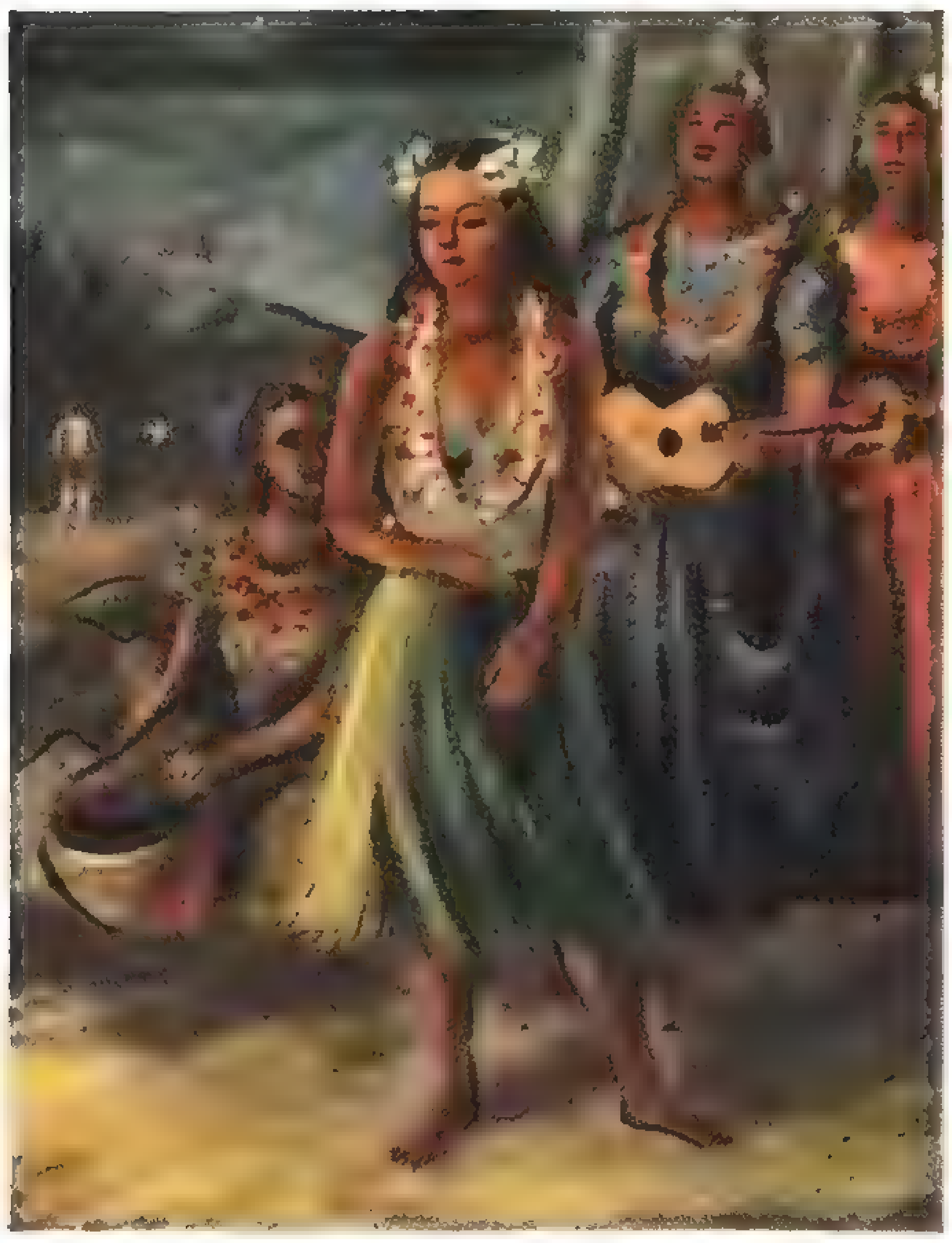
"Note those rich tones, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of line and the moving spirit of this modern masterpiece—now will someone raise it to fifty cents?"



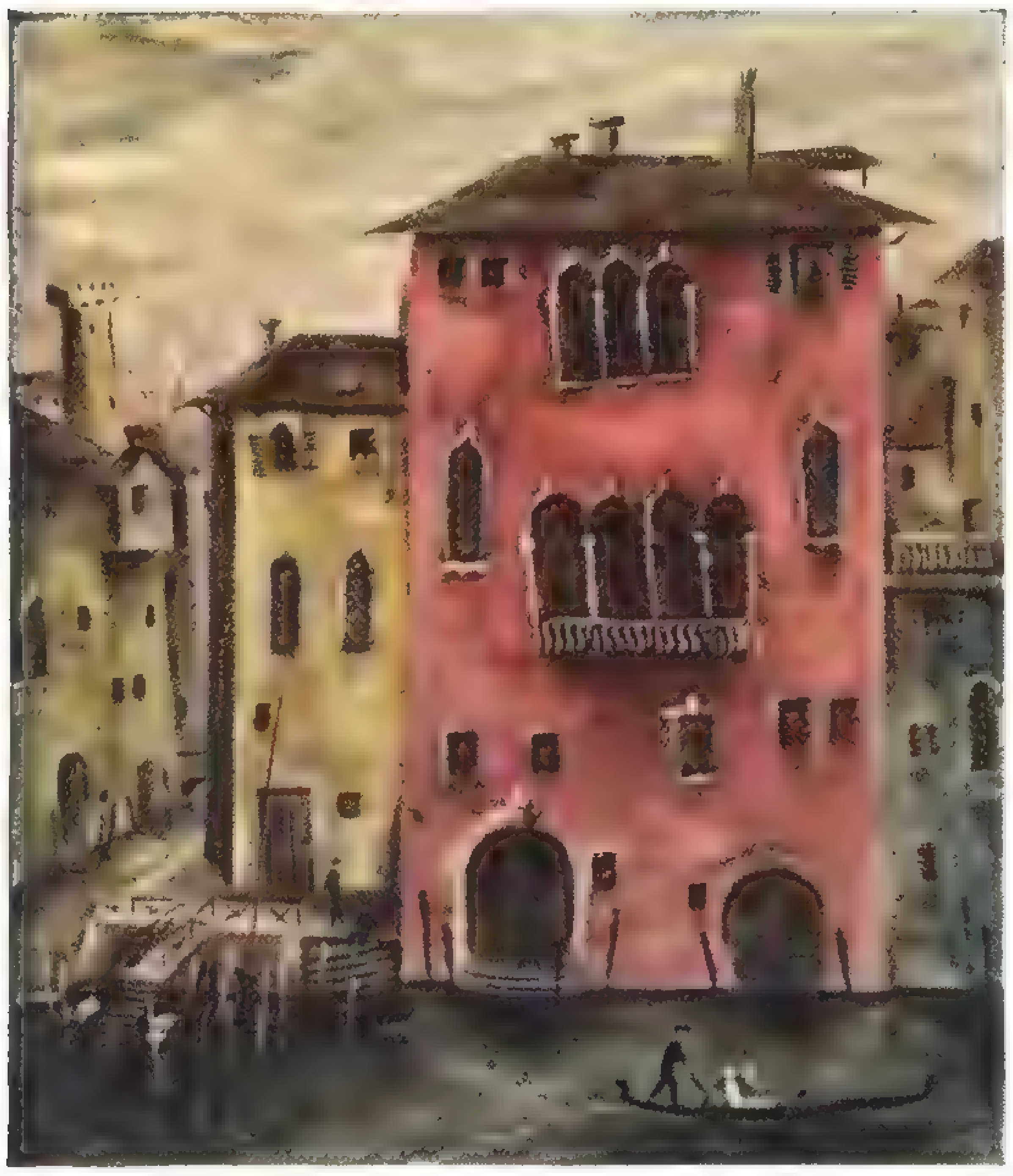
PREMIERE BALLERINA

A Group of Paintings

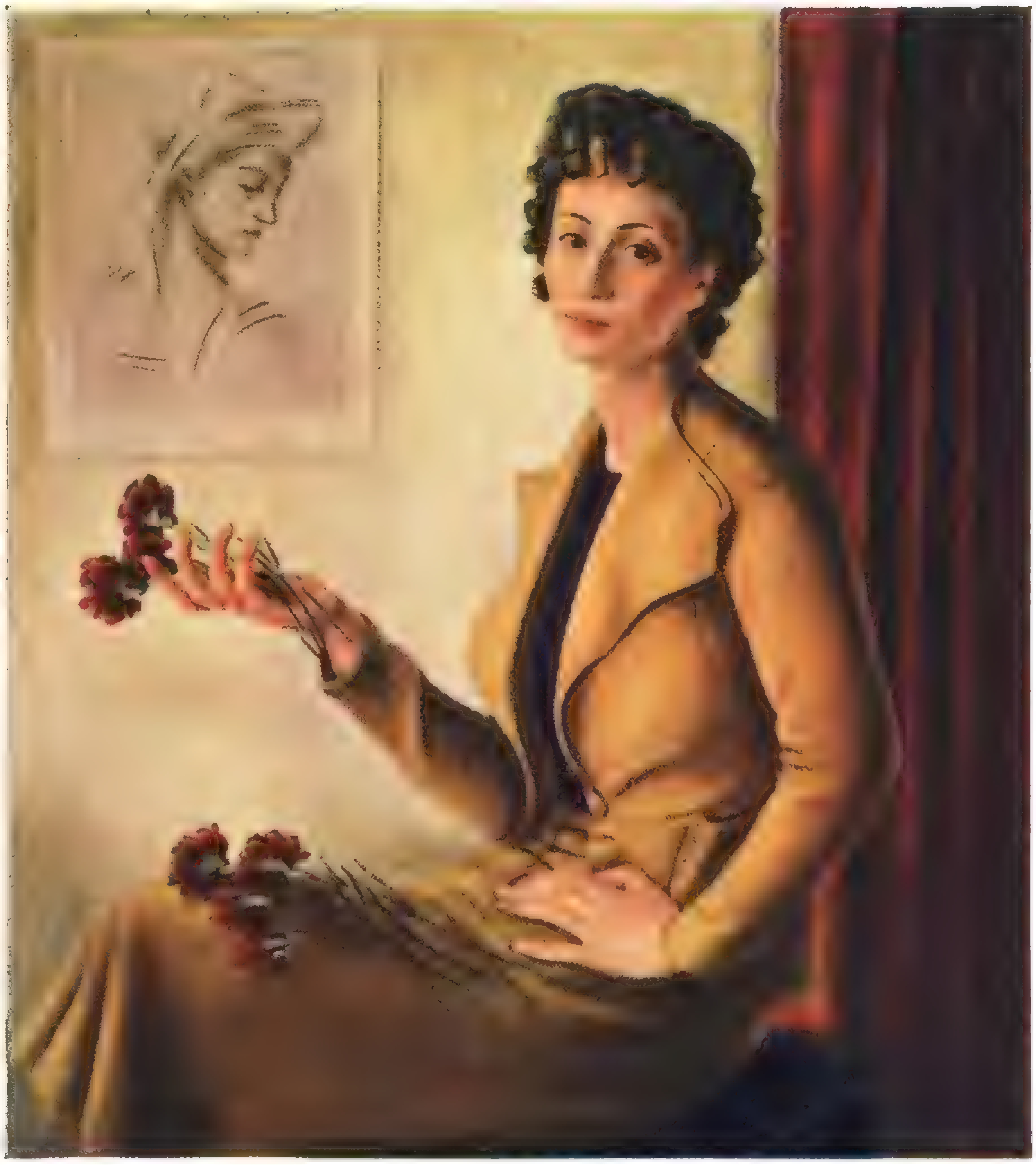
by **CONSTANTIN ALAJALOV**



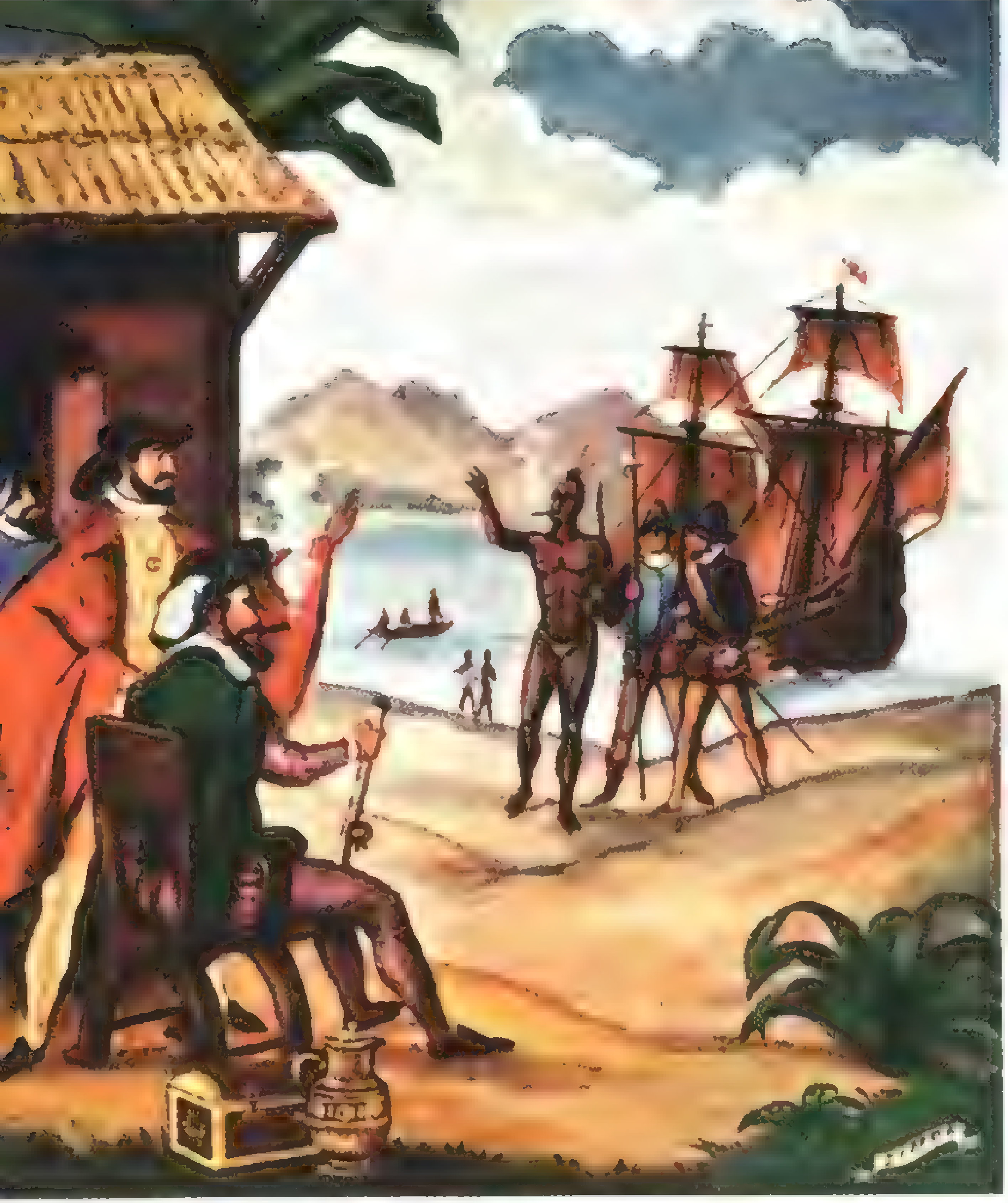
HULA DANCER



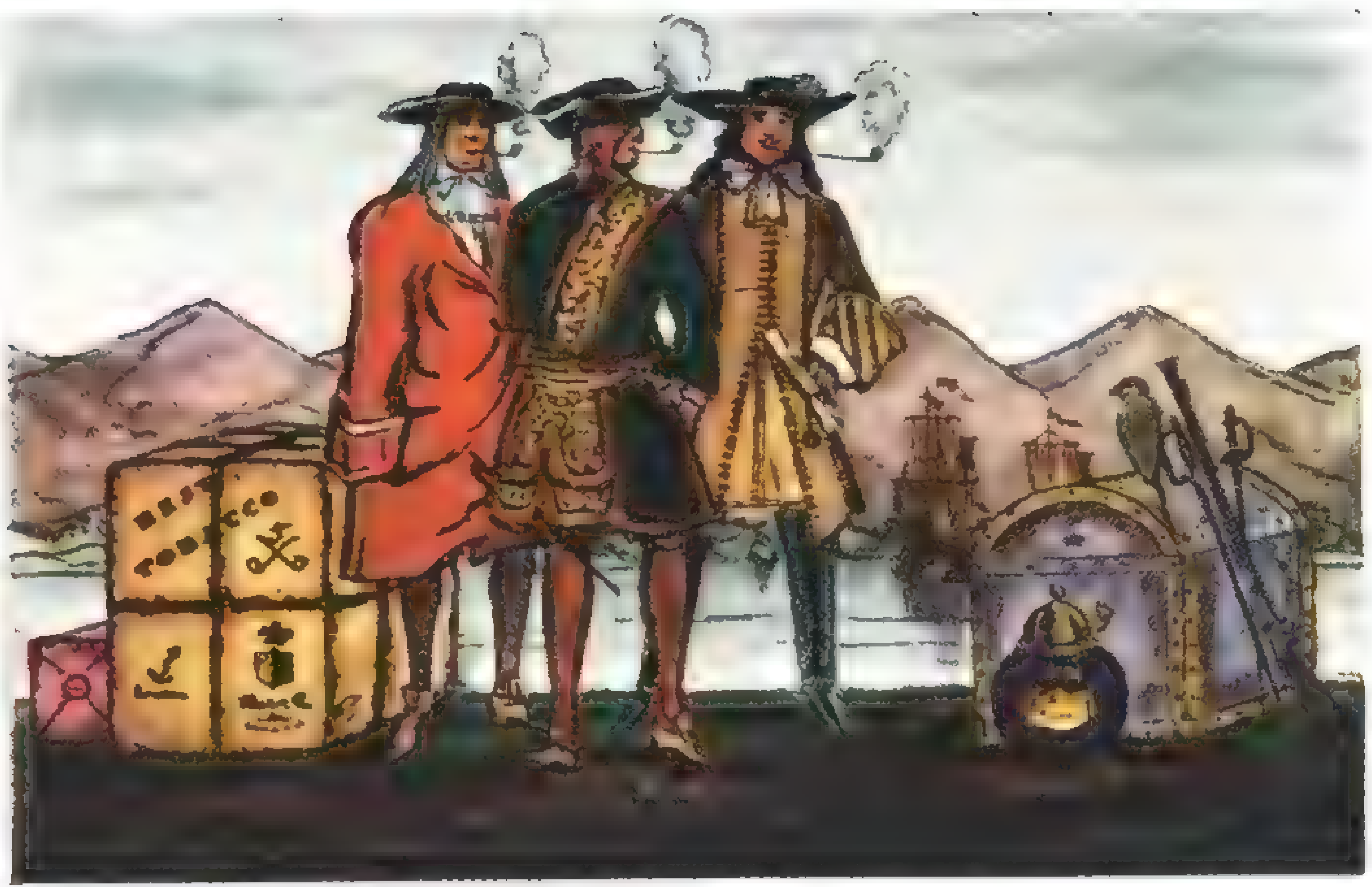
VENICE



GIRL WITH CARNATION



Smoking, invented by the Indians, was the first American custom copied by the world. The first white men in this country lost no time in learning to smoke. Only 21 days after Columbus discovered America, a Spaniard, Bartolomeo de las Casas, wrote the first report on tobacco: "After smoking these tabagos," he wrote, "the Indians do not feel any fatigue." Even the cigar was an Indian invention.



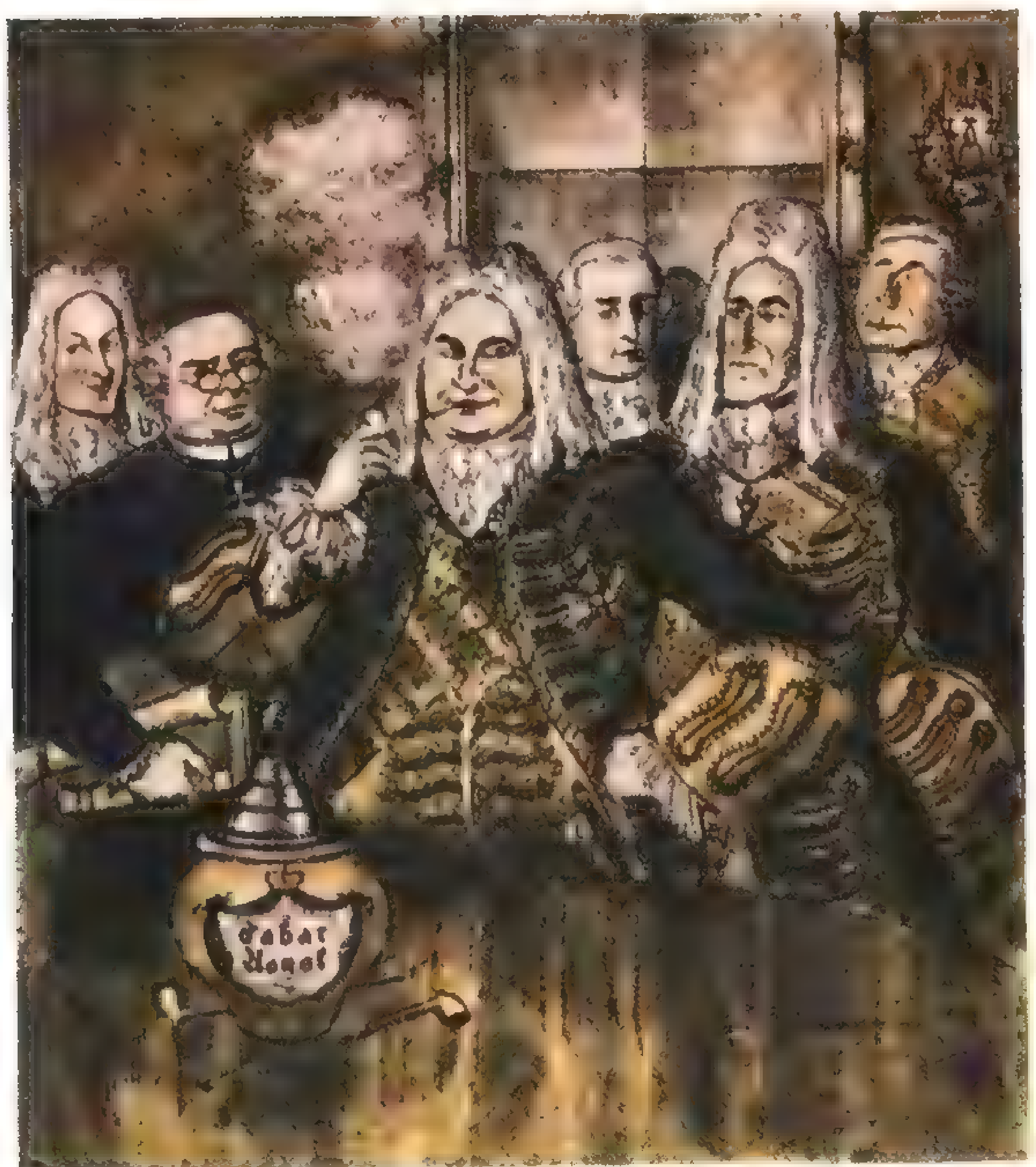
Here, somewhere on the banks of Chesapeake Bay, stand three English noblemen, dealers in tobacco. When Charles II came to the throne of England he encouraged his nobles to settle in the New World. Among other inducements he gave them great tracts of land in Virginia which was (and is) eminently suitable for tobacco growing. So the transplanted men of title made the first great American fortunes by building up the overseas trade in the fragrant weed.

Tobacco through the Ages

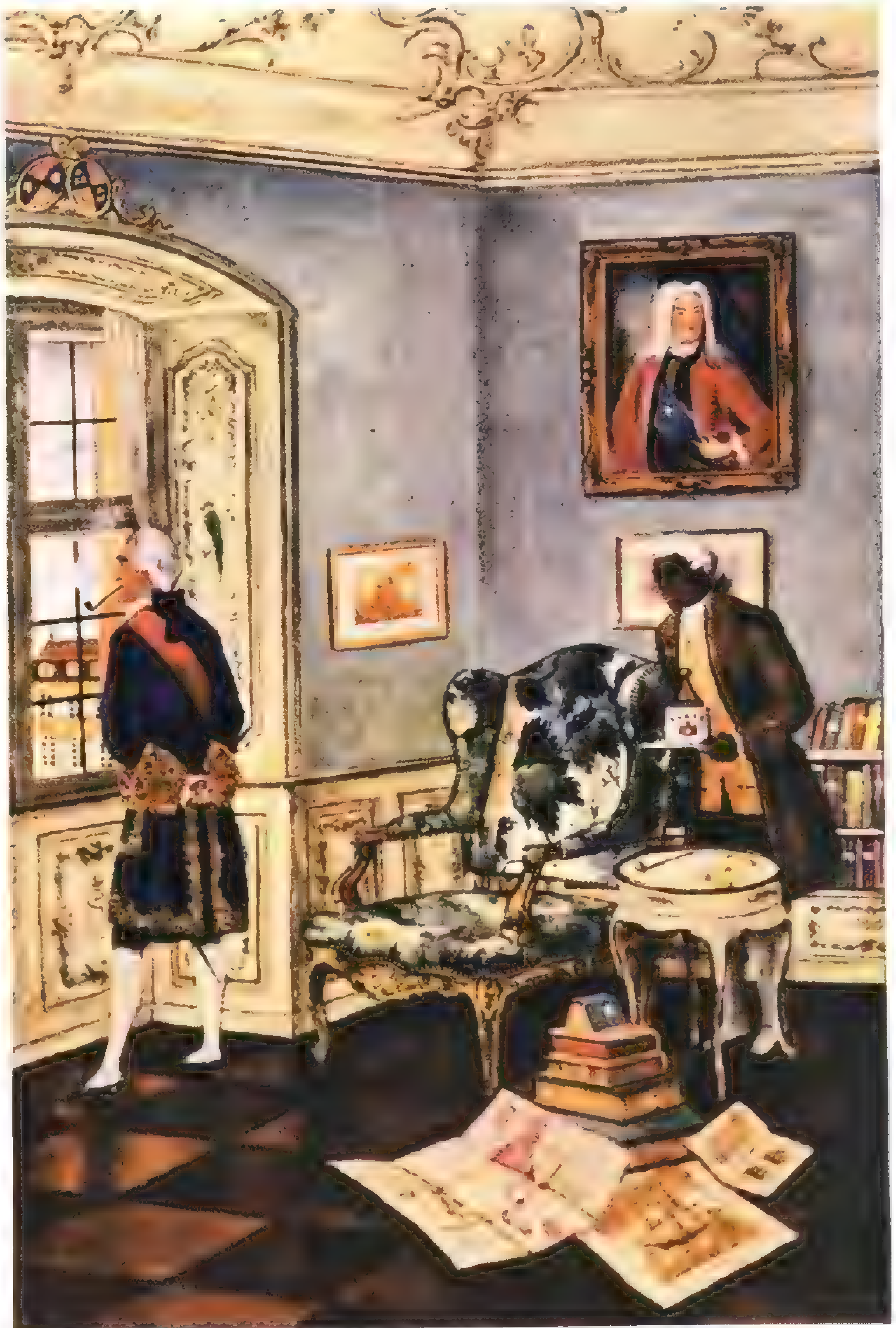
A HISTORY OF THE DIVINE HERB

BY

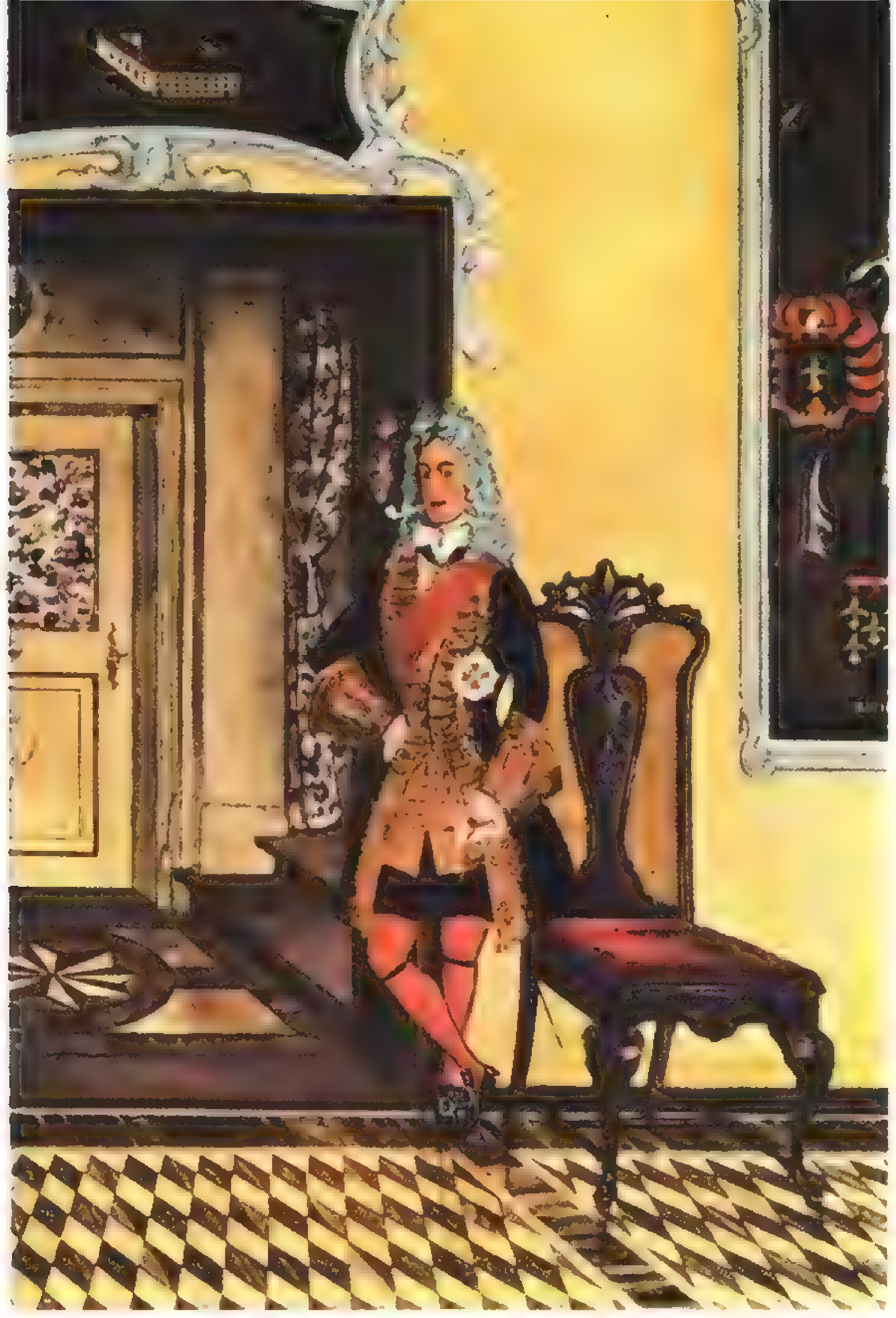
Eric M. Simon



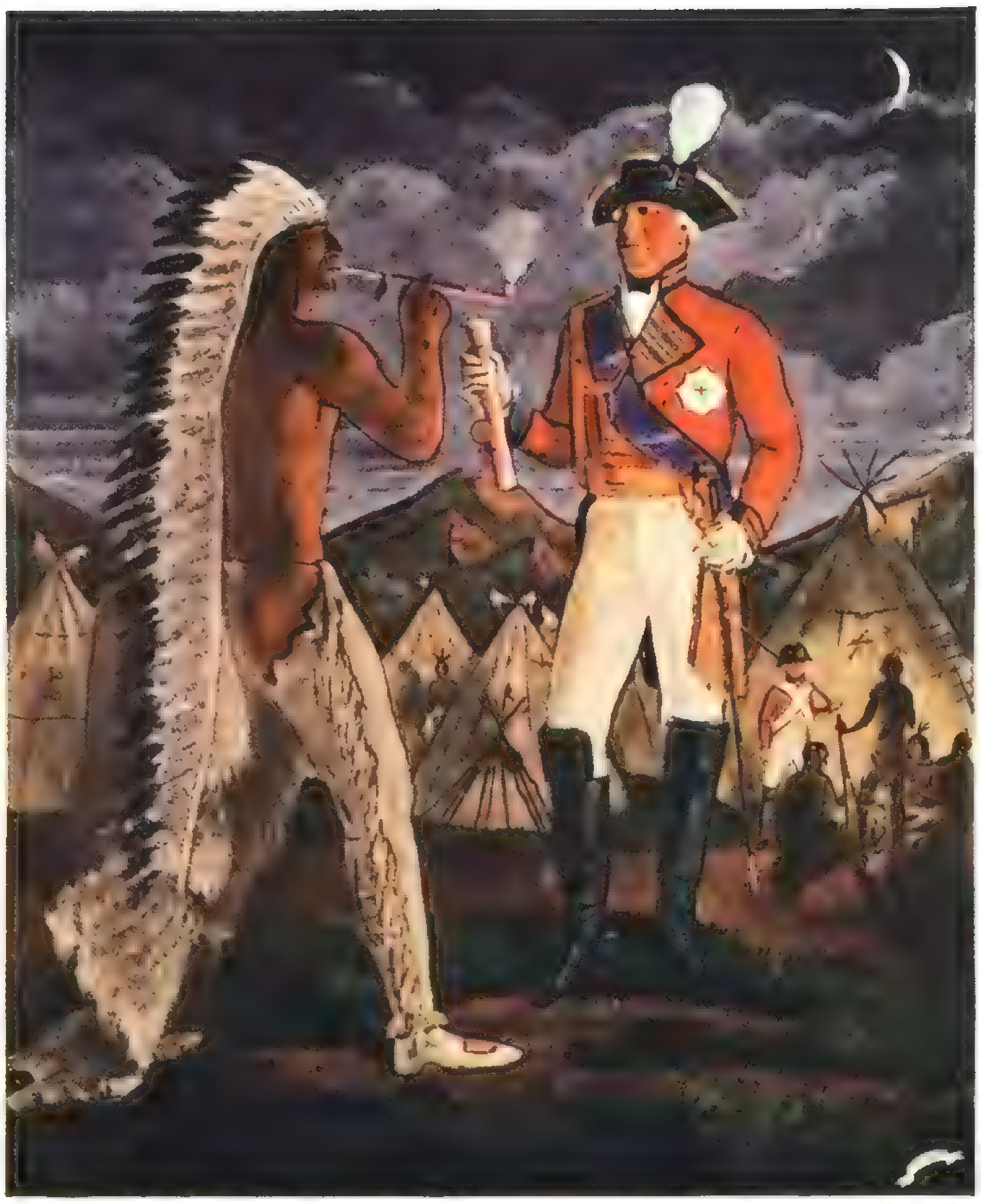
King Frederick William of Prussia was such a rabid smoker that he organized what he called his "Tabakskollegien," a series of soirées at which everyone who came into the royal presence was forced to smoke a pipe. But his more famous son, Frederick the Great, always preferred snuff to smoking. His uniforms, which are still in existence in German museums, are spattered with snuff droppings.



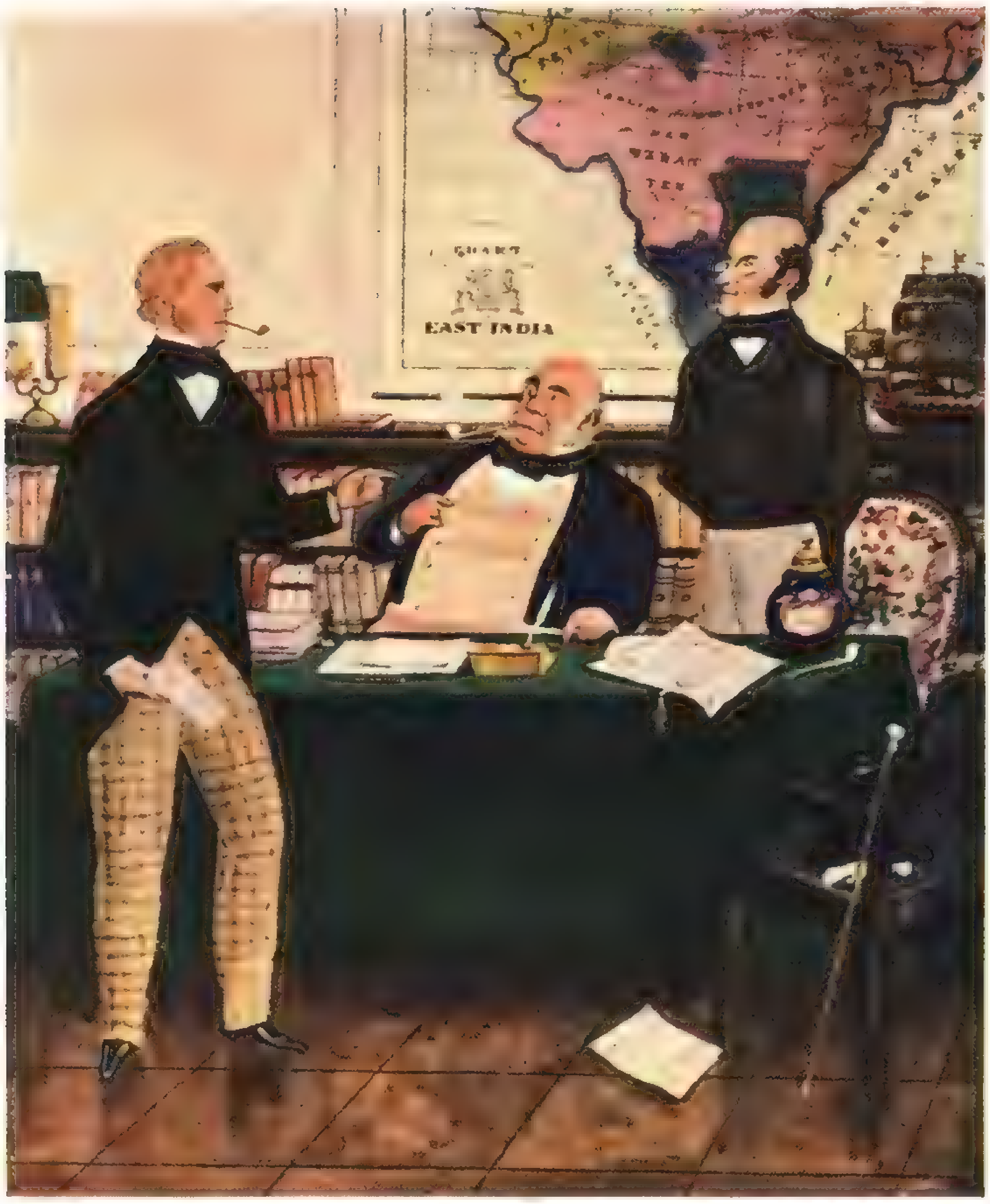
The men of the 18th century took tobacco just as we take medicine. Here Eric Simon paints an English emissary to the American colonies, perturbed over the turn things are taking, and finding his only consolation in his pipe. It was good science in those days to treat tobacco as a cure-all for everything from warts to worries. And it was also advertised as a remedy for gout and indigestion, as well as for headaches.



Architecture and tobacco are the passions of Eric Simon, the creator of these paintings—which are only part of a series of paintings covering the entire history of tobacco. Here Mr. Simon combines tobacco and architecture in a painting he calls *The Melancholy Prince*, portrait of a young man alone in his 18th century Rhenish castle, with only a clay pipe for a companion. (Simon is a romanticist on the subject of the solace to be found in tobacco.)

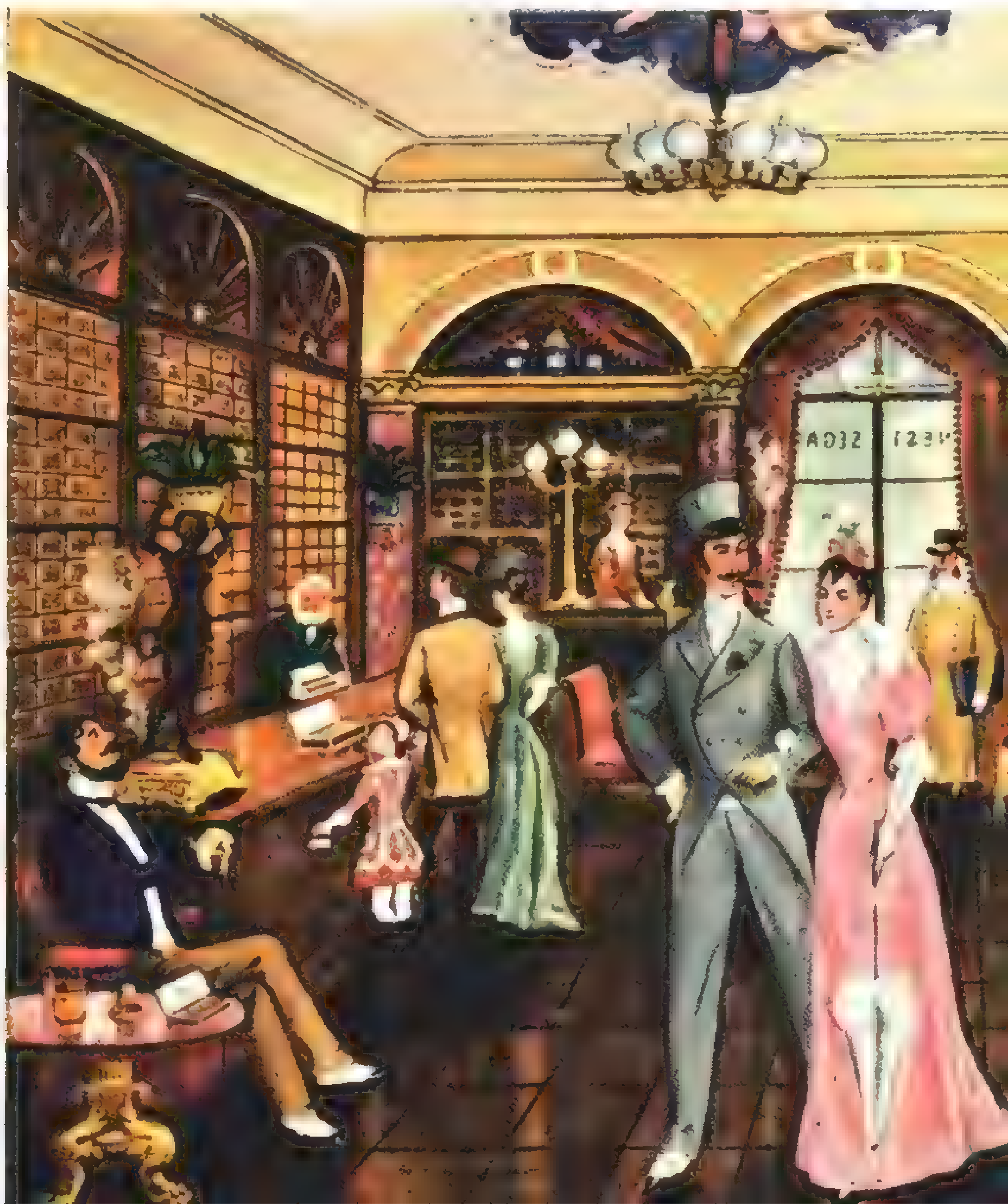


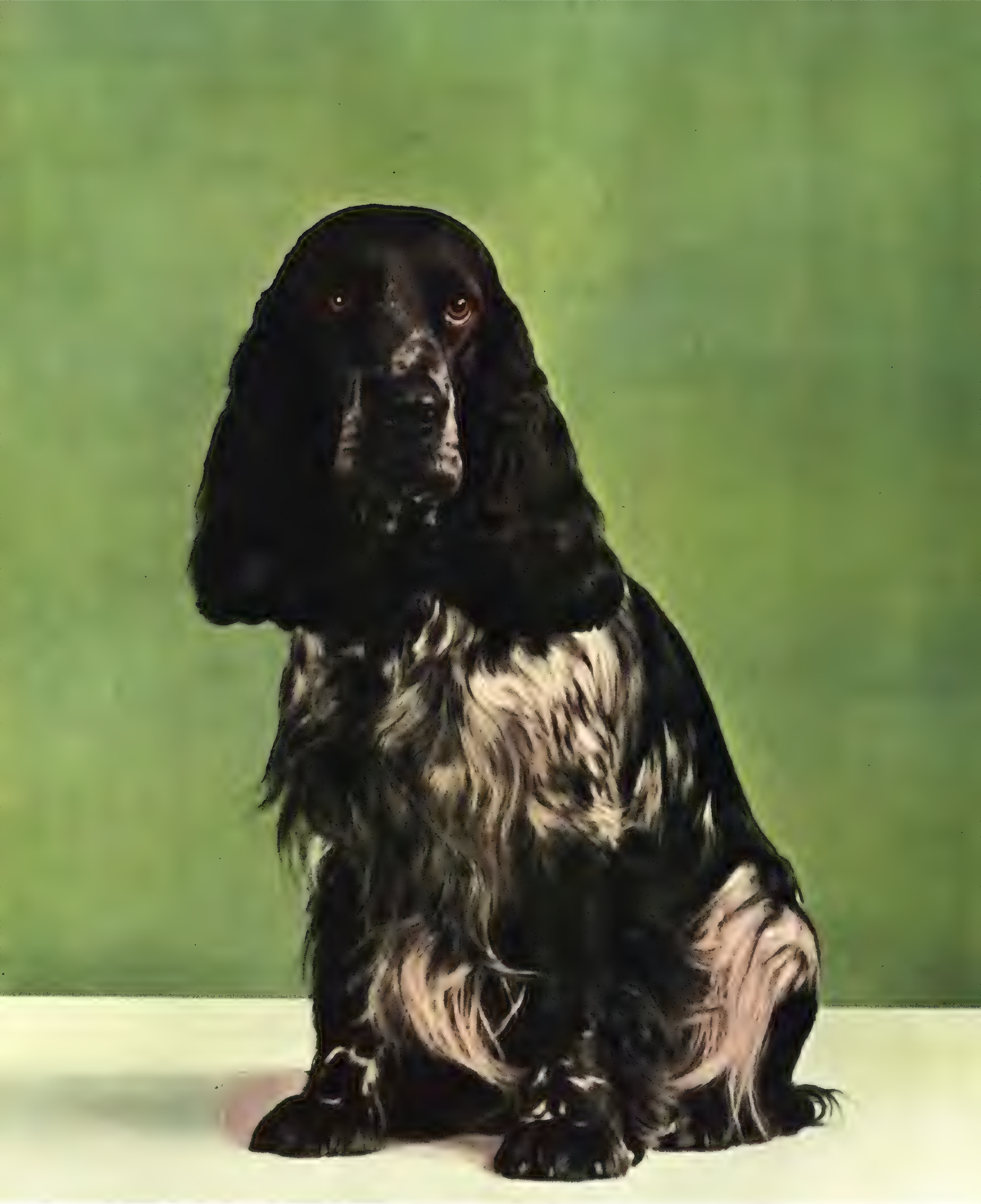
The most hallowed symbol of tobacco is the pipe of peace. And fitting it is that the red man, who first discovered the delights of pipe smoking, should use them as his bond. Here, he seals a bargain with an English officer during the American Revolution.



Today, business men usually smoke cigars or cigarettes over their conference tables. In the middle of the 19th century the pipe was the instrument which broke down formal barriers of the conference. Here, three business men, symbols of the expanding industrial revolution, smoke three different kinds of pipes. Wood for the man on the left; the seated gentleman smokes clay; the third man's meerschaum rests on the table. Meerschaum, incidentally, was first used for pipes by a Hungarian shoemaker.

Heydey of the American tobacco shop was the Gay Nineties. Lower right, Eric Simon's version of a high-class "segar" shop in the Diamond Jim Brady era. Cigar-store architecture, like the era, was Roman-Greek-Byzantine. The cigars were big and black.





ENGLISH COCKER SPANIEL—CHAMPION FAIRCOURT BLACK KNIGHT—OWNED BY MRS. THEODORE W. HERBST

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

ENGLISH COCKER: SPORTSMEN'S SPANIEL

Some six centuries ago the smaller type spaniel was found to do a more than apt job in hunting woodcocks. This led to a separate breeding and the name Cocker. Some five years ago the American Kennel Club recognized the English Cocker as a variety breed and while he is still included with his American Cocker cousin in dog-show judging he is a distinctly separate breed, entirely different in appearance. He has a setter-type head—a long, square muzzle and large intelligent eyes, not too prominent. He is a well-balanced dog, and his proportionately long legs make him fast and agile. He is a natural hunting dog. His "in-between" size (larger than the American Cocker, smaller than the English Springer) makes him a practical dog to own. He can cope with the roughest going and is no transportation or feeding problem. His coat is curlless, the color range almost limitless—solid black or red or roaned (which means a beautiful combination of orange and white) lemon, liver or blue. The English Cocker majors in Obedience Training, which makes him perfect as a city dog. He is quite content to trot down the street "at heel" and to fetch and carry packages from the store. In fact he is content with any mode of life as long as he is given commands to obey.—Chase Herendeen

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Ranging from Dempsey and boxing to Audubon and birds, from *The Faerie Queene* to the passing show of 1940

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

A REMARKABLY interesting book from beginning to end is the Autobiography of the redoubtable Jack Dempsey. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but here it is driven by the fist. *Round by Round* is the title of this work; and it is perhaps intentionally ambiguous, for it can refer not only to the rounds in the ring, but to the steady advance up the ladder. This work is a revelation of the mind and character as well as of physical prowess; it is an illustration that might have been used in a popular book which told hundreds of thousands "how to make friends"; only here the amazing result was achieved in the simplest and yet the most difficult way; as it did not conform to any program, it could hardly be of service in a textbook on the art of ingratiation. What happened was this: from the year 1918 to somewhere in the nineteen-twenties, Jack Dempsey was nearly the most unpopular man in America; from the middle of the nineteen-twenties until and including now, there is no athlete more widely, universally popular than he. Although the only time I ever saw Jack Dempsey was in a New York railway station, when he was running up the stairs directly in front of me, I am quite unlike the public in one respect; the public has a short memory. If I should remind some persons of the things I heard them say about Jack Dempsey, they would not believe me. The cause of his unpopularity is easy to name; it had reference to the draft and to the enlistment of American young men in the War of 1917. It was one of those waves of patriotic fervor that sweep over a whole nation. I did not believe then that he had deliberately shirked his duty; but when very soon after the war the popular Georges Carpentier came to this country to fight Jack, there was almost a universal desire that Carpentier should win. I was the only man among all my acquaintances who wanted Jack to win, and partly for the following reason. Carpentier was a good fellow, modest and charming in manner, and romantic as a mediaeval knight; he was the glamour boy of the ring. Of course I had nothing whatever against him. But had he won that fight, America would have been drowned in a sea of sentimental silliness that would have been unbearable. His wife and family were all ready to sail for America, the moment the cable should announce to them his victory; and the triumphal tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific would have surpassed any previous high tide of sentimentality; because it would have combined the adoration of a heavyweight champion with the worship of a patriotic soldier. From this terrible situation Jack Dempsey delivered us.

He entered the ring on that fateful day knowing that more than nine-tenths of the Americans in the crowd wanted him to lose. Now how did it come about that this hatred turned into the wildest popularity, so that he was not only worshipped as a slugger but beloved as a man? Certainly not through anything he said; he was always the same man; it was the public that changed.

We have seen popular heroes lose a tremendous popularity in one day; Admiral Dewey, Charles Lindbergh. Chauncey Depew said it had taken him forty years to build up a reputation; "I lost it in one forenoon." Fortunately for him, he lived to be over ninety and got it back. As Browning says,

There are flashes struck from midnights,
  There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
  Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle.

(Incidentally among the poems of Browning, Edgar Lee Masters admires particularly the pair called *In Three Days* and *In a Year*. And I shall never forget Mrs. Patrick Campbell's magnificent recitation of Browning's *Wanting is—What?*)

Jack Dempsey went from obloquy to popularity (quite unconsciously) by following the advice given by Goethe, who was naturally made uneasy by the suicides that followed the publication of his *Werther*. His advice to the lovelorn consisted of three words he put into the mouth of Werther, speaking from the grave; BE A MAN, nor seek to follow me.

I have spent all this time on the two conquests made by Jack Dempsey (the second sweeter to him than the first), the conquest of Willard which brought the championship and the conquest of the public; because such matters are of interest to a student of human nature.

This autobiography is written by two men —Jack Dempsey and Myron M. Stearns— the latter says "Jack is a fighter and I am a writer." Both statements are true; and I congratulate both men. This is the story of an American boy born in poverty and obscurity and rising to the top of his chosen profession. The account of his childhood and boyhood is extraordinarily interesting; and later all the great battles are given with full detail. The two that aroused the keenest public excitement were the Chicago battle with Tunney and the cyclonic-first-round with Firpo. There are plenty of photographs. Almost the first thing I ever heard on the radio was that Chicago fight. I was in a remote place in the country; and the radio took us into the middle of the count. Tunney was down and the referee began to count—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—and at that moment the radio broke down and we could not get any news of the fight for twenty-four hours.

I like to think of dream-fights—let us imagine Jeffries and Dempsey both in their prime: Tunney and Corbett in the same condition: Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen.

In one respect professional prize-fighters

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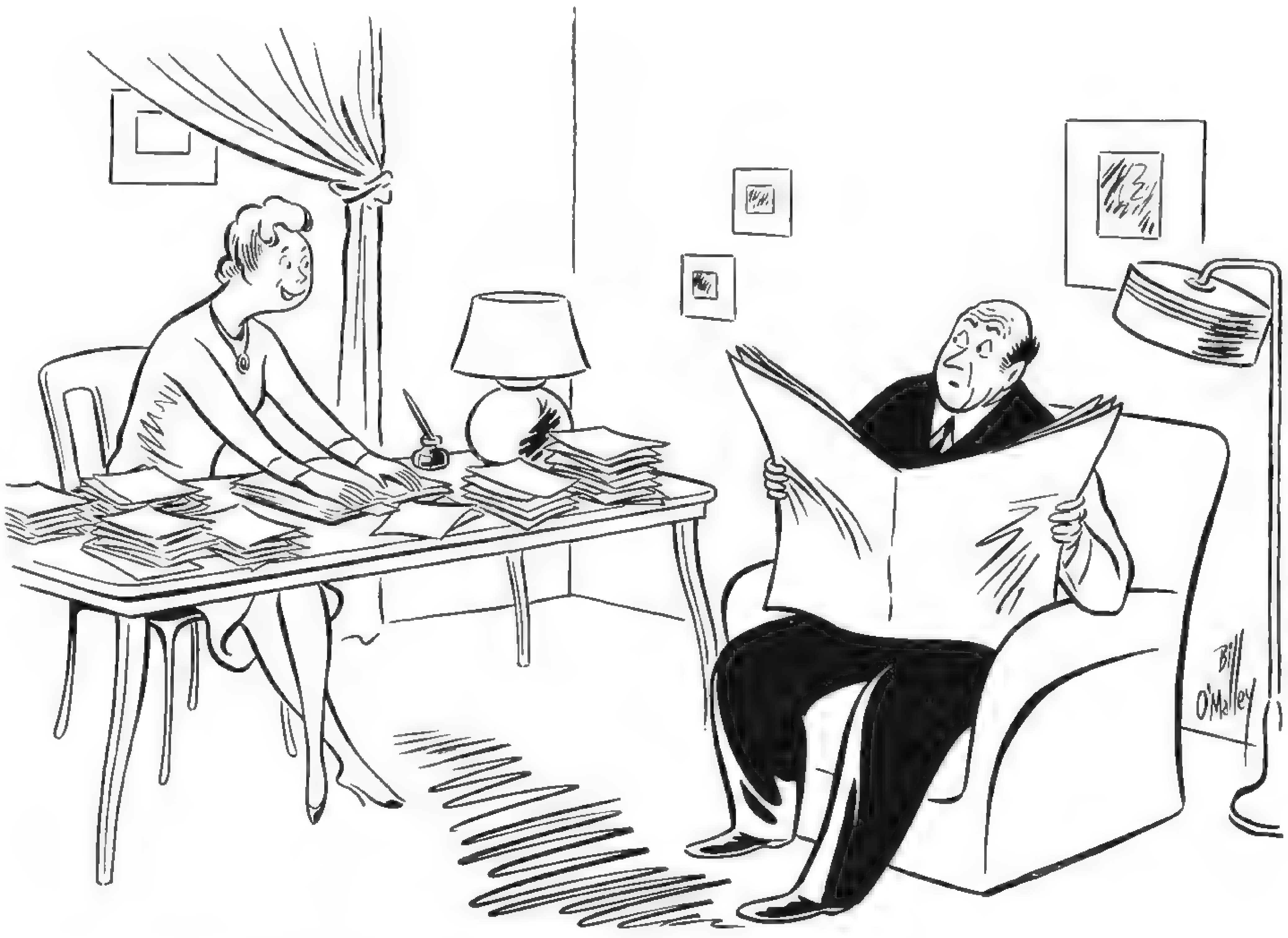

"There! We're even and paid up with everybody to February 15, 1938, Fred!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

The music of Sibelius has a mastered intensity, lending us something of its own security and large strength

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

We now approach the week when music takes a holiday, and large, unwieldy choruses come on the stage and fill the air with statements to the effect that Egypt was glad when they departed. Where these wandering troubadours reside the remainder of the year, I cannot say. But around Christmas they emerge, confound themselves and their creditors, and persist in trudging through And believe-ed the Lord and his ser-vant Mo-oh-oh-zez and then through And I will exaw-aw-aw-aw-alt Him, under the pretense that they are making music.

The result, climaxed as it invariably is by a burlesque on Amen, may be extremely interesting to deaf persons whose hobby is counterpoint and ecclesiastical modes, but to a highly sensible ear like mine it is deadly dull. Before it is finished I can only wish that at least 250 of the tenors and sopranos were themselves in the Red Sea and I on my couch with a *Bedside Esquire*.

Like other of our holiday institutions, Christmas choral concerts have a great deal of nonsense about them and very little sense. Their chief advantage is that the noise they produce sometimes stimulates soloists to rise to what they pretend is a great occasion. The 600 in the chorus, singing what they take to be the easiest and most familiar music in the world, Handel's *Messiah*, at a pace that gives them plenty of time to contemplate what they are about, have merely to observe rudimentary mechanics, that is, accuracy as to notes, clearness of pronunciation, and an occasional reduction from their chronic *forte* to *piano*.

The number of effects they can produce could be counted on the fingers of one hand even by an average worker at a circular saw, so that in half an hour the interest in their performance is completely exhausted. There remains, of course, the interest in Handel's work, as far as it can be realized under such circumstances; but this limitation is so all-inclusive that I say without fear of contradiction whoever has heard Handel's *Messiah* only at one of these Christmas performances has never heard it.

If the sole useful function of a choral performance were the perfect execution of the masterpieces of choral music, then I should unhesitatingly recommend the dispersion of all choirs—except the Westminster in Princeton—by the nation's newly recruited armed forces, with or without a preliminary reading of the Riot Act. But, choral singing in this country is not an artistic pursuit. It has another function—a social one . . . and that I can only leave to your imagination.

II

Statistics echo and re-echo from the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting reports. Classical music, it appears, showed a greater *gain* in popularity than the drama, audience participations, children's programs, semi-classical, popular, familiar musicales, and the commentators. Only variety programs topped it. But the lone sponsored (full) hour of classical music was the Sunday Evening Hour, which gained 25 per cent more listeners in 1940 than it had the previous year.

Classical sustainers there were: Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, the Philharmonic Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera. But classical music ranked lowest, tenth, in amount of purchased network time. Gone were weekly shows for serious artists and symphonies once subsidized by Chesterfield, Castoria, American Tobacco, General Motors, Linit, and Firestone. Firestone demoted itself five years ago from the classical to the semi-classical classification, which it shares with Cities Service. The Album of Familiar Music and the Contented program long ago switched from semi-classical to familiar music.

The trend, obviously, has been toward lighter music. Concert celebrities have disappeared as continuing attractions, appear now as guests rather than on their own shows. Among them, Nelson Eddy and Lawrence Tibbett outranked all others.

Some say the pendulum will swing back to the classics. What say you?

III

Another good voice with a well-poised singing technique has arrived. According to her folder, she sprang "like Athena, full-grown from the head of Zeus." I seem to remember hearing her in the hinterland twenty years ago and she sang in the Lewisohn Stadium in 1925.

But no matter! Helen Traubel has a beautiful voice, well-schooled, and when there is profound conviction in what she sings, she is great. It is necessary only for her to come on the stage to see that she is no mere powder-puff prima donna, but a woman of ease and grace and charm.

She yet has to learn that to kindle art to the whitest heat, there always must be some fanaticism behind it. And her highest notes are pinched, driven, not rich and easy-flowing as they should be. Her Town Hall recital was obviously high-pressured, over-burdened with flash-bulbs, a lobby of advertising executives, and a floral display suitable only for a mortuary establishment. So gifted and promising an artist deserves more thoughtful treatment.

IV

Jean Sibelius, greatest of living composers, has just passed seventy-five. And, once more, throughout Scandinavia and the English-speaking world, the discerning have toasted his name. They have again recognized in him one of their own: a Viking among men, a free spirit uncontaminated by Levantine prophets. In his music they have found the open

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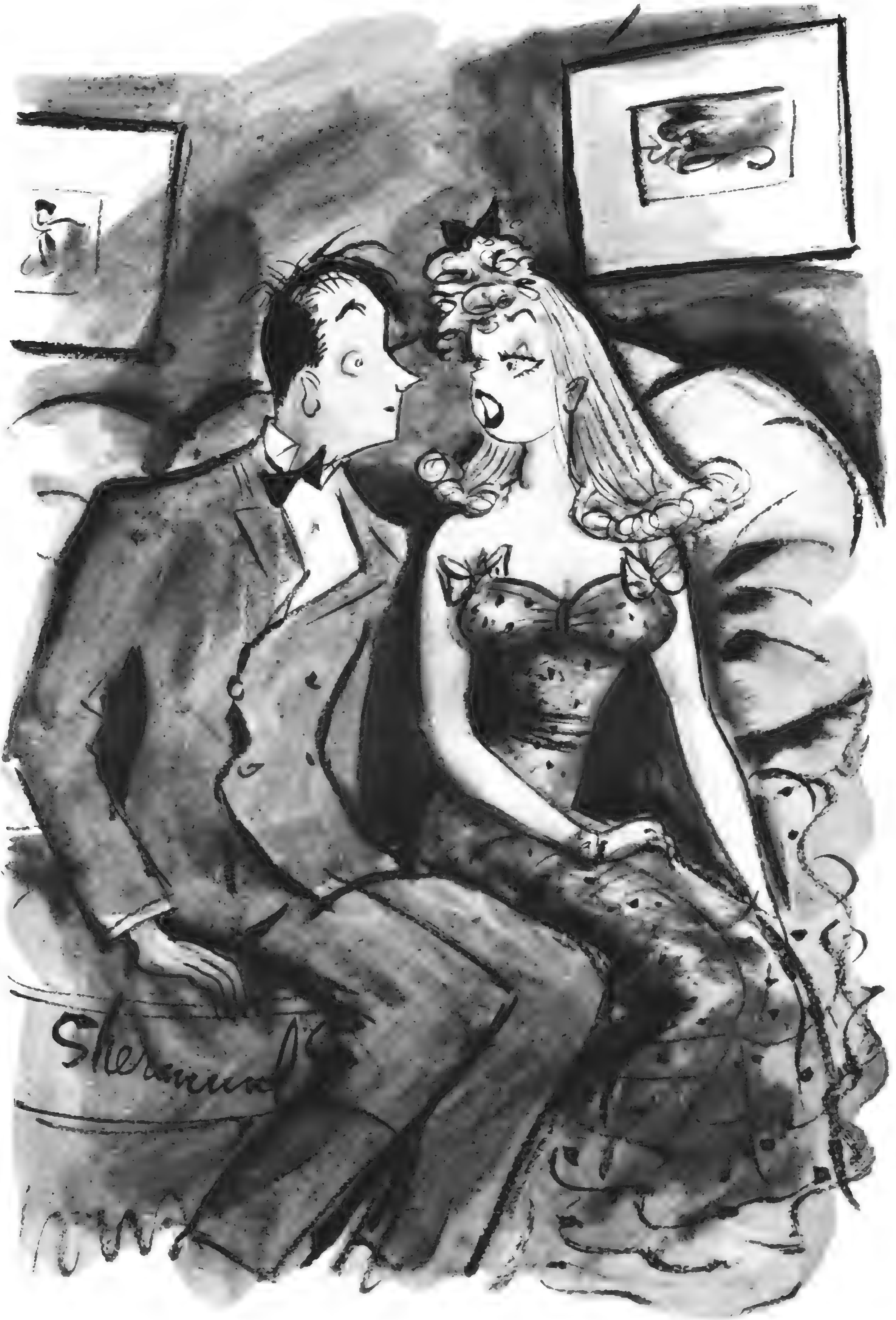
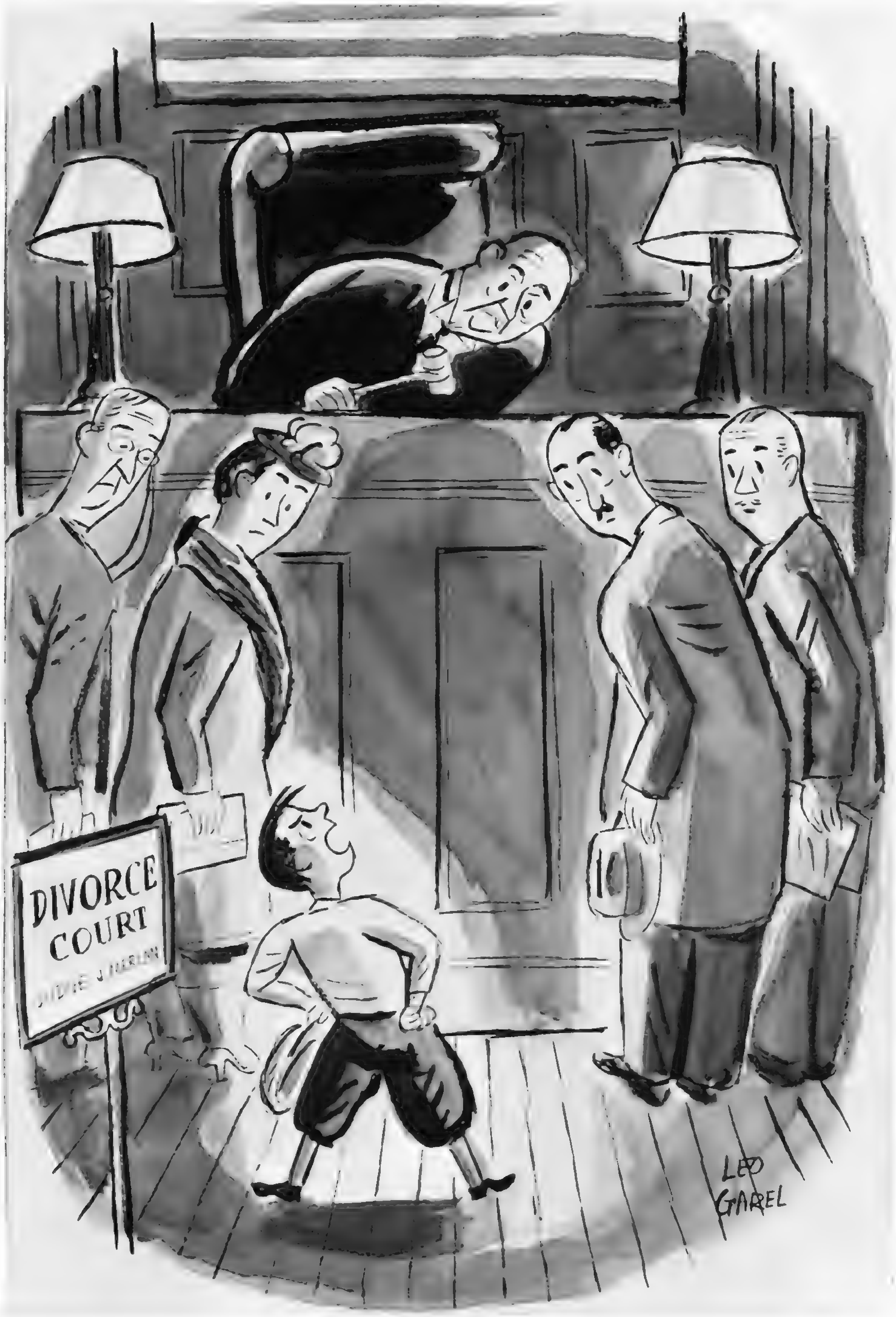
"Never mind the reindeer and sleigh bells—do you hear any planes?!!"



"Maybe you'd rather sing Christmas carols—"


DIVORCE
COURT
LEO
GAREL

". . . and whose little boy am I?"

Man the Kitchenette

Armed with these food facts, you can assert yourself (in diet anyhow) with the ladies

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

LONE men, bachelors, have always been noted for not worrying too much about their diet. They eat aimlessly, without a real purpose, what they can and when they can. Newspapers through meals, absent minds and irregular hours vanish however, when a feller finally gets hooked, and many a scrawny abdomen is turned into a cute, comfortable and prosperous paunch under the kind supervision of women. Feminine influence is indispensable even in such a simple function as eating.

For instance, a loving wife will make her husband swallow quarts of milk during the holiday season, between Christmas and New Years', between two major binges, no matter if he choke on it. She knows that this splendid food in liquid form restores his normal equilibrium; it contains much calcium, a blessing for the jitters and for overworked party stomachs.

Often men show a dislike for milk even if it is in a highball glass. But it is seldom that they succeed in getting their calcium in the form of cheese or oranges from the Cerberus of the larder. Women are weak in many respects, and thank God for that, but they lay down the law to men about edibles. "It's good for you," they say, and that's all there is to it.

As in so many other matters, though, women have as a rule only superficial information on the particular benefits of food, and milk, like many foods, is a two-edged sword. For example, I wonder whether women know what Mahatma Gandhi, who lives on goat milk, wrote of his own food? "I have not the least doubt that milk diet makes the Brahmacharya (chastity) vow difficult to observe, and that milk is a sex-stimulant." So don't be too sure, ladies. Listen sometimes to what men have to say about food, and by all means read food experts' columns; men dig deep into a subject, and it was Ben Jonson, three hundred years ago, who said that only a man knows how to write on the culinary arts.

Having told the ladies where to get off—something I rarely dare to do in life because I am old enough to know that you mustn't tell them the truth, must not engage in disputes, and must carry on skillful small-talk between courses—I shall proceed to give you the scale of diets, so that you can get along without women—as though you ever wanted to.

First of all you ought to know the basic truth that all animals, including human beings, have the same chemical make-up as the foods they eat. And that all diets must contain water, the twenty-two amino acids of proteins, the glucose of sugars and starches, the fatty acids of fats, the solid alcohols, the different vitamins, oxygen, and the twelve minerals: sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese, copper, chlorine, iodine, fluorine, phosphorus and sulphur. An epicure is not a person who is merely attached to luxurious table habits without thinking; the veritable epicure knows about the scale, and even if he doesn't talk about it, he keeps it in mind, and selects and assembles his diet at least somewhat accordingly. He wants to live for a long time in order to eat well, and he knows that the chief factor in human deterioration is the unwise choice of foods.

But even people who don't happen to be epicures, gastronomes and all these names, and are just ordinary human beings who eat to live, should observe sane rules about what they put into their stomachs. Unhappily or happily we are not Astomares, the legendary tribe of the East Indies, who lived to the age of two hundred years in good health without eating, feeding on air, on the smell of roots, flowers and wild apples, and who had no mouths at all.

A gourmet is not a gourmand. A gourmet, no matter how much he likes a favorite dish, would not eat it every day and would not eat too much of it, but leave space for various other things in his regimen. Bismarck, the chancellor, was a gourmand and for many years in his life ate a whole roasted suckling pig with applesauce for dinner. Presently I'll say more about suckling pig, because it is a famous European New Year's dish, and an excellent one, but let me speak about Bismarck first. When he finally reached enormous proportions, weighing 247 pounds and looking so bloated that his entourage feared he had cancer of the liver, the suckling pig diet was snatched from him by a Dr. Schweininger. The doctor, the first half of whose name oddly enough meant pig in German, gave the chancellor nothing but herrings—hence the name Bismarck herring—to break the purely meat diet; he then restored the great man's health, and to some extent his figure too.

A New Year's eve is not complete in Europe without suckling pig. The French call it *cochon de lait*, or *porcelet*, or even *goret*, but directly after passing the age of two months, the little pig loses all its fancy nomenclatures and becomes simply pig or pork. From the earliest stages of history suckling pig has been considered a great delicacy, and it was the festival food of Greeks, Romans and Chinese.

I can't tell you exactly why the little pig has been adopted in many countries as the main dish on the festive supper that says good-bye to the old year and greets the new one; but it must have something to do with the Roman and Greek tradition, and also with the fact that its flesh is just as young and fresh as the virgin breath of the im-

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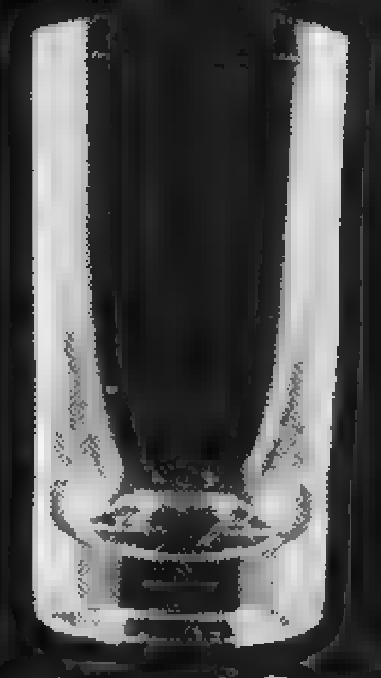
John M Price

"We'd better call Mr. Morgenthau right away—he's made a $500,000 mistake in computing the President's new defense budget"

Highball



Collins & Planters' Punch

Mint Julep

Sherry

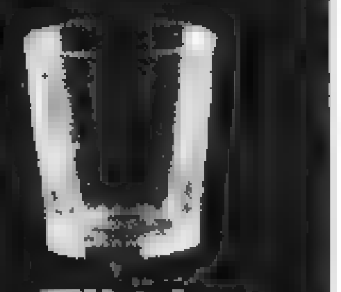
Liqueur

Whiskey Sour

Cocktail

Old-Fashioned

Small Brandy



Whiskey

Brandy Snifter

Wine

Champagne

As in a Glass, Brightly

Gay props to dramatize your holiday drinking and gladden the hearts of your friends

by LAWTON MACKALL

· POTABLES ·

In offering holly-time guidance in this department last month I didn't mean to sound vague, no matter how much I had been experimenting (just trying things out to save you care and toil, dear reader), but from sundry eleventh hour S.O.S.'s I gather that I *was* insufficiently definite. So now I'll be out-and-out pictorial with the aid of a camera, which is more tactful than the conventional raised letters and a club.

Well, then, if you're up against a last minute gift quandary, here are some handles and a ladle to grab onto. Behold, for example, in the southwest corner 'cross the way a Martini-Manhattan hamper comprising 1 bottle Gin (London Dry type superior), 1 bottle Sweet Vermouth, 1 bottle Dry Vermouth, 1 bottle blended Whiskey of good brand, 1 bottle Angostura Bitters. With these ever-usefuls, your Yuletide beneficiary can bestir himself lusty litters of appetite whetters in gratitude to you, and you may even get in on a round if you arrive before the bum has selfishly drunk it all up.

Raising our eyes to the romantic northwest, we glimpse an international entente of Scots whusky (don't smack too loudly, please), rich and rare Jamaica Rum, cream Sherry of opulent smoothness, and twinkling Cognac salvaged from the France that was. Such bouquets to toy with in the grand manner! (But available supplies are dwindling, so don't dilly-dally.)

All-America greets us cheerily in the northeast: a choice Rye, bottled in bond; a fragrant Bourbon, likewise bottled in bond; a notable blend of American straight whiskeys; and a delicate-bodied, rich-aromaed spirit blend, of admired brand. Savoring these, we realize what an old master our Uncle Samuel is as a distiller and flavor schemer.

Champagne, the theme-wine of every top occasion, is represented alluringly to the southeast in a Pomp and Circumstance layette of two bottles of classic imported and two bottles of proud native bubblework. The happy recipient can make Champagne cocktails of these if he insists, but the true flavor and character of Champagne speaks its own piece and prefers to sport its label when served. Turkeys don't just float on Champagne—they flap their wings in it, emitting huzzahs.

Naturally, these four baskets merely broach the gamut of possibilities. Rum resources are barely scratched. And the whole fascinating field of imported and domestic liqueurs is passed up instead of pounced on. So your ambitious basketeer can write his own ticket, mustering favorites of one sort and another till the aggregation of sentiment is positively awesome. Incidentally, to help along such sentiment, some of the leading distillers have contrived artfully in the way of costuming their wares in holiday pasteboard jackets of most gladsome aspect, for Father to "play blocks" with.

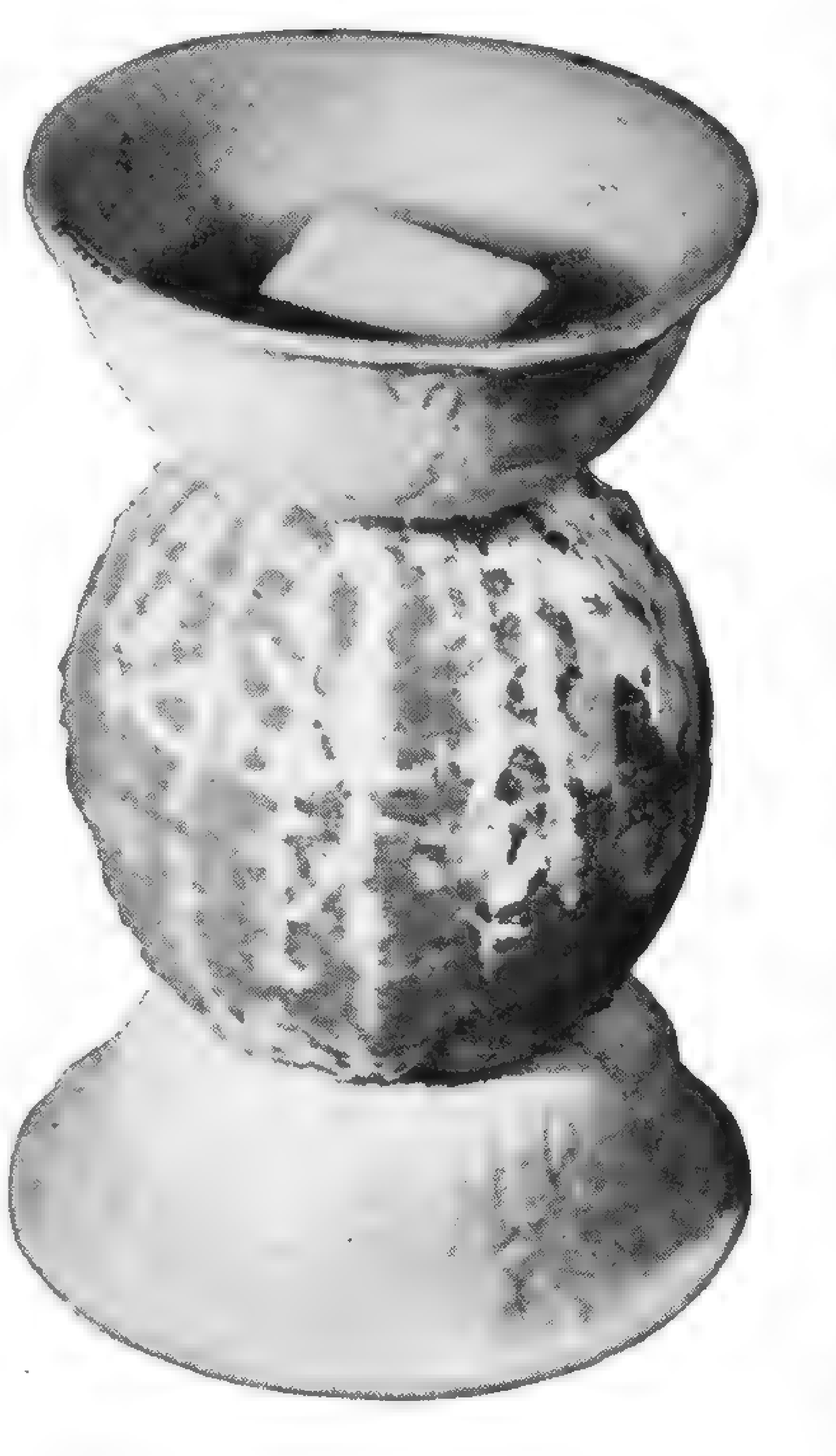
If you've been casting amorous glances at the shapely punch bowl which the four hampers are squiring, I can't say I blame you for your covetousness, for it is certainly a looker: hand wrought in repoussé, of exquisite detail, by craftsmen in the establishment of a famous old Baltimore firm of silversmiths—the firm which has the exclusive right to reproduce the historic Williamsburg patterns. This, however, is an original creation. And the silver "private grounds" it sits on, amid its "circular driveway" of cups, comprises practically an estate of exclusive elegance. Indeed, even if it were disappointingly empty I'd honey up to it. As it is, it's a-fluff with:

Arundel Eggnog

12 eggs, ultra fresh
12 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 pint full-bodied Rye, its flavor keying the entire drink
½ pint full-bodied bouquet Rum
1 pint milk
½ pint cream, heavy

Separate eggs, putting whites aside for the moment. Beat yolks strenuously, gradually adding the sugar to them until entirely worked in. Slowly add the Rye, then the Rum. (The latter must not be so abundant as to predominate over the Rye.) Then add the milk and the cream. Now beat whites till stiff and fold them into mixture. Scatter nutmeg. (A vastly genteel nutmeg grater is shown in foreground at left, made by the same Baltimorean Benvenuto-Cellinis, who executed also the silver bonbon dishes and the shaker.)

Christmas Eve and New Year's Day droppers-in will expect to munch fruit cake with their Eggnog, hence the visible reminder we've set beside the bowl. It's a well-cargoed, nut-encrusted example, assembled and baked according to an old recipe and steeped in spirituous subtleties. For minor nibblesome adventures there are crunchy, perky Cheese Straws, yummous waferish Chantilly Cookies (non-sweet), tropically novel oyster nuts of checker format, and freckled Taro Cocktail Chips from Hawaii that taste as exotic as they look.



Amateur virtuosi at parlor and pantry tricks can achieve a neat bit of blue voodoo magic as illustrated here on the page you are perusing—I hope. Take an orange, preferably one with a thin skin, and circumnavigate its equator with a sharp knife, cutting only to the depth of the rind and leaving the pulp intact. Now ease the back of a spoon into the cleft, gradually prying, not tearing, the yellow hide loose, till it forms a small inside-out bowl at North Pole, and a similar one at South Pole, the latter serving as a base to rest on. Place in the upper basin a lump of sugar. Pour in a jigger of Brandy. Ignite, causing a play of weird blue flames whose heat helps dissolve the sugar in the Brandy and extracts the zest of the orange peel. When the flickering display is over, you have a concoction akin to Curaçao, now ready to drink from the orange cup.

For less bizarre and more practical purposes, well-chosen glassware has its appeal and can be mighty handsome without any attempt at the sort of ornateness which distracts from the main issue—the charm of the drink itself. Form, crystal clarity, and brilliance—these are the points on which Sir Gallant Host judges his gleaming service equipment, and down the western border of this page is an array which meets the requirements with delightful distinction. These glasses (and also the fruit cake plate on the opposite page) are the ringing clear creations of one of America's most eminent glass houses. Graceful yet robust enough to withstand party hazards, they are even more agreeable in the hand than in the picture.

Beginning at the top, the substantial-based Highball glass

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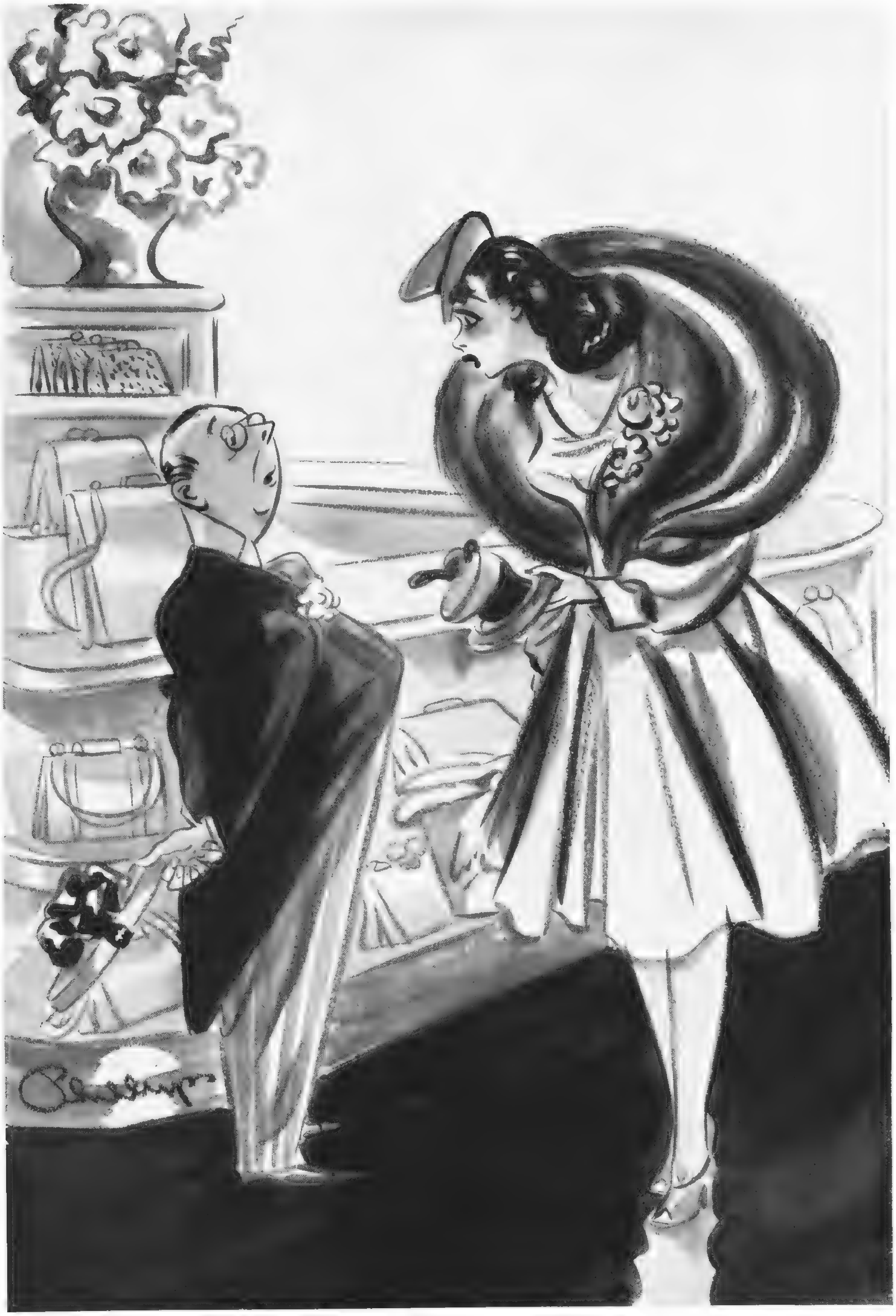

"If it's a hat, madam, you can exchange it on the fourteenth floor"

Esquire on the Record

If you think playing with three other instruments is easy, buy an add-a-part record and try it

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

One of the platitudes of this profession is that the great masters put their profoundest thoughts in their smallest scores. A string quartet often says more that is worth saying than a symphonic poem, occupying fifty times as much music paper. Obviously, greatness in music is not dependent on cubic content, as with skyscrapers.

Notwithstanding, due to our American notion "the bigger, the better," we support the survival of the loudest. The larger the symphony orchestra, the bigger the band, the better the Chamber of Commerce likes it. In happier days it was impossible to get such sizable ensembles in the house; now the radio delivers them, bag and baggage, to the bedside.

Why is it that the closer we crowd together and the more we pile up on top of each other in apartments, the noisier the music we demand? When space was so cheap that no man was tempted to knock down his house and cut up his lot into building sites, we played the viol instead of the violin, the lute and virginal instead of the piano. Then, we practiced fantasies and consorts instead of transcriptions of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* and the *Ride of the Valkyries*.

Today, no eighteenth century symphony ever appears on a list of favorites. Works written for fewer than sixty players are not in the running. The public currently believes that the Napoleonic feat of manipulating two thousand performers is just about five hundred times as difficult as matching four.

Of course, it is not. Such a calculation is utter nonsense, the result of hearing with the eyes. You do not achieve artistic magnitude by the mere multiplication of nobodies. Although you may get, on any given note in a performance, enough suburban amateurs playing right and enough high school maidens singing right, to extinguish the irresolute and unconcerted efforts of the minority who are playing and singing wrong, it is measurably more difficult for a single violinist to match his efforts with three others.

If you doubt it, buy an add-a-part record and try it yourself. For a year now Columbia has been issuing recording of chamber music with one part missing, the purchaser to play the missing part. There are string quartets without first violin, others without second violin, without viola or cello, piano trios without piano, quintets without piano, or cello or viola. They are graded for difficulty (which amateurs will blithely ignore) and each album is provided with the music of the missing part, over which is printed a cue line. To assure pitch, the "A" is sounded at the outset and the needle moves into a dead grove while you tune. The "A" will naturally vary with each phonograph; but—barring a very old model—the pitch will approximate the 440 "A" at which the works were recorded. In any case, adjustment can be made either on the machine or on your instrument. Pianists, naturally, find it easier to regulate the phonograph for pitch. Ready to play, you move the needle to the record proper, you get one measure's beat and another's silence—and you're off.

Add-a-part records were made under the direction of Fritz Rothschild, an Austrian violinist. His playing and musicianship are acceptable if one does not press the point that three musicians playing quartets without the first violin must know that part well enough to hear it constantly with their inner ear and adjust their phrasing, dynamics and tempi to the absent voice. Mr. Rothschild rehearsed more than one hundred times before he was satisfied with the Beethoven Op. 127 Quartet.

Most add-a-part albums were made abroad, the later ones recorded by students of the Juilliard School of Music. All performances are musical and mechanically accurate, and supply a way to learn intimately music's greatest scores. There are, also, string accompaniments for piano solos, *Traumerei* and Brahms' *Lullaby* being favorites; and, if you sing, you can buy a piano accompaniment for yourself. Beginners' discs couple *Love's Old Sweet Song* and *La Paloma*.

Among albums already available (in many cases, single movements may be obtained) are:

Bach: Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins
Bach: Violin Concerto in E
Bach: Sonata in G for Two Violins and Piano
Beethoven: String Quartet in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4
Beethoven: String Quartet in F, Op. 59, No. 1
Beethoven: Quartet No. 12 in E Flat, Op. 127
Beethoven: Trio in B Flat, Op. 11
Brahms: Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op. 34
Dvorak: String Quartet in F ("American"), Op. 96
Handel: Sonata in B Flat for Two Violins
Haydn: Quartet in F, Op. 3, No. 5
Haydn: Quartet in D, Op. 76, No. 5
Mendelssohn: Trio in D Minor
Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik
Mozart: Divertimento, K 563
Mozart: Sonata for Violin and Piano in C, K. 296
Mozart: Quartet No. 6 in B Flat, K. 159
Schubert: Trio in B Flat, Op. 99
Schubert: Quintet in A ("The Trout"), Op. 114
Schubert: Quartet in A Minor, Op. 29
Schubert: Quartet in D Minor ("Death and the Maiden")
Schumann: Quintet in E Flat, Op. 44
Tschaikowsky: Quartet in D, Op. 11

* * *

Leopold Stokowski, having startled the natives south of the Rio Grande, put his All-American Youth Orchestra through its paces in a Carnegie Hall stunt show. Surrounded by a sky-blue shell, bluish klieg spots and fading house lights, his trained seals performed with

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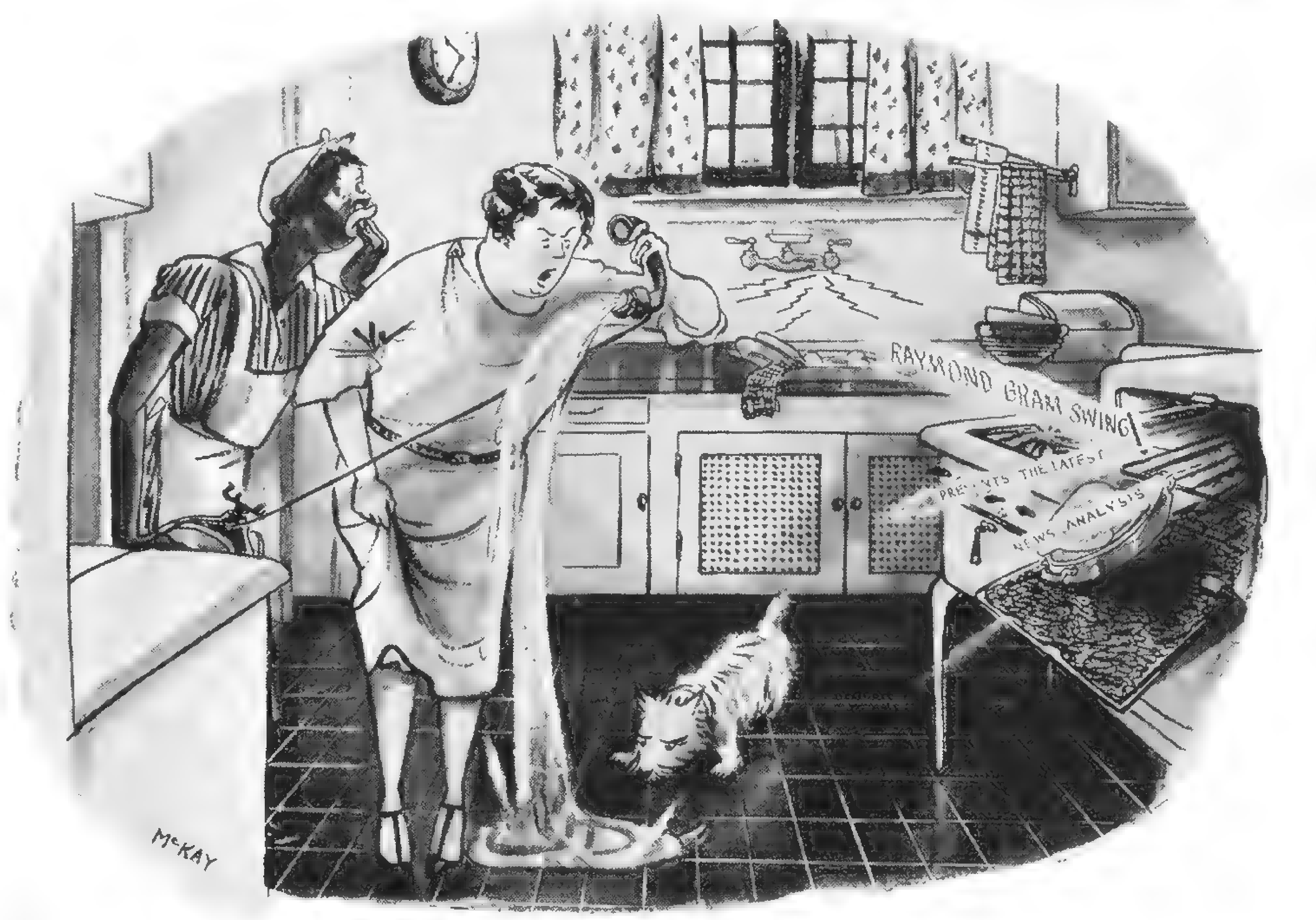


"Are you sure that was an experienced repair man you sent over this morning? My faucet is ringing, my phone is running and I've got Raymond Gram Swing tuned in on the gas stove"

One-Eyed Poacher Indulges Holiness

Continued from page 80

had been put out and the November dark enfolded them, "you was right. Think if we'd of done like always, and killed a moose. Or if Tom had found that deer carcass, and me without no license."

"'Who knowith not in all these,'" intoned the one-eyed poacher, "'that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?'"

"Dear Lord, have mercy on my soul!" whispered Zack, now fully saved.

"May He drive the holiness clear'n through us both!"

"An' clinch it!"

"Praised be His name, an' may He bless Letitia Turnbuckle, 'way out in Idyho."

"You bet."

"Amen! An' move over a little, Zack, will you? You ain't had a wash recent."

Tom Corn left the cabin at the crack of day. But Zack and Uncle Jeff didn't find the planted pocketbook till along toward noon. They might not have found it at all, if it hadn't been for the mouse in the spare bedroom. They heard a skittering and went to investigate. It was then that Zack spied the warden's wallet lying in plain sight on the chair beside the bed.

"Look! Left his wallit!"

"A gift from the Lord!" said the one-eyed poacher.

"We'll split her up, fifty-fifty!"

Zack picked up the wallet and started to open it, when Uncle Jeff caught his hands and held them. "No, Zack! It's the devil temptin' us. We got to fight him."

"But lookit," said Zack, crestfallen. "We could take out maybe five dollars apiece. Lemme jest open her up, an' we'll have a look."

"Wait!" Uncle Jeff bowed his head in thought, and after a time rendered his decision. "Nope. We can't even open a man's pocketbook. It ain't moril."

Though he secretly felt this was carrying things too far, Zack was obliged to give in. "Well, what'll we do with the darn thing, anyways?"

"We shall return it. I shall take this wallit down to Privilege, and deliver it intac' into the hands of its rightful owner."

"It's twelve mile through the woods—six each way! He'll come back after it, his own self!"

"No—not till duty calls him this way again. 'Cause if he was comin' back, he'd be here now." Uncle Jeff sighed religiously. "Fact is, young Tom trusts us. An' I say puny is the soul of him who breakith trust. Give me that wallit, Zack. I aim to give the stren'th of my body in a good deed."

Zack accepted the decision, and glumly resigned himself. For a lifetime he had supported the credo of finders keepers, yet his new-born purity had quite clearly saved him from jail. There must be something to it.

Before Uncle Jeff departed on his errand of honesty, he ate a prodigious platter of turnip hash. Wiping the overflow from his mouth with the back of his wrist, he picked up his rifle, stuffed a cold pancake into his hip pocket, and stepped to the cabin door. "If I ain't back by dark, you set out down the Priv'lige trail with a lantern," he said.

Zack nodded, and the one-eyed poacher was on his way, the warden's wallet bulking heavy in his shirt pocket. Where the trail touched Leadmine Cove, on the lake shore, Uncle Jeff fought a battle with sin and won. He was becoming curious about the wallet's contents. One little peek couldn't do any harm, said the voice of the devil. But the voice of the Lord and Letitia Turnbuckle prevailed. Four miles out, at Caribou Ledge, the one-eyed poacher fought a second battle. He took the wallet out and turned it over and over in his hands. "Jest a leetle mite of a teeny look inside," said Satan. "NO!" said Letitia Turnbuckle. Back went the wallet into Uncle Jeff's pocket—still unopened. But the forces of virtue had suffered heavy losses. At Mopang Bar, but a quarter mile beyond Caribou Ledge, Uncle Jeff stepped off the trail and leaned behind a giant spruce. "Now's your chance," whispered the boys from hell. And Letitia did not answer!

"Holy Mother save us!" muttered Uncle Jeff, examining the inside of the wallet. "Thirty-seven dollars, an' a letter! That'd be eighteen for Zack, an' nineteen for me. What's this letter about, anyways?"

A second later, Uncle Jeff was reading:

Warden Corn: Proceed to Mopang Corners on the seventeenth November to receive illegal fur confiscated by agent. Imperative.

The old poacher was chagrined. Since today was the seventeenth, Tom Corn must by now be well on his way to Mopang Corners. The town was in the opposite direction to Privilege. If young Tom wasn't in Privilege, there wasn't any point in lugging his wallet down there anyway.

The old woodsman had decided to return to Zack's cabin, when the rustle of dry beech leaves froze him. He crouched, peered around the trunk of the big spruce, and saw Tom Corn approaching. The warden was not over thirty yards away.

The one-eyed poacher's mind saw what was up in a flash. The letter was a plant! Sure enough! Else why was Tom Corn on the Privilege trail, and heading back toward the cabin? Uncle Jeff craftily tucked money and letter in the wallet, quieted the detonation of oaths within him, and with a facial expression so sanctified that a halo was all but visible, he stepped out into the trail in front of Tom Corn.

Oh, holy day! For when Tom Corn saw him carrying the pocketbook to Privilege, then would Tom be positive that neither he nor Zack had peeped inside! And this would convince him beyond all doubt that the reformation of Zack Bourne and Thomas Jefferson Coongate was genuine!

"My, Tom!" said Uncle Jeff. "But you sure give me a turn! I got your wallet with me, son. Aimed to bring it down to your home. Wanted to save you comin' all the way back."

Young Tom Corn went crimson to his hatbrim. Clearly enough, the two oldtimers hadn't looked in the wallet—or Jeff Coongate wouldn't be on the trail to Privilege! Then they hadn't been putting on a show! They hadn't known that he had been watching them for days from the cedar thickets! For once, they were playing straight!

"Why—uh—thanks, Jeff! You needn't of put yourself to all that trouble!"

"Boy, the good deeds is fodder for my spirit. Here's your wallet."

"Well," stammered young Tom. "You saved me four miles."

"Eight, countin' roundtrip. But it ain't nothin', son. Mighty glad to have this chance to favor you. Shake."

The warden shook. True enough, there was a holy light in Uncle Jeff's eye. A miracle had happened. You just couldn't get around it.

"Guess I better be gettin' back to Zack's, Tom. Gits dark early, these days."

Young Tom stuffed his wallet in his back pocket. He smiled at his erstwhile enemy. "Good luck, oldtimer. Here's hopin' you winter good."

"The Lord will 'tend to that. So-long, boy. Come see us."

"Guess there's no need to see you fellows any more—uh—uh—after this, Jeff. I'm darn' glad, too. I don't like snoopin', not even a little. So-long."

They separated. Tom went long-striding toward Privilege. And the one-eyed poacher, his holy expression slowly changing to his more becoming kill-grin, legged it for Zack's cabin, his trigger finger itching unbearably, and his mouth watering for the taste of red meat.

"So the son-of-a-gun thought he could trap us, did he?" said Uncle Jeff.

The sound of the epithet, so long suppressed, was music to his ears.

He repeated it several times with relish. He ran through his splendid vocabulary of profanity, and as he quickened his pace, the virtue fell from him in chunks as large as anvils. Thus lightened, he made splendid time.

And in the popple growth, not over a half mile from Zack's clearing, he came in the dusk upon a bull moose, wounding it in the fore-shoulder with his first shot. Reckless of the rough going and of the falling dark, the oldtimer half-circled the animal, crept close, and jumped it again.

"The nearer you run to Zack's cabin," Jeff growled, "the less we'll have to lug you! Go it again, you bastid."

When the moose had staggered to within two hundred yards of the cabin, Uncle Jeff killed it. Hearing the shot, Zack came out roaring.

"Bring that lantern!" yelled the one-eyed poacher. "I got one down. Size of a goddam truck hoss!"

"Comin'!" called Zack, whose backsliding was practically instantaneous.

Uncle Jeff drew his skinning knife and cut the moose's throat. The game was properly bled by the time Zack arrived. A few minutes later, they had the hide half off, and were rolling out the paunch.

"Jeez!" said Zack fervently. "This is what I call heaven! Meat! Oh, my God, ain't he fat?"

Blithely feeling for the moose's liver, the one-eyed poacher said: "Shove that lantern nearer. 'The tabernacles of robbers prospers, an' them as pervokes God is secure.'"

"Hell!" said Zack, his knife poised. "What you goin' to do about Letitia Turnbuckle?"

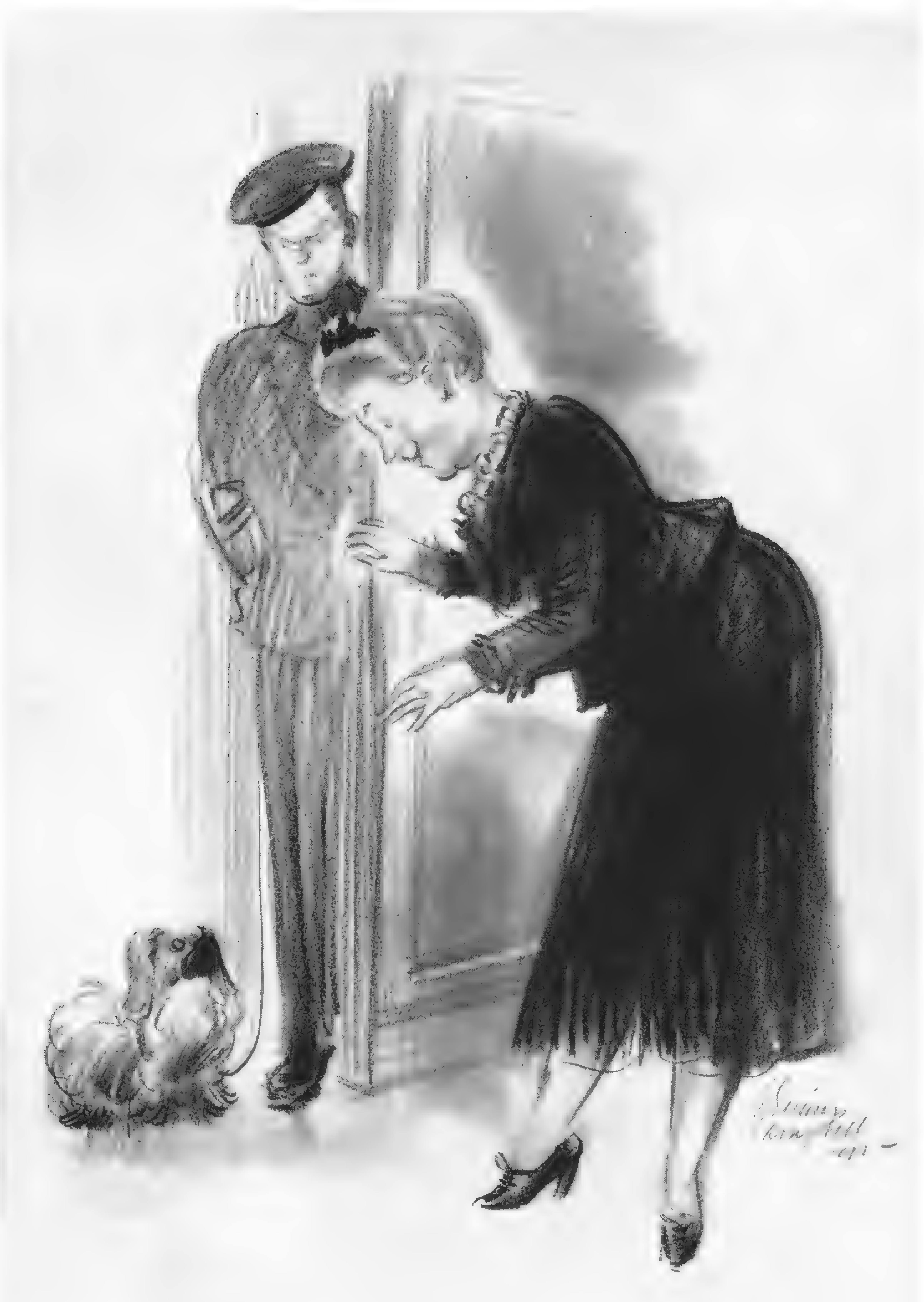
"Nothin! On'y just thet you're goin' to write her a letter. When Roscoe Carrion comes by on his trapline, he can mail it down to Priv'lige."

About three weeks later, Mrs. Letitia Turnbuckle, in New Wampum, Idaho, received the following news:

Dere madam, I have the honor to inform you that mr. Thos. J. Coongate past away yestdy a.m. as he hung hiself in jail sell at Mopang. mr. coongate ast me in his wil to inform you this news and say he did not have the ten thousan dollars as he lied about same to you.

I am yrs trly, Zachariah Bourne, Sherif Mopang Co. ##

The Petty Girl, back in Esquire's pages with this issue, will again be featured in a full color gatefold spread next month. Don't miss it.



"I'm going to let you go out with Oscar—but remember, no liaisons!"

Ladies Are Lousy Drivers

Continued from page 49

quiver of the hip, or the ogle of an eye, or with endless plagues of weeping.

And it is only natural that where these unhappy restrictions are removed, they should burst forth with indecorous billingsgate at the other end of the pendulum. Where there is no *mens sana* there are few women *sana*.

Given business pressure, given the pressure of streams of traffic, given hard competition for a given piece of highway, and you get the worst side of that little girl in the nursery rhyme who "when she was bad was horrid."

—R. W. M.

* * *

Still, once or twice every year I see by the magazines that a careful study of statistics reveals the surprising fact that women are better drivers than men.

Of course, the statistics fail to reveal the true picture. It isn't the driver who will do some dumb and unexpected stunt who usually gets smacked up. He just barges right on in and lets the situation take care of itself. It's the heroic and able driver who will go to almost any extreme to avoid a crash who gets it in the neck. He has avoided the dumb driver (probably a woman), it is true. But he has meantime run halfway up a telephone pole in doing it, and so he's the menace to the public, according to these Statistics Boys.

Now in the subject of driving you cannot always take a set of cold statistics and arrive at a sound conclusion. There are many, many circumstances in which such statistics are not always to be relied upon—especially when they deal with the temperamental and emotional life of people, and certainly these factors enter into the making of a good or bad driver.

The statistics, we are told time and again, show that women are more careful drivers. Just what is meant by a careful driver? Is it a person who drives more slowly? Is it the person who has fewer accidents? Is it the person who observes the traffic laws more rigidly?

Now I will admit immediately that most of the women drivers I have seen, move from one place to another at a slower pace than the average male driver. But I have also observed many factors besides speed which set the women drivers apart from the male—and apart as more dangerous.

Most male drivers who have been at it for any length of time tend to fit their speed into the stream of traffic. Driving becomes mechanical and more or less subconscious with them. They have found out that the real danger in driving on a highway is in overtaking a car or being overtaken by one. Hence they try to rock along with the crowd.

But not women drivers. Every woman has an entirely different idea of what constitutes safety in the matter of speed, and so each woman driver is a brand new problem. I have observed some who crept along the road at a snail pace, figuring that is the way to live to tell about it. A few follow the traffic flow in general, while some decide the safest thing to do is just to run on off and leave all the other cars to their ugly fate.

And even in the individual woman driver you will find an astonishing change of pace. It depends on her mood and the conversation at the moment. A group of women driving along together are likely to move at a rate of speed dependent largely upon the nature of the conversation. This proves, I take it, that women are adaptable creatures. It's O.K., only I wish they'd adapt themselves to something besides driving a car.

So that element of safety in driving which comes from uniformity of speed disappears when you throw any considerable number of women drivers on the highway.

Let us take a look now at the suggestion that women observe the traffic laws better than men. And for the sake of argument, I'll admit it—but only temporarily.

They have, however, an astonishing and at times terrifying attitude about this matter. They float serenely along the public highways feeling that as long as they are observing the law, to hell with the rest of the world. I think it is inherent in the difference in a woman's attitude toward life. Being weaker physically, she is inclined to stand on her rights when a man will compromise. You see this when a woman will bravely face a situation that will cause her husband to get a black eye and a bloody nose, while the husband, if left to his own resources, would have made the best of it and gone on off to more serene places.

A woman lives a more highly competitive life in relation to holding her place in the scheme of things. She is more belligerent, and more inclined to lean upon the protection of her legal and moral rights, rather than discreetly make the best of the situation at hand.

Well, the sum total of this theorizing, assuming you can't prove it wrong, is that you had better get out of the way if a woman comes breezing along the highway with the right-of-way in one hand and a threat of sudden death in the other. If a car barges in off a side road so that your only hope of salvation is for the lady, approaching you, to move over and let you through, don't expect her to do it. Just utter a little prayer, slap on the brakes, and hope for the best. Brother, she's got the right of way—it's hers legally. So don't go arguing with her about it. Of course the car charging in on the highway *caused* the accident. But the Lady could have *prevented* it. And after all, a certain amount of judgment in trying to prevent accidents, whether they are your fault or not, goes into the make-up of a good driver.

I have seen too much of this to attribute it to accident. Women drivers are inclined to go whizzing past a crossing if the cars approaching from the side streets are supposed to stop. The fact that some of them may not stop never seems to occur to the little lady. She has the right of way.

They ignore entirely the possibilities of what the other driver might do. They apparently always proceed on the bland assumption that he will always do what is legal—or that, at any rate, he will get out of the way. Well, maybe he will. If he sees a woman at the wheel, he's pretty likely to.

But I don't think that's safe driving. Personally I always figure the other fellow might do anything—anything you can imagine. I guess that's one reason I haven't bent a fender in seventeen years.

There are many factors which enter into the element of safety in driving, and one of the most important is the emotional make-up of the driver. It is a well-known, proved fact that women are less likely to think and act quickly and calmly under sudden stress than men. They are inclined to scream and freeze on the wheel. This seldom helps the situation much.

The male, on the other hand, is perhaps more accustomed to facing and handling situations that thrust a sudden emotional stress upon him, and he is more likely to work his way out of a jam.

Now we can't give this subject up until we have taken another whack at those statistics.

In the first place, statistics are not always correct for several very obvious reasons. In the second place, they do not take into consideration the hours of driving put in by the average male driver as against the average female. And in the third place I charge that they do not take into consideration the different circumstances under which the women and the men usually drive.

Suppose, you are backing out of a parking place in a perfectly legal manner and some mouse about twenty years old with big blue eyes and golden curls smacks into your car from behind—right out in broad daylight.

You get out prepared for a hot argument and probably a fight. Then you see who sits behind the wheel of the car and you begin to hedge. A cop comes over and wants to know what the dope is—who caused it. A crowd gathers, and they look at the lady and sort of whistle softly, and perhaps they give you a mean glare.

You get her name and telephone number and tell the cop it's all your fault—you caused it and you will pay. Then you ask her if you can't go over to her house and straighten things out.

Another accident charged up to the male driver. And the number of times this happens is probably astonishing. There are few men whose souls are so hardened and whose glands are so withered that they will stand on a street in the presence of a cop and a crowd and insist that a woman driver was really at fault. It just isn't done.

Now as to the man-hours of driving. Any chart of accidents must, if it is to have even a superficial value, take this into consideration. Most of those I have studied do not. I have no figures on it, but my own observation would lead me to believe that the average male driver puts in probably two or three times as many hours behind the wheel as the average woman driver. Hence by the law of averages he would be expected to have more accidents, even though he drove somewhat better.

Coming to the last consideration, the circumstances under which the drivers perform. Now suppose you start on a long trip with the Little Lady, and you decide that you will take turns driving. What do you do? Why you take the wheel through heavy traffic, on rough roads, when there is rain or sleet or snow, or when it's dark and hard to see.

When you hit a long, straight stretch of road where there is little traffic and where it would actually be a bit difficult for a driver to do anything to cause an accident, then you turn the wheel over to the lady. You take all the risks, and yet if there is a crash, you are a punk driver and she is a good one.

There is the matter of city traffic. You drive to work in the morning when the traffic is at its peak. Then your wife may drive around during the lull period, doing a bit of shopping. You drive back home in the evening during the rush, and if there is any driving to be done at night, you probably do it.

These are not just theories—they are well-known facts. The times when a woman must drive a car under circumstances difficult, either as to the traffic, the road, or the weather conditions, are extremely few compared to the times that a man must drive under similar circumstances.

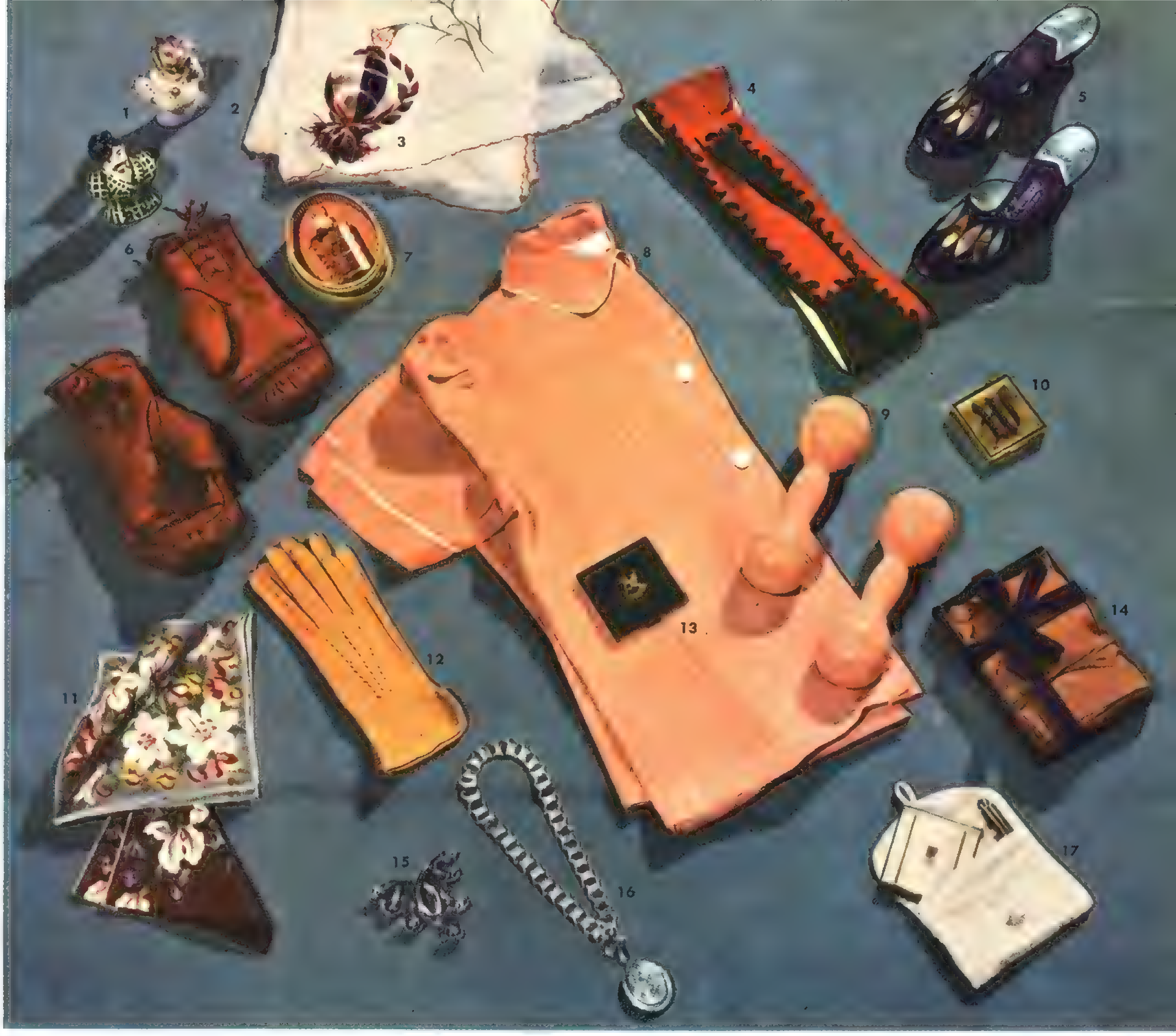
I want to make a plea for the male as the only driver who may be considered reasonably safe and able. He's taken a lot of abuse in the past on this point, and he's taken it gamely—without protesting. But a thing like that shouldn't go on forever. A little justice now and then helps temper the path that may reasonably be expected to lead man eventually into a telephone pole—if there's a woman driver in the way.

My idea, then, is that the best woman driver is one who sits quietly behind the wheel with the car stopped—provided she's easy to look at and the car is off on some side road. Under such circumstances it doesn't matter if she isn't safe—that's her worry, not mine.

—H. S. ⧺

for her

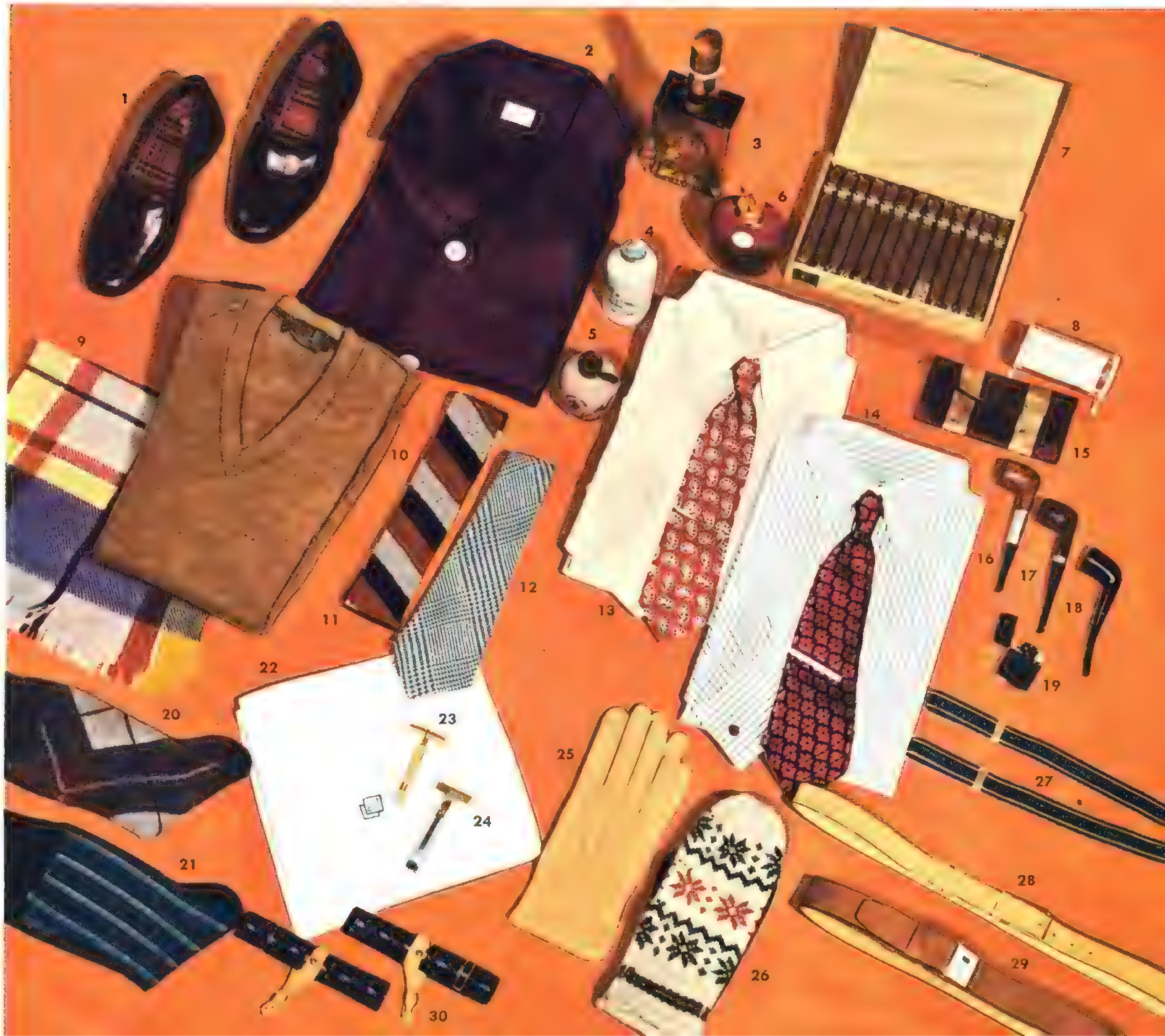
1. Dandy and Belle, figurines
2. A man who "understands women" will consider the chiffon handkerchief with raised petal effect
3. Scented ball for her lingerie cabinet
4. Gay belt to go with sports clothes
5. Glamour plus comfort in the satin-and-metal kid mules
6. Amusing leather mittens
7. Bottle of fragrance in Colonial attire
8. Pajamas with convertible neckline
9. Surprise! The dumbbells are made of soap
10. Black letter-initialed vanity
11. Hand-rolled pure linen handkerchiefs
12. Sporty gloves of buffed pigskin
13. A vanity in serene design
14. Always acceptable: Hose
15, 16. Mystery and romance of India—the newest trend in costume jewelry
17. Vanity and perfume dispenser sheathed in soft silk

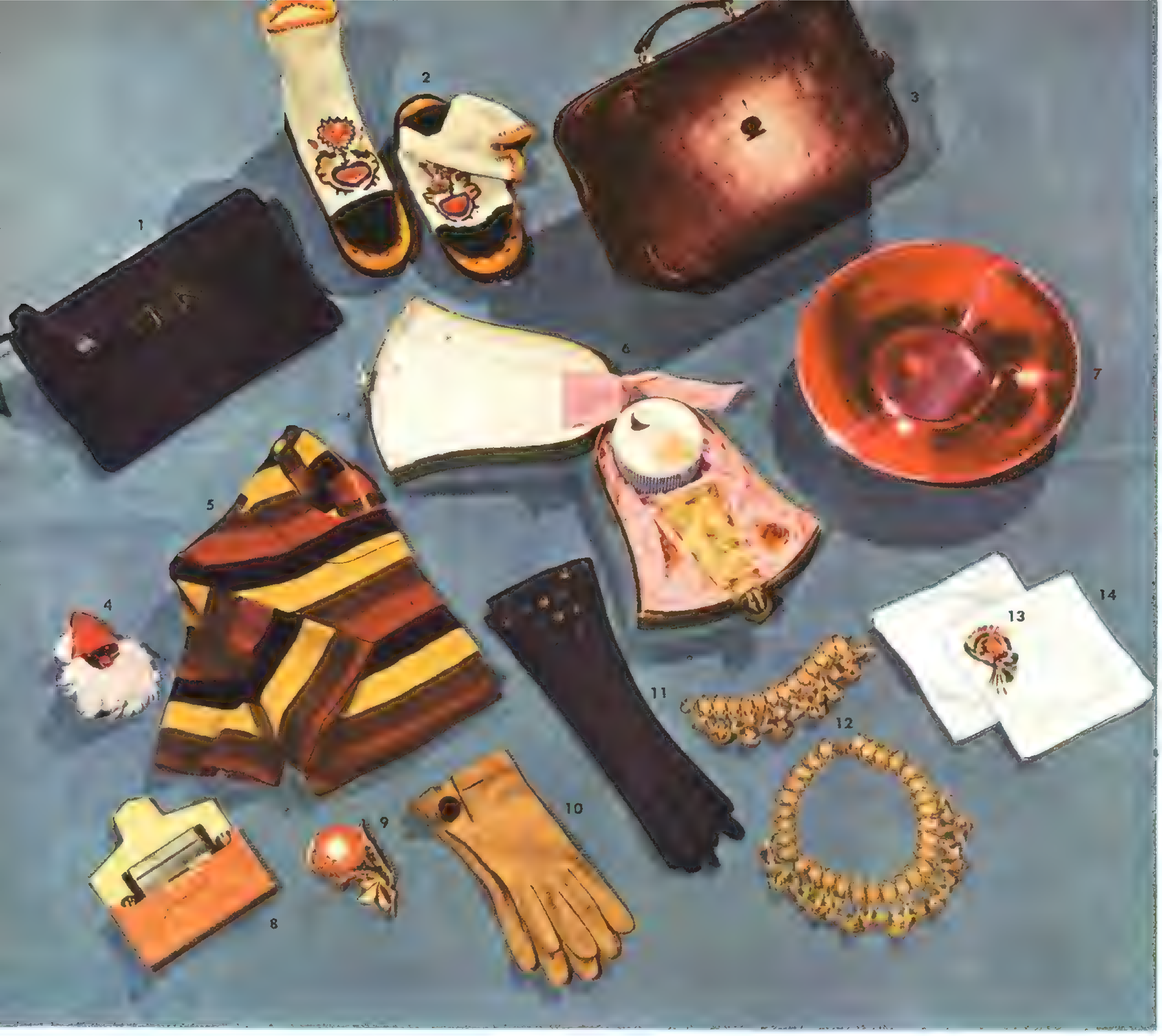


1 *to* 5 *dollars*

for him

1. Tartan-lined kid house-slippers
2. Rayon pajamas
3 to 6. Exhilarating after-shave lotions
7. For the connoisseur smoker
8. Lucite, king-size cigarette box
9. Tartan wool muffler
10. Knitted wool pullover
11, 12. Crocheted silk, woven wool ties
13. Button-down collar oxford shirt with printed foulard tie and golf-club clip. 14. Striped broadcloth shirt, printed foulard tie, simple clip and colored-stone cuff-buttons; shirts, of course, also fall into higher price brackets—it all depends on you. 15. Smart silk tobacco pouch
16. Pipe that slides open for fast cleaning
17. A model with replaceable stem
18. Dry-smoking pipe. 19. Sure-fire lighter
20, 21. Argyle wool socks for sports and striped lisle hose for dress-up; make sure to differentiate between town and country in all wearable gifts
22. Monogrammed white linen handkerchief
23. One-piece razor. 24. Magazine razor.
25. Buffed pigskin gloves, male counterpart to number twelve in upper layout
26. Peasant design knitted wool mitts
27 to 30. Braces, belts and garters; modest gifts but in fashion-focus and well received

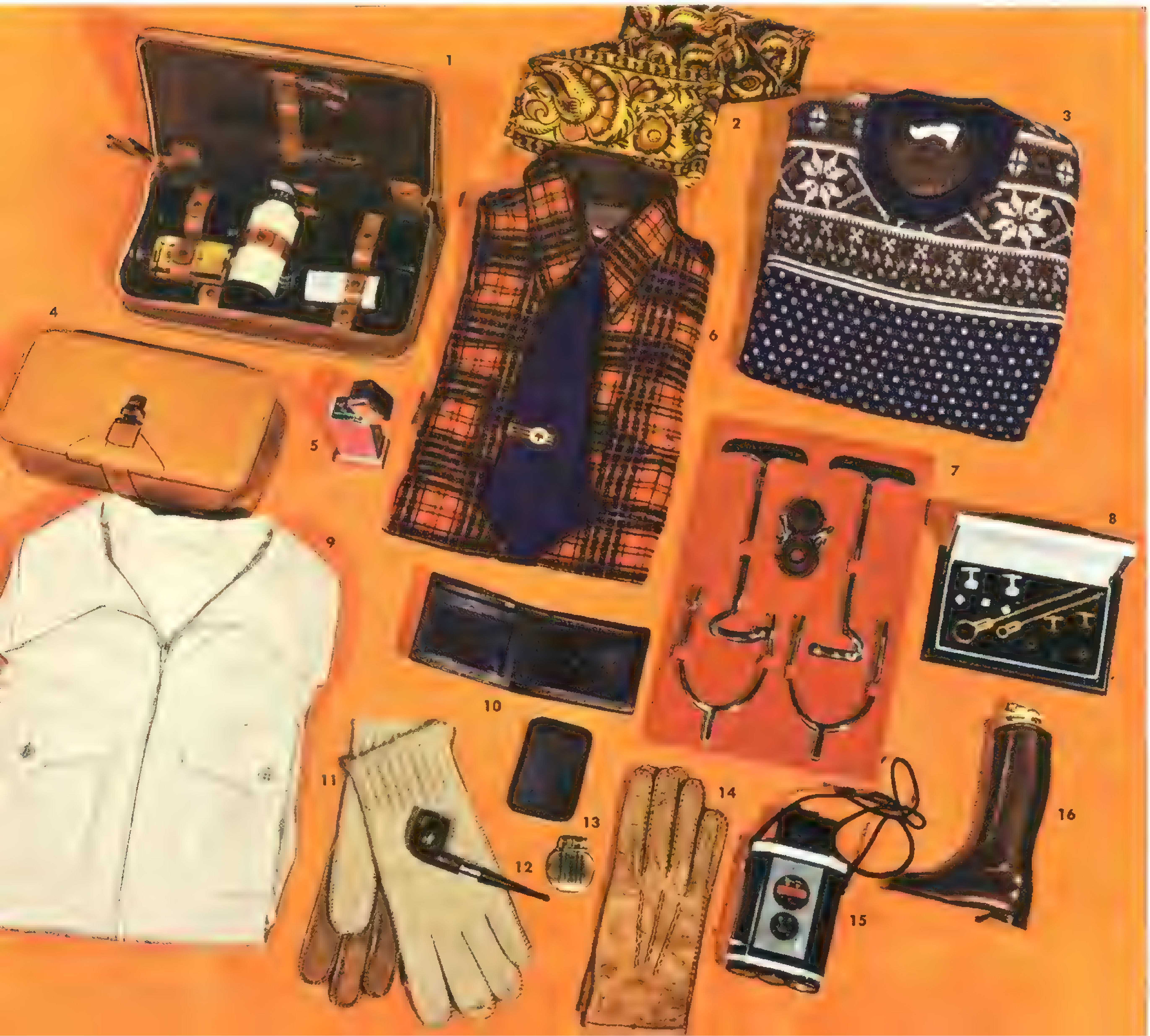




for her

1. It's black antelope in bags this year
2. Cute is the word for the knitted, leather-soled moccasins for after-skiing
3. Kit-bag with two slide-closed partitions
4. Perfume, disguised as Santa Claus
5. Jersey shirt of a dozen uses
6. A toiletry set that says Merry Christmas
7. Chip-proof bowl, decorative or utilitarian
8. Saddle-leather vanity bag
9. Costume-jewelry lapel watch: upside down dial—she looks at it this way
10. Suede gloves with brass button that can be initialed
11. Stone-incrusted evening gloves
12. Jingling bracelet and necklace—a Rajah's gift to his favorite
13. She needs a clip like this
14. A gift-classic: Sheer linen handkerchief-

5 *to* 10 *dollars*

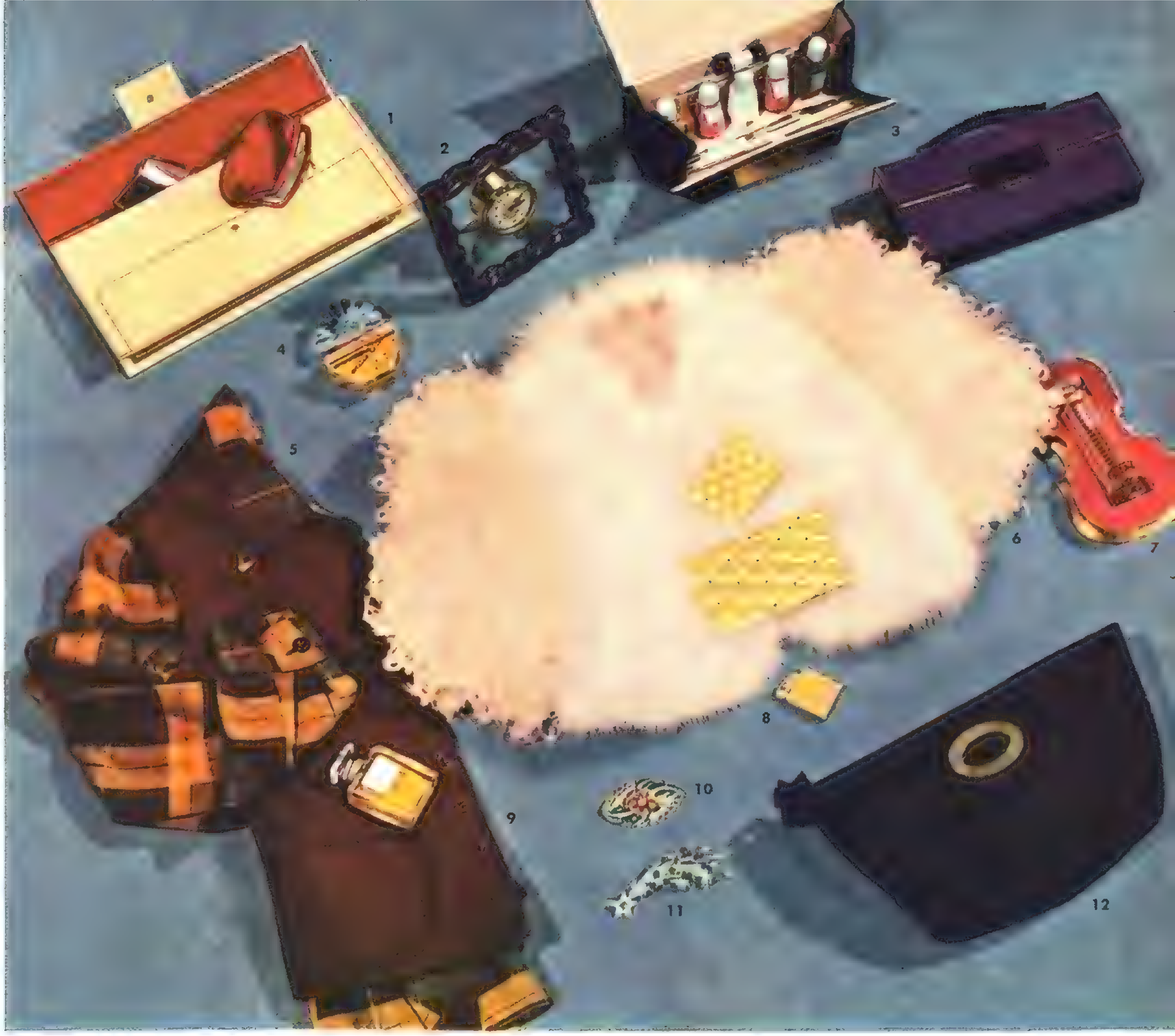


for him

1. He'll travel in style with this toilet kit
2. Choppa printed silk square from India
3. Ski sweater, Norwegian motif but American made
4. The lid of this kit snaps up automatically
5. A masculine desk-lighter
6. Authentic tartan wool flannel shirt, wool tie, sports tie-clip
7. A gift for the equestrian: Silver-steel spurs, boot-hooks
8. Black and white dress sets with key chain
9. Water-repellent cotton ski-jacket with convertible hood
10. He'll get long service out of the pin morocco wallet and key-case
11. Pigskin-palmed knit wool digit-warmers
12. The metal band makes for longer wear
13. A watch-shaped cigar lighter
14. Hand-stitched pigskin gloves
15. He'll see exactly what he shoots with a reflex camera
16. Perfect miniature replica of a boot; it's a lighter for desk or table

for her

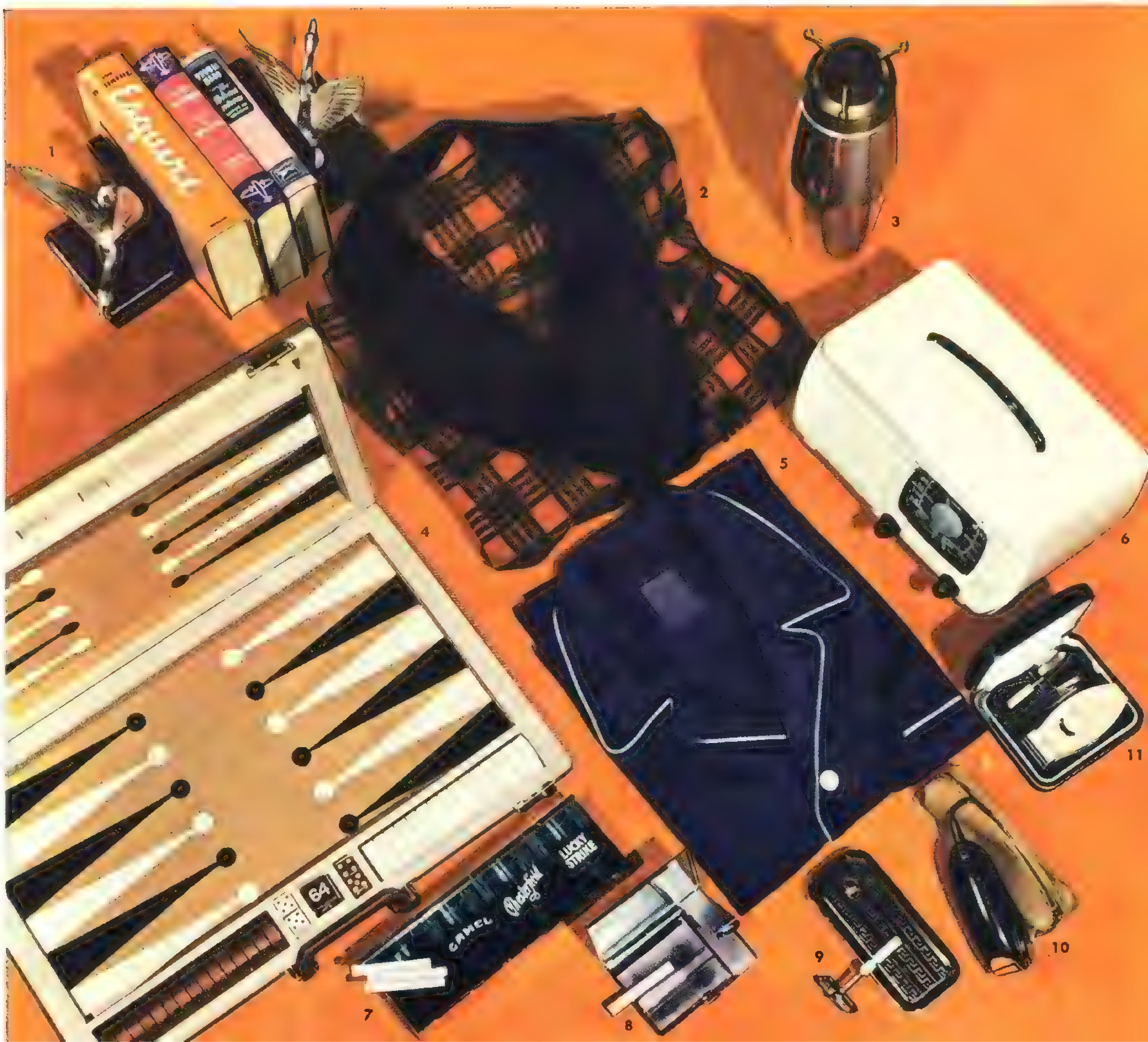
1. Bag in a new parchment-rawhide, to go with tweeds and tailor-mades
2. Tortoise-shell framed bedside clock
3. Very complete manicure set in a grosgrain kit for traveling
4. A precious flask of "mais Oui" perfume
5. "Kitten's ear" wool jerkin with flannel shirt, for active and spectator sports
6. Plume and maribou bedjacket; a little ostrich has whispered to us that in an emergency it could go as an evening jacket
7. Perfume "Tzigane" in a satin violin case
8. Quilted design smoking and vanity set
9. Famous fragrance with an unassuming name in a well-styled bottle
10, 11. Jeweled highlights for a gown
12. The antelope afternoon bag has a practical little mirror on the outside

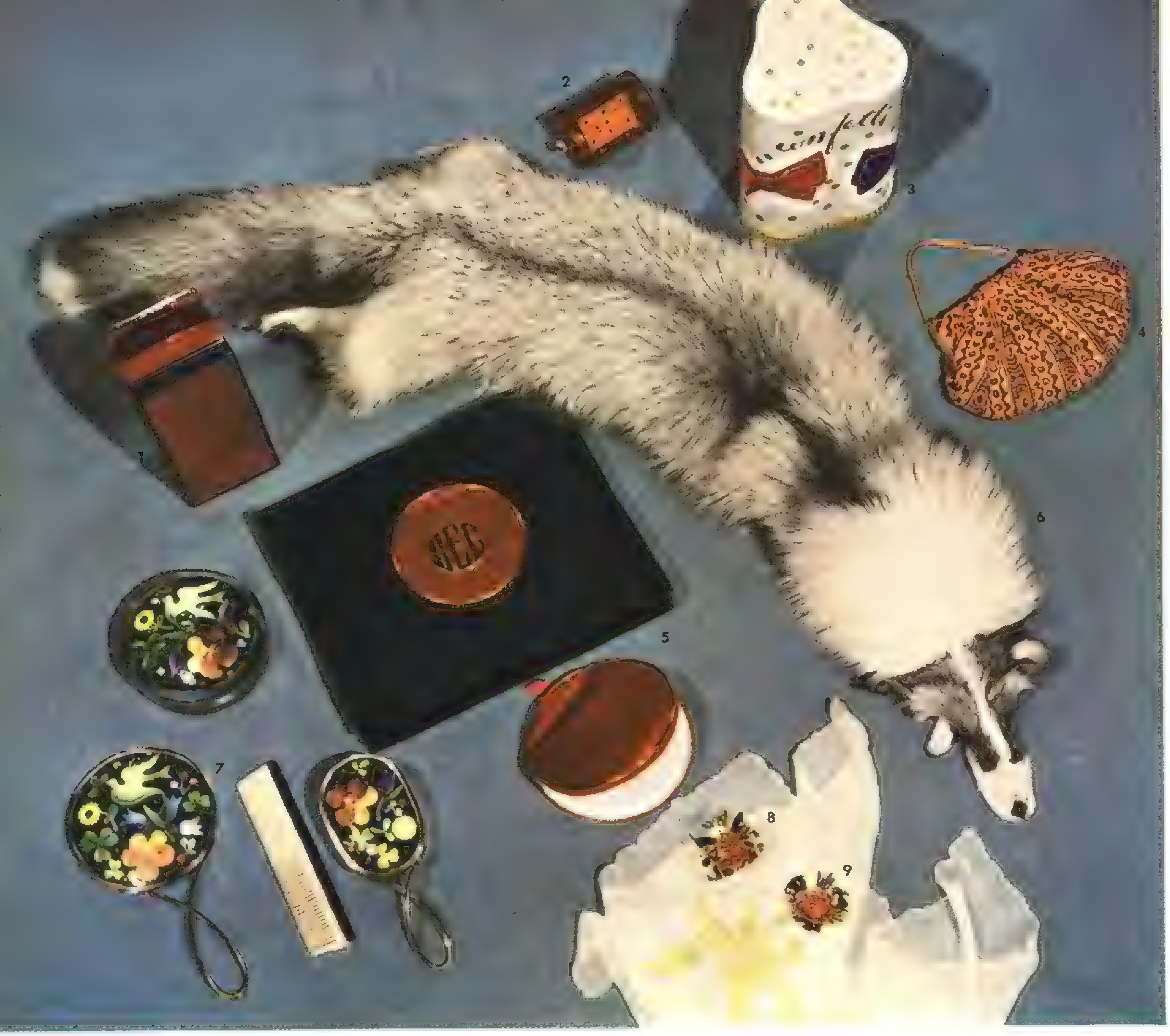


10 *to* 25 *dollars*

for him

1. The call of the wild in a pair of book-ends
2. Tartan robe of Challis, a lightweight wool
3. Shaker of cool-looking aluminum alloy, very industrial-design
4. Backgammon set in a distinguished case
5. Silk pajamas, paragon of luxury
6. Give him an extra radio—for office or bedside; sparkling white
7. Cigarette box for an attentive host
8. An efficient cigarette case and lighter combined; it's chromium
9. Razor with its own honing device
10, 11. The ultimate "McCoy" in electric shavers: two different makes



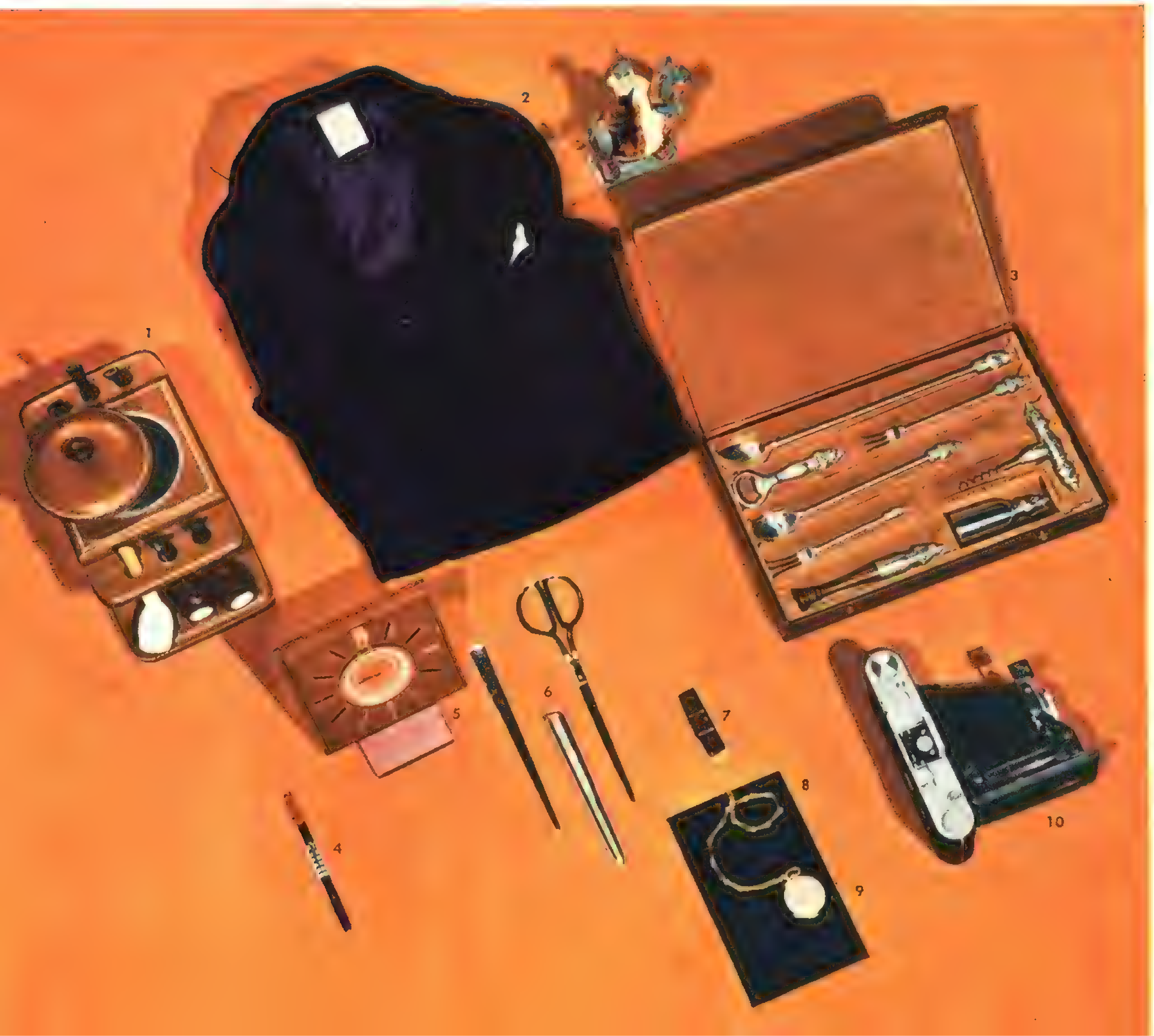


for her

1. Sweet strains of music out of a tiny case covered with crocodile leather
2. An alarm clock with a brain. Wind it once a week and it wakes you promptly every A.M.—but skips the P.M.'s.
3. Give her perfume in a lavishly sized bottle
4. Persian-design evening bag, to leave casually on a restaurant table while dancing
5. Afternoon bag that will set her lady-friends wide-eyed; the initial-disk is a vanity that comes out
6. Animal kingdom's new ruler: Platina Fox
7. Fire-enamel set to give a dressing table that pampered appearance

8 and 9. Rubies and gold; smart women wear real gems in modish setting

25 *and up*



for him

1. Well-bred humidor of saddle-stitched pigskin; pipes of two famous makes
2. Conservative luxury: Velvet after-dinner jacket with satin lining
3. Everything for the perfect host—in Sterling; leather case
4. Executive's red and blue pencil with perpetual calendar; solid gold
5. Pigskin-cased clock with sweep-second hand; slanting for easy vision
6. Sterling silver library set that will become an heirloom
7. Solid-gold pocket knife with calendar
8. Large-linked solid gold chain
9. Give him a watch that is up to modern design standards
10. Camera, combining conventional picture size with the newest improvements

Our Lady of Catastrophe

Continued from page 27

daughter of the founder of the Radical Socialist party, Camille Pelletan, attracted Georges Bonnet to her home.

Two other faithful guests were Genevieve Tabouis, a childhood friend, and Princess Marina of Greece who later became the Duchess of Kent.

She was interested in Pierre Laval, Pierre Etienne Flandin, Anatole de Monzie. Which would she choose?

She still hesitated. She didn't put much faith in the star of Paul Reynaud whose acquaintance she had made through Tardieu. In 1931, Princess Marthe Bibesco, inviting her to dinner with Reynaud, confided to her: . . . "Marshal Lyautey tells me that that man will go far."

Helene then began to consider this politician with more interest, all the more so when she realized that he looked upon her with tender admiration.

Paul Reynaud

At that time, Paul Reynaud was just becoming known. He was small, dry, nervous and a good conversationalist. His father had come from the Southern Alps and had made a fortune in Mexico. Reynaud became known at the Palais for his independence, his clear thinking and his well-turned phrases.

He had married Mlle. Henri-Robert, daughter of Reynaud's first boss, M. Henri-Robert, President of the French Bar Association. They had a daughter, Colette, but it was known that the couple was separated.

Elected in 1919, immediately following the war in which he had distinguished himself, Paul Reynaud, though defeated in 1924, was re-elected deputy shortly after in the second arrondissement in Paris. One or two speeches in the Chamber on the awakening of Germany had placed him among the good national orators.

In 1930, Paul Reynaud was chosen Minister of Finance because he had predicted the American "crash" six months before it actually took place. In 1931 he denounced the weakness of the French Army and urged its complete motorization. Shortly after, he became Minister of the Colonies and went to Indo-China to settle the troubles which had arisen there. What a sensation! It was the first time that a French Minister had gone further than the Suez Canal.

Will he be dictator?

It was after his return from Indo-China that Helene de Portes met him at the home of Marthe Bibesco and that their friendship began. Helene was then in her prime; she was twenty-six and Reynaud fifty-two.

Thus speaks Paul Reynaud, standing on his toes and with his hands in his vest pockets:

"To the bourgeois, who believes that only fascism can save capitalism from the communist menace, one should tell the story of Mussolini, showing his old friend, the French socialist, La Gardelle, a block of gold that some industrialist had just brought him, and smilingly saying to La Gardelle: 'It is under fascism that capitalism comes to die.' "

But Helene de Portes had a definite weakness for fascism. She thought: . . . "Paul Reynaud, an energetic man and a sworn enemy of the communists, is wrong not to want a dictatorship. He might become the Dictator himself."

And she pictured herself already as the wife of the Dictator, but at the same time she did not yet dare to oppose Reynaud. Every day he was more in love and she was content for the time being.

The Marquise de Crussol

During this same time, Mlle. Beziers also had much success. Papa Beziers had made millions canning sardines. And then the Marquis de Crussol, former fiancé of Mlle. Rebuffel, married Mlle. Beziers. She is pleasant, less vivacious than Helene, colder but more distinguished. She also wanted a salon.

While Count de Portes and the Marquis de Crussol played cards together at the Jockey Club, the Marquise received the Leftists and the League of Nations in her salon.

She too was looking for a man. Daladier seemed to appeal to her more than the others. She didn't know that, as Daudet had put it: "this bull had a snail's horns." He is heavy set, a little vulgar, and the kind who bangs on tables. The death of his wife who had borne him two sons grieved him deeply. But the friendship of a Marquise was very flattering to this baker's son from a sleepy small southern town.

He became enamored of this woman who took care of his health, commented on his clothing, worried about his future, and who quietly imbued him with ambitions which he would never have dared to admit, even to himself.

The role of these women in politics

All these women thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mme. Domunica Paul Guillaume, pretty widow of the art dealer, conspired with Albert Sarraut.

In the living room of Mary Marquet, superb star of the *Comédie Française*, M. Tardieu held court. And his photograph on the table with the words: *A ma mouche, son tyran* ("to my little one, from her tyrant") was tangible proof of their relationship.

At Marthe de Fels' home, one could hear Alexis Leger, General Secretary of Foreign Affairs, express his ideas on foreign policy with the talent and charm of a poet. The Radicals met at the home of the gracious and smiling Mme. Suzanne Schreiber who, depending on her current friends, swayed between the Socialists and the center.

In the white satin salons of Countess Madeleine de Montgomery, one met the greatest of the great: directors of the biggest newspapers, Ministers and Ambassadors.

The Duchess d'Harcourt, who had her husband elected deputy, favored closer relations with the Nazis. She aired her views at dinners attended by Society, the most influential Parlementarians, Otto Abetz, former unknown Professor of Art in Karsruch (who had become Von Ribbentrop's agent), and by Charles Frederic Sieburg, correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and author of the famous book: *Dieu est-il francais?* (Otto Abetz was expelled from France in August 1939 for espionage and has now returned as German Ambassador. As for Sieburg, for love of whom a Parisian committed suicide in 1937, he was Chief of the Nazi spy ring in Brussels before the invasion).

Having sponsored surrealist painters, writers and musicians, and dadaist films (in which one saw the removal of an eye), Countess Marie Laure de Noailles sponsored the mode of "integral pacifism." Gaston Bergery, former secretary to Edouard Herriot, and former son-in-law of the Soviet statesman, Krassine, and at present husband of Bettina Johnes, Schiaparelli's lovely American *première vendeuse*, championed the cause. He is called the fashionable revolutionary who had his red flags made on the Rue de la Paix and his overalls at the finest London tailors.

Even the most serious did not resist this wave of feminine influence. The cold Mandel, with his shrieky voice, his high stiff collars and his black silk stockings, succumbed to the blonde charms of chubby Beatrice Bretty of the *Comédie Française*, former mistress of Maginot.

Another *Comédie Française* artiste, dark-haired Germaine Rouer of the statuesque profile, put ambitious ideas into the head of Yvon Delbos, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Popular Front Government.

Camille Chautemps, the prudent ex-premier and seemingly everlasting vice-premier, was being turned around the little finger of the smiling pianist, Mme. Durand-Texte. Although already a grandfather, Chautemps divorced his wife and also obtained a divorce for the lady of his dreams who was married to his assistant in his law office.

This resulted in his break with the powerful secret Society of Free Masonry of which he had been a high dignitary. And on May 16th, the fateful date of the German advance, Chautemps called the French newspaper editors:

. . . "Gentlemen, good news! I am still powerful (sic). My new wife has just given me a son."

And let us not forget Paul Boncour, permanent French delegate to the League of Nations, protector of Mlle. Marie Ventura of the *Comédie Française*. At a session of the Palais de Justice, a letter which he had written from Geneva to Magda Fontanges was read:

. . . "When I think of your lovely body, I don't give a damn about Central Europe." She had been the mistress of Mussolini and fired at M. Charles de Chambrun, French Ambassador to Rome whom she accused of having interfered with her affair with the Duce.

Did Helene sell herself to the Nazis?

In this atmosphere of skirts and face powder, French politics went along according to the petty ambitions and intrigues of these women, even at that time when the interior and exterior situation was so precarious. Rumbles of revolution were heard; war seemed to be around the corner; the panicky days of 1938 were soon to come; the Germans seized Czechoslovakia; and then Munich!

Naturally, Helene de Portes was in favor of the Munich settlement. Paul Reynaud, on the contrary, was violently anti-Munich.

When in 1934, Helene had been ill and gone to Vienna for treatment, she had met Nazi leaders, both Austrian and German. Today, in certain circles, she is accused of having been bought by Hitler's followers who wanted to use her, her relations and her influence on Paul Reynaud.

To strengthen this accusation, it is also said that Helene de Portes was several times paid for rendering services to those who sought the favor of powerful men of the day. She had a large personal fortune which increased considerably thanks to Reynaud's advice—and we therefore put little credence in this accusation. But she was avid for power and the love of intrigue possessed her.

For a while, she was Otto of Hapsburg's political manager but later she attacked him. She even went to Belgium to visit the exiled Duc de Guise, Royal Pretender to the French throne, and certainly must have promised the help of Paul Reynaud, dyed-in-the-wool Republican though he was. Her fond dream was to have Paul Reynaud completely devoted to her and to use him for her shady political schemes. The more Reynaud leaned to the left (he refused to prevent the Popular Front experiment and spoke of forming a Cabinet comprising all political parties from communists to extreme rightist) the more Helene inclined to the right.

From Munich to the war

The salons were very popular after Munich. A Franco-German entente was fashionable. And pre-

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Our Lady of Catastrophe

Continued from pages 27-105

texting integral pacifism, realism or anti-communism, all the great ladies of Parisian society used their wiles to sway their political friends.

A Hunting Exhibition in Berlin gave Goering the opportunity to invite the most influential among them to his luxurious home: Madeleine de Montgomery, Helene de Portes, Antoinette d'Harcourt, the Marquise de Crussol. They returned filled with memories of lavish spectacles and comforting words, and what is more, fully convinced. Again, in their own way, they tried to convince their friends.

However, Reynaud refused to comply. He announced that France was entering the "bloodless period of the war." He denounced the French bourgeoisie. He said that they went to seek political ideas outside France. "In the past, others had come to France for ideas. The bourgeoisie seemed to be moving toward its own destruction, as the aristocracy had done before the Revolution. But at least the aristocrats had met destruction with a smile, whereas the bourgeoisie seemed to be attending its own funeral."

And thus the Summer of 1939 neared. Until the last second, Daladier hesitated—the Marquise de Crussol's advice increased his natural indecision—then he declared war.

The inevitable had happened.

Helene's swan song

Helene de Portes understood that her time had come. She had to do something quickly. In fact, all France had turned to Paul Reynaud; he was to be the Clemenceau of the new war. Daladier disapprovingly watched Reynaud's star mounting and the Marquise continued to reveal all of Reynaud's schemes to Daladier.

Above all, Helene wanted to unite her fate to that of her lover. Reynaud was already separated from his wife who at the outbreak of war, had enrolled as a parachutist-nurse. Helene was by this time separated from Count Jean de Portes who had been called to the colors.

The two lived together in the Place du Palais Bourbon, opposite the Chamber of Deputies. But Reynaud's wife refused to divorce him and the French law forbade remarriage, under these conditions, until after three years of duly verified separation. Helene wanted the law changed. Alas! The Minister of Justice who had the sole power to do this was Paul Reynaud. Without creating scandal, he could not himself take the initiative.

Helene did not hesitate for a minute. She went to see her rival, the Marquise de Crussol, and spoke to her as follows:

. . . "If you want Reynaud to renounce his efforts for the Premiership and want Daladier to give him a position worthy of himself where he could serve France best, let us make him Minister of Finance. Marchandeau who now has the job is a weakling and is accused of being pro-Munich. Since Georges Bonnet is no longer Minister of Foreign Affairs, Daladier could take over that portfolio and Bonnet could be appointed Minister of Justice. Thus we could have a cabinet sure to last some time."

The Marquise de Crussol took Helene de Portes to see Daladier and the new setup was agreed upon.

As soon as Bonnet was appointed Minister of Justice, Helene de Portes went to see her friend, Odette Bonnet:

. . . "Paul and your husband must become reconciled. Tomorrow Paul will be the Premier. He wants to take Bonnet back and give him the Portfolio of Justice. But now I want Bonnet to do us a favor; he must modify the divorce law."

As soon as Bonnet was appointed Minister of Justice, one of the first things he did was to reduce from three years to one the time required by law before a divorcee could remarry.

Now Daladier became worried. Paul Reynaud talked and acted as if he were planning to become Premier. He saw many political opponents to the present cabinet. His collaborators criticized the head of the Government. At Helene de Portes' house, Paul Reynaud dined with important military men, like General Decamp, chief of Daladier's military council, and General Giraud, the hope of those who favored a war of offensive.

The Marquise telephoned to the Countess to explain. Helene rushed to see Daladier; she had found a wonderful pretext:

". . . . If Paul follows the policy which is contradictory to our agreement, it is due to his bad environment. You should insist on him getting rid of his chief of cabinet, Georges Palewski."

Thus Helene removed her worst enemy who had been Reynaud's collaborator for twenty years and who had always fought against the influence of the beautiful Countess.

Helene immediately had him replaced by two of her men: Lecca and Deveau.

Helene now ran everything. Reynaud had to become Premier. And he did, after the Finnish episode. Daladier remained Minister of War.

Helene runs the show

Helene stayed no more between the scenes. She now received at her home in the Place du Palais Bourbon as well as at the Premier's office. She was making her own politics.

In the midst of a Cabinet meeting, Daladier made a passive resistance to Reynaud's politics. In agreement with Gamelin, he refused to send troops to Norway. He had fractured his foot a long time ago and used that as an excuse for not going to London to be one of the co-signers of the agreement of April 4th in which France and England agreed never to sign a separate peace.

Then suddenly, came the German offensive of May 10th. The enemy broke through. The General Staff and Government were taken with panic. One must do Helene justice and admit that she did not spare herself. She was up twenty hours a day, ran everything, looked after Reynaud's failing health, objected to the Ministers' leaving Paris. She advocated the removing of Gamelin and Daladier and the calling of Pétain and Weygand.

Paul Reynaud wanted his old friend, Charles de Gaulle as head of the War Council. As far back as 1936, he had been furnishing him with military documentation which proved to be prophetic. But Helene de Portes insisted that he was more useful at the front where he commanded a unit of tanks and had already covered himself with glory.

She had appointed, instead, Colonel de Villelume, an officer famous in salons and well-known for his defeatism.

The German advance continued. Helene de Portes took up the Premier's time with her petty intrigues. And these intrigues appeared stranger and stranger. She had Alexis Leger, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and a strong partisan of resistance, revoked. She had Paul Baudouin, one of her best friends, known for his strong Anglophobia, appointed as Minister.

Then she sent her children to America with their nurse.

Now the Germans advanced everywhere. The French Army retreated with great speed. The Government left Tours. Helene de Portes did not leave the Premier alone for a minute. To see him or to speak with him, one had to see her first.

Decisive influence

Now came the tragic hours and discussions between those in favor of an armistice and those for resistance.

Paul Reynaud insisted on the latter course.

The Germans were coming closer. Tours was bombarded. One had to leave for Bordeaux. Helene had given up all coquetry; without make-up, always wearing the same little bluish-mauve dress, she was everywhere. She urged Reynaud to give his place to Pétain and Baudouin.

Reynaud was promised the post of Ambassador to the United States. His nomination was already sent to Washington. On July 16th, at ten o'clock in the evening, Reynaud gave in. . . . "To New York," says Helene, "we shall get married."

Her great adventure had failed. But she did not want to give up everything.

The Spanish Incident

On the day of the Armistice, June 22nd, Lecca and Deveau were arrested in Spain. They were Reynaud's two collaborators and Helene's friends. She had managed to get Baudouin to appoint one as Financial Attaché in Washington and the other as head of the French Purchasing Commission in New York, in charge of liquidation.

Lecca and Deveau were carrying the diplomatic pouch. But the Spanish gendarmes feigned not to comprehend that their trunks were not to be opened for inspection. Besides important diplomatic documents, they found in them jewels, bonds and $2,000,000—in gold. The French Consul in San Sebastian was immediately notified:

. . . "This is Countess de Portes' personal fortune," explained Lecca and Deveau, "and as to the $2,000,000—in gold, these are the Government's secret funds and were to be used for propaganda in the United States."

The gold was shipped back to the Vichy Government by the French Ambassador in Madrid. The diplomatic documents were returned two weeks later.

Immediately, Reynaud's nomination which had been accepted by the White House, was annulled.

Mysterious Accident

In the meantime, Reynaud had left with Helene for the south of France. It was on this trip that Reynaud learned about Lecca and Deveau's arrest. (They were finally allowed to proceed to Portugal from where they sailed for England.)

On June 27th, after having paid a visit to his daughter at Sainte-Mazime (small resort on the French Riviera), Paul Reynaud was to meet Helene in a restaurant. They were both feeling very depressed. Helene was driving. An hour later, their car crashed against a telephone post. When they were found, Helene de Portes was dead and Paul Reynaud seriously injured.

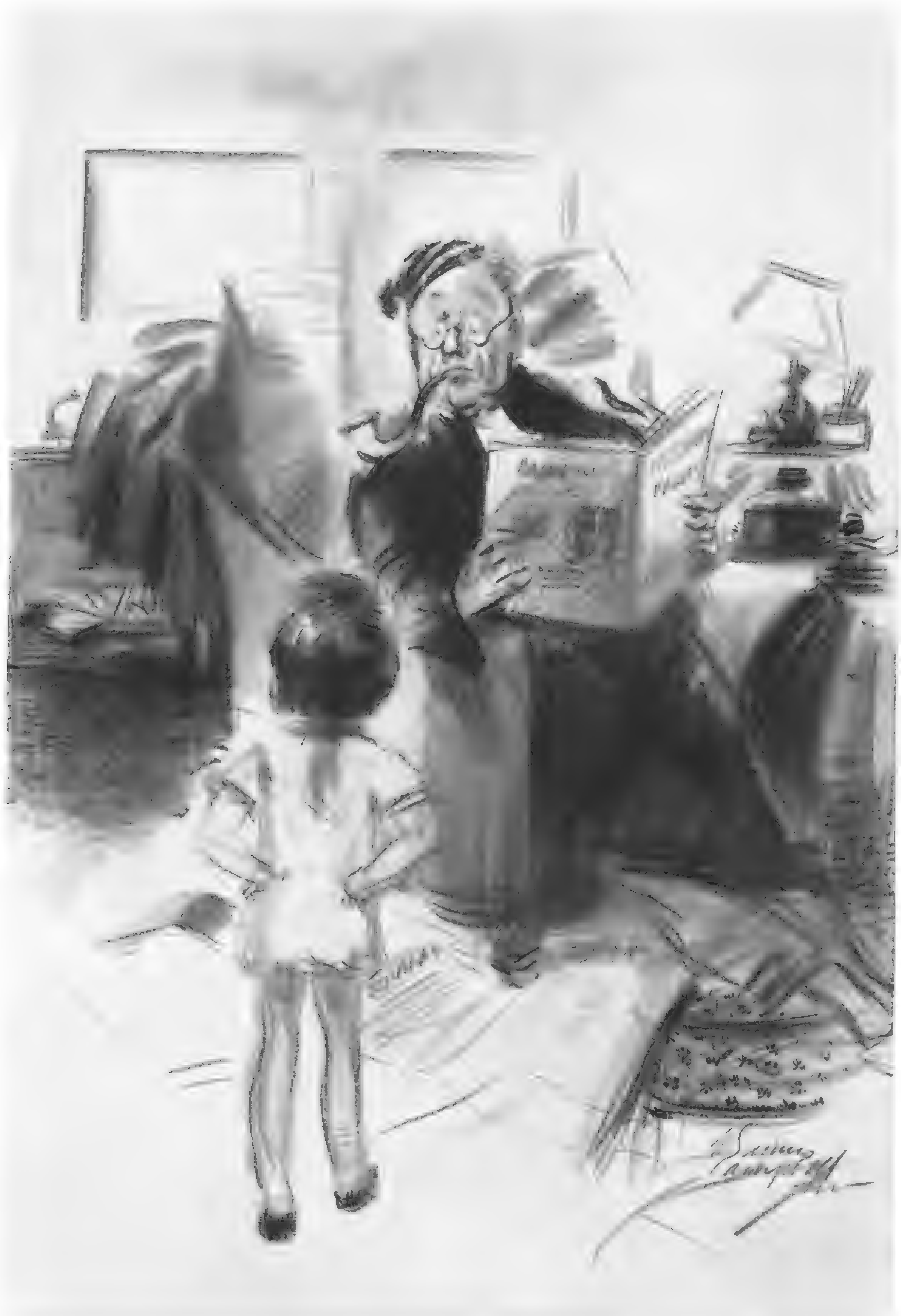
Was it an accident? Sabotage? Suicide? We shall probably never know.

Thus ended the incredible adventure of the woman who has already been given the name in France of *Notre Dame de la Débâcle.*

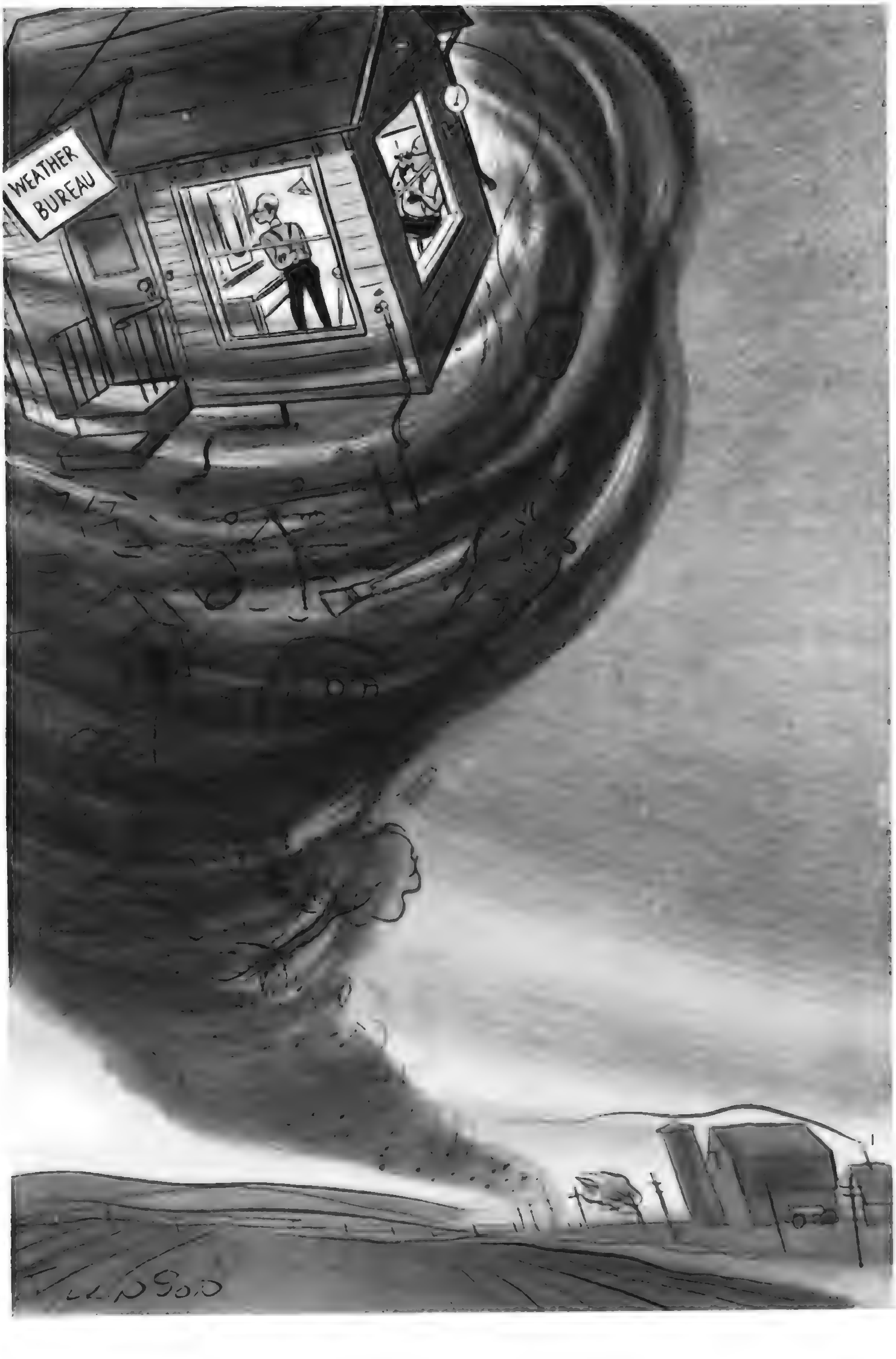
What has become of the others:

For the time being, they remain in seclusion. All we know is that Bretty, still faithfully devoted to Mandel, stays at Riom and goes to see the ex-Minister in prison whenever she can get permission. There she meets General Gamelin.

As for the Marquise de Crussol, she does not go to see Daladier. Reynaud, with his head bandaged, remains alone in the Chateau transformed into a prison, alone with his thoughts and his memories of ardent love and with his terrible souvenirs of the defeat.



"Grandpa—are you going to leave your money to Papa or outlive us all just for spite, like Mama says?"


WEATHER BUREAU
LLNSOD

"Station K-46 says there might be a storm area moving this way"

Women Are Funny People

Continued from page 69

complained about dinner.

Spring, of course, had sent Jake Motz back into the yard, and at first I thought I'd move my office to the other side of the house where I couldn't see him and couldn't hear Bella talking to him over the hedge. One of her favorite stunts was to say things in a loud voice—just for my benefit. But I got stubborn and decided I'd sit right there in that window, and I did. When Bella would get to talking loud for my benefit, I'd pound my typewriter with all my might and drown her out. That always got her.

I didn't get any writing done, though. So one afternoon I went home feeling all discouraged, and I tried to propose a compromise. Bella was putting on her old slacks, getting ready to go out into the yard, and I put my arm around her. "Honey," I said, "we've found nothing but unhappiness out here. Let's sell out and get us a little apartment."

It's just like I told you. I was even willing to let Jake Motz run me out of the neighborhood. But the suggestion seemed to rub Bella the wrong way. It even made her violent. She gave me a shove that made me slip down and skin my elbow on the bed. "If you can't be a man here, you won't be one anywhere else," she shouted. Then she ran over and pushed my typewriter off the desk, and it hit the floor with a bang. The carriage was knocked clear off.

Bella stormed on out into the yard and grabbed the lawn mower. She pushed and strained and snorted, and made out like she was having a terrible time. She stooped down and fiddled with the blades and Jake Motz popped up from behind his hedge. "Let me have a look," he said as he pushed through the hedge. "It takes a man to handle them things."

"And it's lucky for me I live next door to a man," Bella said in that loud voice of hers. And she turned and looked right towards my window.

Jake pulled a screwdriver out of his pocket and adjusted something or other, and then he started pushing the mower himself. That was just too much—Jake Motz out there mowing my lawn with my wife following him, out where everybody could see. I looked at my broken typewriter, and then happened to look across the room. Over by the dresser was my rifle.

"Well, he keeps asking for it," I said to myself.

I walked over and got the rifle. I was just as calm as I am now, and I went back to the window and took good aim—right at the red handle of the screwdriver in Jake's hind pocket. I pulled the trigger, and never have I heard such a yell as that Jake let out. You would have thought a stuck elephant was bellowing into the big loudspeaker at the ball park. He jumped about six feet into the air, and then he dived over the hedge, head first.

Bella ran shrieking around the other side of our house, and in a moment the whole neighborhood was in a commotion. I just sat down at my desk and waited for the police squad car to arrive.

The next day George Holmes got me out on bond, and by that time Bella had calmed down and was a changed woman. I guess the night she spent by herself when I was in jail made her do a little thinking. As I say, she has been the sweetest thing you ever saw since then, and I'm really going to town with my book. I almost hate for my trial to come up. I know I'll come clear or get off with a little fine, and when Bella sees I won't have to go to the pen—well, I just can't be sure how it will affect her. Women are funny people. #

The Birthday Horse

Continued from page 70

knew all about these things, too. He played his part and said cheerfully, "Well, there's no harm in having a look at him anyway."

"Not at all, Ben. Boy," he shouted inside to the stable "bring out that Ripples horse."

Nobody said anything for a minute, and pretty soon a nigger emerged from the stable leading that horse. I don't know just how to explain to you how I felt then. The nearest I can come is to tell you that my heart turned to water when I saw that horse. He was almost coal black, and he had the highest shoulders and the proudest head you ever saw. He looked to me as big as a mountain as I stood there looking up at him.

And then I looked at Father. I could see that he wasn't too much pleased. Folks around our way have a distrust for anything as beautiful as that horse.

Father looked at me angrily. "Why didn't you tell me he was a stallion, Son?"

"I didn't know, Dad," I answered breathlessly. I guess I was about as excited as a fellow can get. But I knew that Father had been hankering for a stallion ever since old Rex died.

Leo took the lead rein from the nigger, and led the horse up so that he was directly facing us.

Father said, "He's got three white stockings; if he had four, we'd feed him to the crows." Then he made a few more remarks like that—the regular, ordinary remarks that horsemen make to give themselves time to think. Meanwhile the horse just stood there big as life, showing off. We liked him, and he knew it.

Then Father moved a little to the right of where we were standing to get a side view of the horse. But as Father moved, Leo kept moving the horse, keeping his head directly towards Father, until Father finally said angrily, "Hold that damn horse still, Leo. I want to look him over." And look him over he did. I never saw a horse get such a going over. Father first looked at his teeth, then his feet, legs, eyes, mane and even under his tail. As father used to say when he told the story years afterwards, "It wasn't that Leo had anything to hide when he wouldn't let me see that hoss from the rear. That hoss was sound as a silver dollar. It's just that Leo was so used to selling people some old cripple that might have a spavin on his rear leg as big as your fist that he couldn't help trying to deceive people. He just wanted to keep in practice."

Anyway, I could see that Father was getting more and more to like the horse every minute even though he tried not to show it. Then Leo called into the stable for a saddle, and the same nigger brought it out and cinched it over the horse.

"Like to try him, Ben?" asked Leo, taking a bridle off his shoulder and gently slipping the bit in the horse's mouth and pulling the reins up over his ears.

"No thanks. Well, Boy, what are you waiting for?" Father said to me. "Here's your chance."

"Wait a minute, Ben," said Leo. "I thought you wanted to try him yourself. He's a lot of horse to handle. A boy of his age might have a lot of trouble with a stallion."

"My boy can ride a stallion," said Father louder than he usually talked. And then he gave me a leg up. And from then on I thought I was on top of the world looking down at everyone. I don't remember ever being so proud in my life.

I took up the reins as gently as if I'd had a week-old baby in my hands. We started up the drive away from the barn, and I was feeling him out as much as I could. We kept going at a slow singlefoot until we reached the end of the drive, and then I turned him around towards the barn. I took up on the bit a little, gave him a little pressure with my right heel, and it wasn't long before he had really begun to rack out. Father and Leo were standing in the door of the barn watching us come. And we really came; we came most as fast as you could in an automobile. The horse seemed as proud as I was and glad of the chance to show off. We kept coming faster and faster, and out of the corner of my eye I could see the little white stockings on his strong black legs as he thrust them out one at a time in front of us. As we passed the barn Father let out a holler, and I knew he'd buy that horse if it took his last cent. I pulled up on him a little past the barn, and turned around, and rode him back to where Leo and Father were standing, and then hopped off. I guess Leo would have let me ride longer, but I wanted to save all that pleasure for later.

"By God," said Leo, "that boy of yours can go. Damned if he don't look like a real hossman sitting way up there on that stallion."

Father put his arm around my shoulder. "Yes," he said, "I think they'd make a handsome pair."

"So do I, Ben. It's a shame the hoss is practically sold."

Father winked at me, and I settled down comfortable on a pile of hay just inside the doorway of the barn and waited to hear the long argument that we expected. Well, Father and Leo had just got started dickering when the telephone rang at the back of the barn—in the back room. Leo excused himself and went back to answer it. Dad chewed on his shoot of hay for a while, and then said, "I was mighty proud of you today, Son."

I was scared of saying the wrong thing, so I just kept quiet. Neither of us said anything until Leo came back. I remember thinking that he seemed thoughtful.

"Sorry, Ben," he said to Father, "there's no use talking about this hoss any more. He's sold. I just closed the deal over the phone."

Father looked at me, and I was just so dazed I couldn't say a word. I couldn't believe that he was telling the truth and that he had been telling us the truth all along, and I just sat there on my little pile of hay on the floor and kept telling myself that he was kidding until Father finally said, "You go out and get in the car, Son."

I got up and went out and got in the car without even saying goodbye to Leo. I sat there and waited for quite a spell trying to hold back my tears. I've afterwards asked Father, when he'd be telling this story, why he waited talking with Leo for such a long time after I left? He always says that he looked at a couple of other horses that Leo had for sale, but I still think that he was in there with Leo offering him every cent he had to get that horse for me, even if he had to double the other man's price.

Anyway, Father finally came out and got in the car and we started off for home. I was afraid to say anything for fear I'd start crying out loud. Then, just as we turned off from the center of Weston and got on the main highway towards home, Father turned to me and said, "Now, there's no use carrying on, Son. The horse is sold now. Besides, there are lots of horses in this world."

"No there aren't," I said, starting to cry. "There are not." #

What Shall I Say?

Continued from page 52

dalene von Losch. She is about thirty-five years old, was born in Germany, is a naturalized American citizen, and her legs, once famed, now strike the observer as one notch this side of skinny. You can pronounce her name two ways: the American, Marleen Deetrick, or the German, Marlaynuh Deetrish. She uses both, but mostly favors the American.

She has had two distinct careers in the movies, so far as the United States phase of her life is concerned. The first era concerned her legs, as you may recall. For reasons which perhaps should have been obvious to the American public from the start, nobody ever had given her gams a second glance back in Germany, where she played in musical comedy, as a motion picture extra, and finally in lead roles, including *The Blue Angel* opposite Emil Jannings.

That picture made her. She was imported forthwith, and, in accordance with custom in Hollywood-on-the-Pacific, remodeled.

She walked, sighed, murmured and eye-browed her way through several films in this country, exposing a pair of legs exceeded in every artistic respect by those of any Hollywood babe on the lots—a fact known to her, and of which she made frequent mention, to the horror of the publicity department, which, not being able to understand *The Blue Angel*, invented her legs.

All she had in those lush days, at a quarter of a million bucks per picture, was a sort of a stunned, exotic stare, which the male public took to its high-pressured heart as a manifestation of excess sex appeal, but which turned out to be nothing more exciting than the normal reaction of a young German *hausfrau*—who wore white cotton stockings to her first Hollywood party—to suddenly finding herself in a sort of financial heaven, and this for reasons which, to her practical mind, were vague.

During this period she accomplished a feat which never has been matched by any other child of Hollywood: she drew down a million dollars one year and had to act—as the technical expression is—in only one picture. She was in the 250-500 G's class then, and she got paid for one picture double because the leading man was taken ill and it had to be stretched out, and another studio didn't take one, but had to pay her anyway, and so on, with the net result as mentioned above. Some baby.

It didn't last. No sooner had she socked away her first few millions when everything went to hell.

The exhibitors, a few years ago, made up a list of box office poison and submitted it to the producers. There was our Marlene right at the top of the list, and with plenty of daylight showing between her and the runner-up. There was the magic name, outlined in red ink, looming up like a lighthouse, as the vulgar expression is, in a fog.

She went into retirement for two years.

That was supposed to be the end of this babe. But the wise guys who had taken Miss Dietrich at her face value, failed to reckon with the lady's guts, and with the fact, then unsuspected, that she possessed the capacity for as much courage, crust, and sheer cold fury as any single individual in Hollywood.

"Give me a bottle of gin," she pleaded, "and let me conk somebody with it. And let me get in there with somebody who isn't afraid to poke me one on the snoot. If I'm really rattlesnake oil at the wickets, there must be a million people would like to see me get pasted. Let's go."

Everybody said no but Joe Pasternak, a producer small in stature but with an interior of wrought iron. Mr. Pasternak changed his status from producer to promoter, stuck a cigar in his hawk-like map and matched her with James Stewart, in *Destry Rides Again*.

She won in the seventh, with a gin bottle to the heart and a quart of bourbon in a right cross to the jaw.

The public, in a way of speaking, carried her to her dressing room on its shoulders. The crowd loves a winner, and in this case they sensed that what she really had conked was not the inoffensive Mr. Stewart, but the Hollywood coaches who first had framed her, then told her to take it lying down.

"Look, kid," Pasternak said, handing her a bottle of iodine, "they can't hurt us. I got you matched with Brod Crawford, the guy who croaked a dame in *Of Mice and Men* just by stroking her hair. We'll kill that bum."

So now comes this *Seven Sinners*, with Maria Magdalene von Losch opposite John Wayne, in the theatrical sense, but mixing it with Big Pappy Crawford in the main event, the final round of which I have endeavored to describe.

* * *

All right, lunch time is over and the set is ready for Miss Dietrich, who ought to be back from the hospital any minute. It is to be a closeup of her sitting in some kind of ginricksha. At the moment her stand-in is sitting in the thing, knitting. Thirty-two members of the technical crew are hanging around, waiting.

A car drives into the sound stage, stops, and our heroine gets out and shows everybody her right arm. There is a black-and-blue mark, in its first stages, about three inches long above the elbow. Her maid, a sort of interne, says she's black-and-blue from her left knee almost to her hip, and on the right side there's a spot as big as your hat on her, you know, hip.

Everybody wants to see.

Nix, Dietrich says. Some other time, maybe.

She goes to the rig she is to sit in, and sits in it, and calls for a mirror, her presents, and a cigar. I mean a cigarette.

The cameraman directs the lighting, which takes an even half-hour. Meantime our lady has looked into her mirror, lit her cigarette, and passed out her presents. These go to various people working on the picture, for this is the last day and it is customary among most of the star performers to distribute largesse at the wind-up. She already has given the crew members a huge and lovely combination radio and automatic phonograph, which even at the moment is blaring away over in a corner, driving the assistant director nuts as he wavers between probably insulting Miss Dietrich and telling somebody to shut the goddam thing off.

Well, at the end of about an hour, they are ready to shoot. The set is quieted, the phonograph silenced; the lighting is ready at last; the camera is ready to turn. Miss Dietrich now looks over at Director Garnett, and in the dead silence she asks him:

"What shall I say?"

Oh, nuts! A low, almost imperceptible growl floats on the air, and they cut the lights and Mr. Garnett goes over to her and rests a foot on the spoke of a wheel and talks to her, earnestly, emphatically, for fifteen minutes.

An electrician, standing near me, drops his cigarette to the floor and steps on it.

"Some actress," he says. He glances toward the phonograph, and looks ashamed of himself.

They are ready again. On with the lights. The camera turns. Miss Dietrich says:

"What if I were to tell you I'm in love."

The director nods. That's all.

Well, that's seventeen words for the day, counting contractions as one word.

Next shot is one of Miss Dietrich lying on her back on the floor, her head on a pillow. The camera is above her, shooting down. They get the camera into position, and Miss Dietrich's stand-in gets ready to take her place, for focussing and preliminary lighting. She waves her away.

"I'm tired anyway," she says; "let me lie down." She lies down on the floor and takes a deep breath. The electricians get to work, with their floodlights and spots and screens. The cameraman looks into his finder, composing the scene. She looks at him and says, "Darling, I have ordered cake and coffee for nine o'clock tonight."

The prop man with the keys says, "How about the doughnuts? Ain't you going to make us any more doughnuts, angel?"

"I didn't have time today. I didn't make the cake, either. But I picked it out. I made them give me a sample. It's as good as I can make." She looks around at the crew, looks up at them. "Nine o'clock, my darlings. Coffee and cake. Is it all right?"

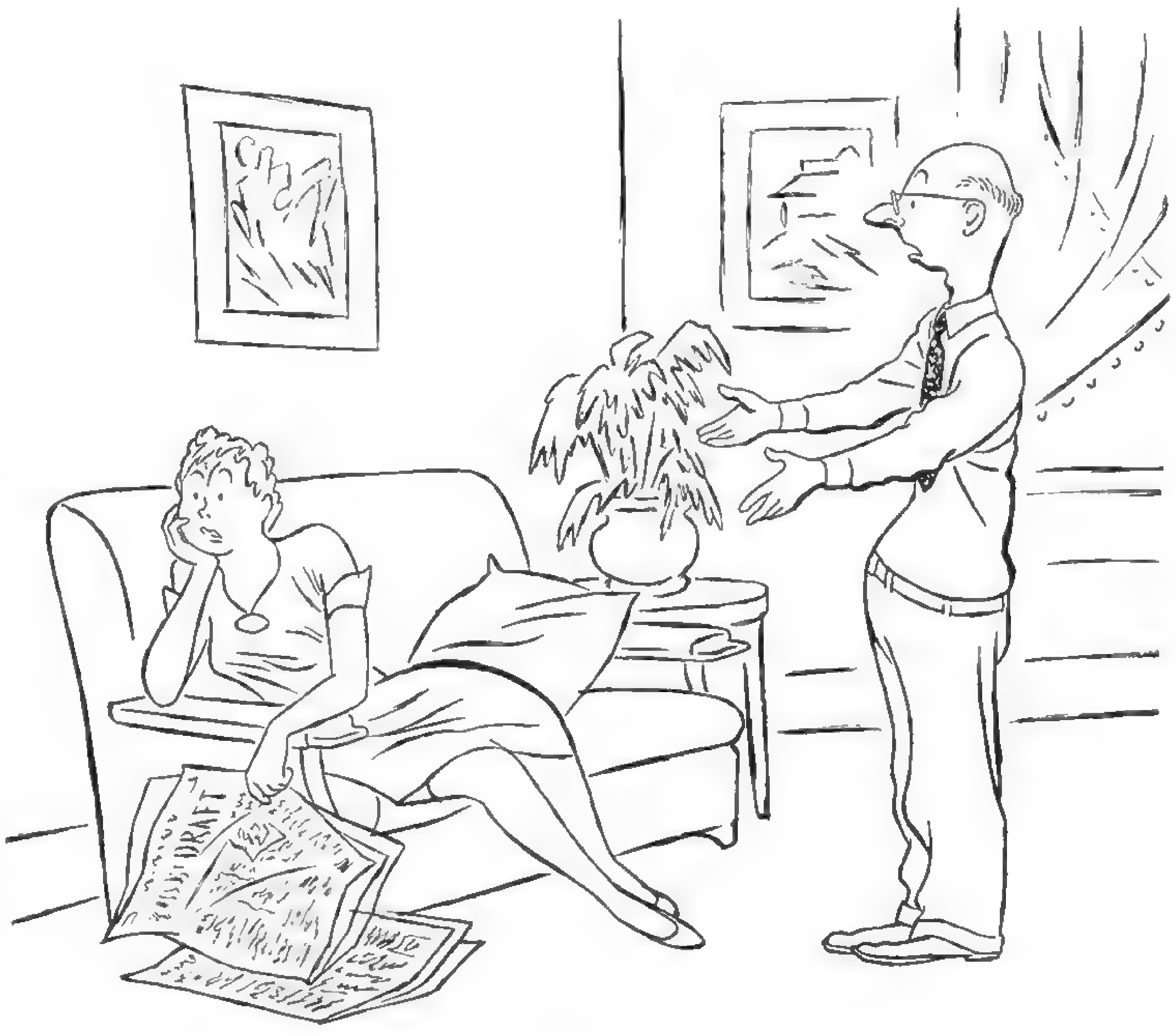
It's all right, they tell her. It's fine.

"Anything," says an electrician, the armpits of his sweatshirt stained dark, "just so you're here, too, sweetheart."

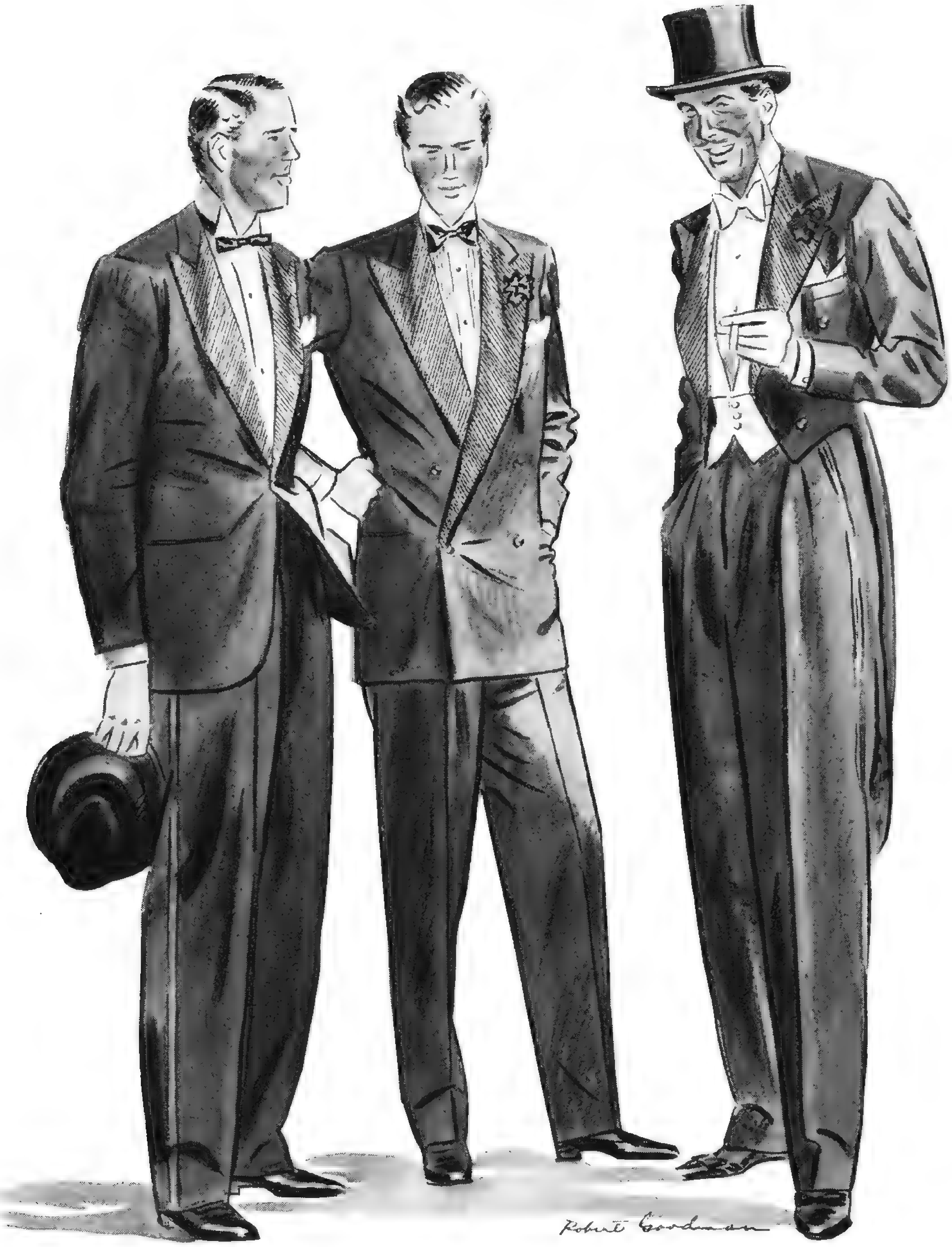
"I'll be here. It's the last night of the picture. We must be all together, on the last night. Please hand me my mirror. What do I say for this shot?"

Director Garnett shakes his head.

"Nothing," he says. ⧺



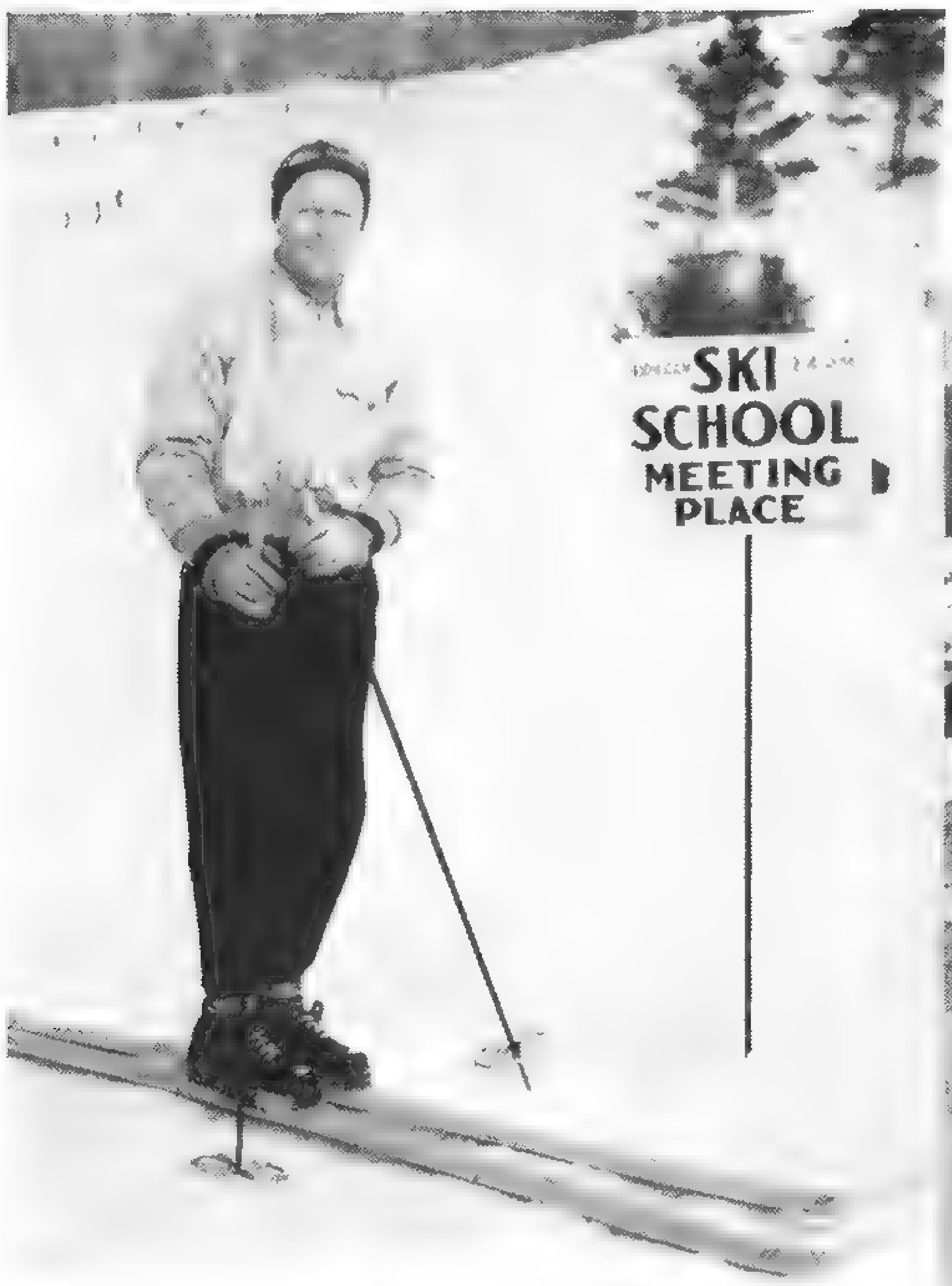
"But, dear, my country needs me!"



let's go formal

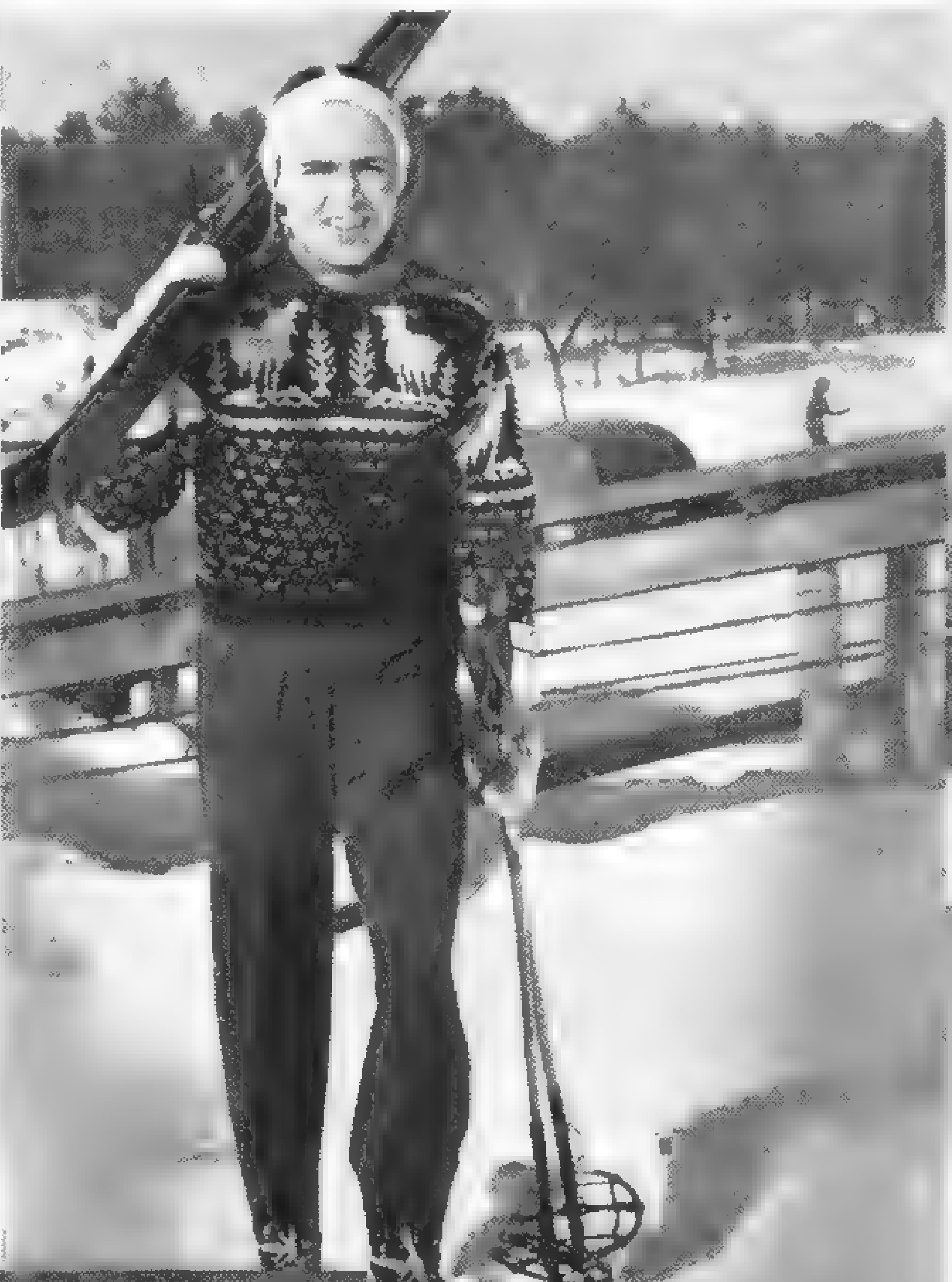
We recall having seen a cartoon some five years ago, picturing a group of no fewer than ten formally attired men dressed identically in every detail. The gag singled out the fourth fellow from the right, saying: "That Harkins dresses with such individuality." Even granting that it wasn't very funny, it did make the point that men's formal outfits were guilty of too much uniformity. But today that same gag would have no justification. Formal wear for men is now so varied that we could call Harkins the best dressed fellow in that group, and not be kidding. Especially if he was attired like the man at the above right, who is the height of formality from the top of his silk collapsible hat to the tip of his patent leather pumps. Between are wearables of the same degree of formality: white pique butterfly tie, wing collar, stiff bosom shirt, white pearl studs, single breasted waistcoat, midnight-blue tailcoat, trousers to match, black silk socks. His companions are dressed for a semi-formal occasion, such as a round of nightclubbing. The single breasted jacketed man, at the left, wears a wing collar narrow bow tie, stiff bosom shirt, midnight-blue studs, and is carrying a black Homburg. The middleman, too, is up on his fashions. Note the narrow pleats of his attached collar dress shirt. It's very stylish, and complements the butterfly tie and black pearl studs. He also wears a double breasted dinner-jacket, trousers to match, patent leather low shoes.

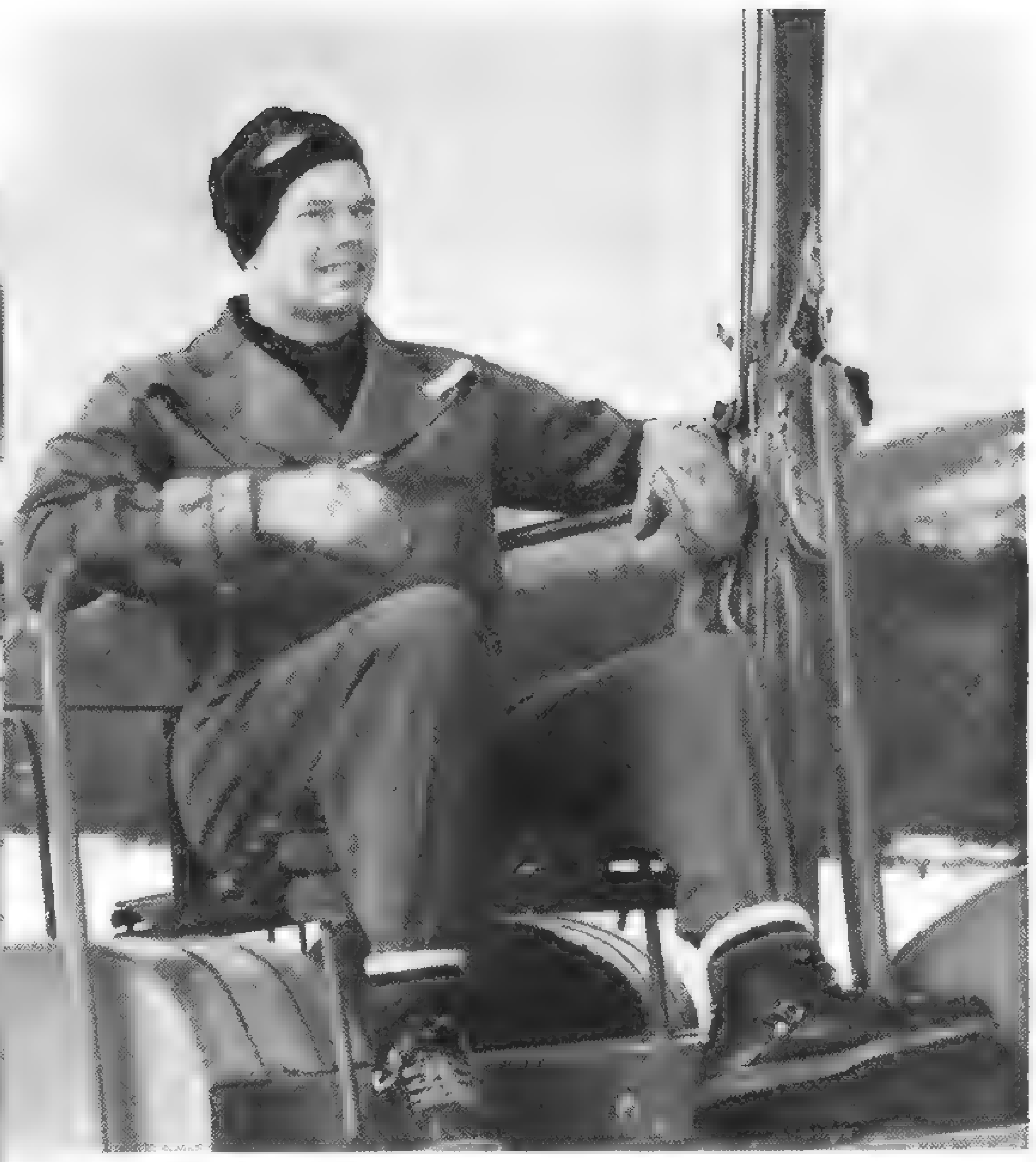
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Left—*Processed tan cotton jacket, blue gabardine downhill trousers.*

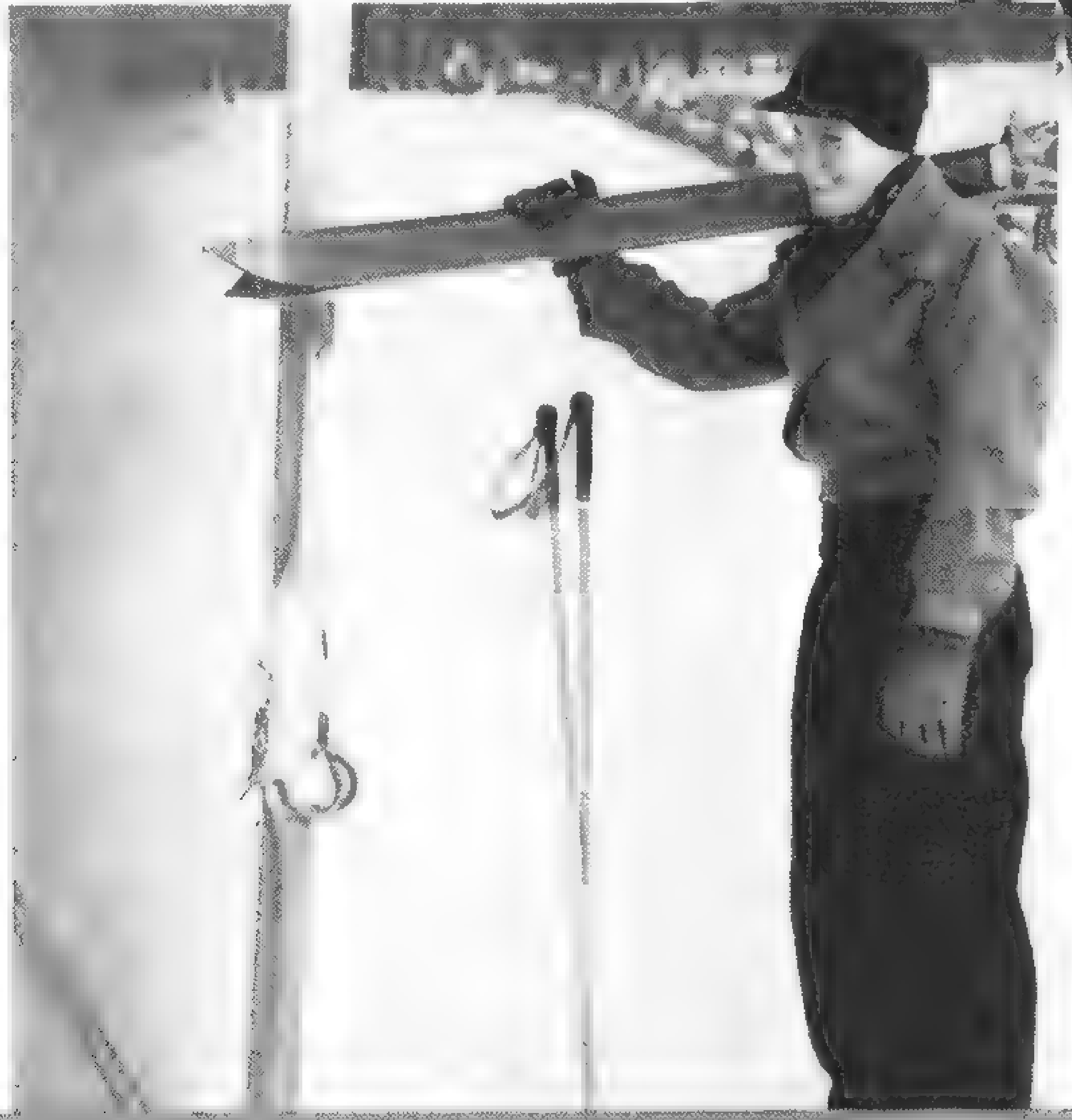
Below—*Native design blue and white sweater and white wool headband.*

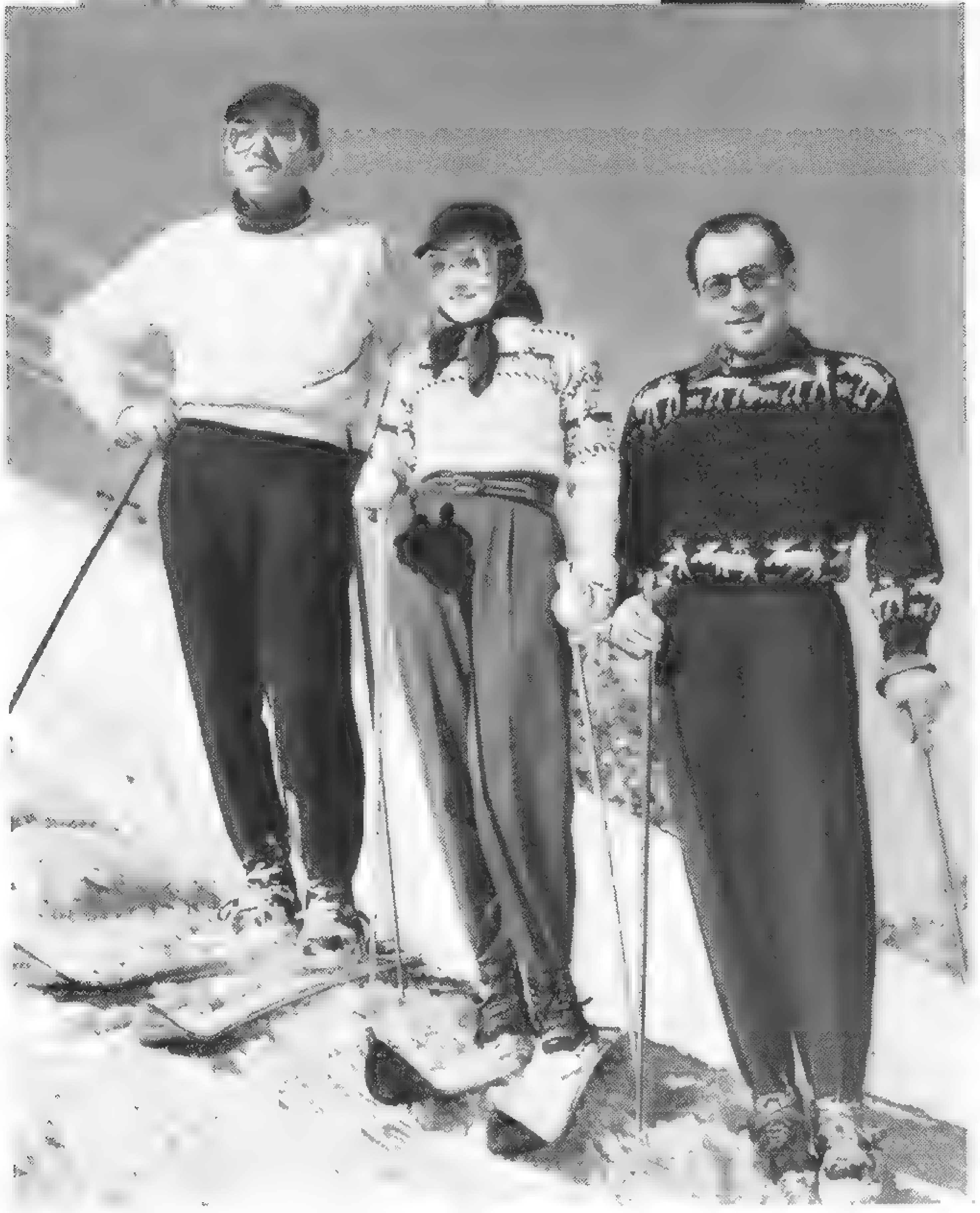




Above—*Slate-blue gabardine suit, flannel shirt, wool tie, leather mitts, ankle strap boots.*

Below—*Wrap model slate-blue gabardine jacket, dark-blue trousers, cap with ear flaps, tartan wool muffler.*





Natural shade cotton poplin pullover and native pattern sweater, silk scarves, sun glasses and downhill trousers.

Ski-wear for Anywhere

Duration of visit in snow country determines nature of the wardrobe

by FASHION STAFF

• WEARABLES •

If you're off for a ski jaunt to the hilly country of deep snow, the apparel you wear and pack is as important as getting reservations. Ski clothes encounter no sectional style barriers. Correct fashions for some of the eastern centers such as North Conway or Franconia, N. H., Lake Placid, N. Y., or any of the places in the Laurentians are just as acceptable at Sun Valley, Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier or other western snow slopes. Lightweight wind-resistant ski clothes that are warm without being cumbersome are universally preferable.

What to take depends on the length of your trip. For a week end, you could travel in your ski outfit. Commendable is one consisting of a tan processed cotton jacket with slide fastener closure, dark-blue worsted gabardine downhill trousers, tartan flannel shirt, wool homespun tie, tan cotton ski cap, leather-palmed cotton mitts, grey wool socks and ski boots. Silk and wool or wool and cotton underwear has excellent thermal qualities. A heavy wool sweater of native design offers an alternative for the jacket.

If you don't travel in your ski clothes, then wear a tweed suit or an odd jacket, a pair of flannel slacks, lightweight flannel shirt, wool tie, sports felt hat, wool socks, heavy moccasin shoes. You'll want such an outfit, anyway, for after skiing, dinner and evening at the inn or lodge. A pair of fleece-lined moccasins or fleece-lined bootlets with slide fastener ease the feet after skiing. Pack a suit of flannel or knitted pajamas and a flannel robe. A sheepskin or wool-lined cotton twill coat can do heavy duty for you.

For a trip of two weeks or longer, do a bit of multiplying. An extra pair of worsted gabardine trousers and a jacket that may match offer a change as do two or three extra sweaters. Have a pair of suspenders or a belt on each pair of trousers. A half-dozen flannel and gabardine shirts will break the laundry or cleaning bugaboo. So will a half-dozen pairs of wool socks, four sets of underwear, two dozen handkerchiefs and three suits of pajamas. Tuck in an extra pair of leather and wool mitts and a knitted headband. An extra pair of boots insures dry footwear. Make similar additions to the other division of clothes for after skiing.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Art Thou Romeo?

Continued from page 60

battle scene, then leave the thing unfinished, with the materials lying about for months, and finally she had them quietly carted away. The quickest way to rouse his interest is by showing him art reproductions. Recently, he bought six huge copies of Breughels. But then he neglected to unpack them.

This is typical of Barrymore, the taster, easily bored. He probably never went very deeply into the study of painting, or anything, unless it was the acting of Shakespeare. The house he built in his Dolores Costello heyday is an example of his disorganized, fanciful taste; Elaine was astonished at its strange conglomeration of styles (they didn't live in it).

Nearing sixty, the great lover with the great profile is bringing into full circle the career in which he began as an ad lib, pratfall comedian. He is a comedian again. John Barrymore, stepping into the newest phase of a career that has many times seemed ended, only to revive on his deathless theatre-instinct, plays a straight burlesque of John Barrymore for *The Great Profile*. Appropriately enough, Darryl Zanuck assigned him the dressing room vacated by Shirley Temple, retiring from the screen.

There is something gruesome in the ribald destruction, by Barrymore himself, of the figure that was the symbol of romantic love for several generations of womanhood. It almost seems as though the man gets a revengeful enjoyment in tearing apart the sham figure, within which he never found fulfillment. All last year, on the stage, he played the lewd-tongued, aging Lothario, with so many daughters he didn't know who were their mothers. He embroidered the part with ribald, supposedly drunken ad libbing, often concerned with the anatomical points of the actresses on the stage. Certainly, a large part of the drawing power of *My Dear Children* was in the macabre anticipation of watching a great actor drunkenly deride himself, for it was inescapable that the life of the main character was similar to Barrymore's own life.

Barrymore himself insists that he didn't go onto the stage drunk, says a man can't ad lib when he is drunk. Going onto the stage is like a shot of cold water: it would sober any man. He intimates that he often played drunk, because the rowdy, inebriated style of ad libbing was suited to the character of the play. Besides, he wanted to give the males in the audience a little amusement. It is always the women, he contends, who drag men to the theatre—certainly it must have been true of the theatres John Barrymore played in, during his high period as matinee idol. And therefore he felt he owed the boys a little fun.

The play gave Darryl Zanuck, personally, an idea, and he is supposed to have written, personally, the story of *The Great Profile*, in which Barrymore makes mincemeat of his own ham. Rolling his eyes, twirking his cheek-muscles, picking his nose, in exaggeration of the old familiar mannerisms, Barrymore, with self-ghoulish glee, shows all the John Barrymore imitators how to take him apart. "Some of the great actors," he delighted in saying on the set, "have caricatured me. Now it's my turn."

And indeed he is in good company. The greatest Barrymore imitation, is the Charlie Chaplin rendition of John B. as Hamlet, performed occasionally at Hollywood soirées. Another classic version was Frederic March's playful jack-wacky in *The Royal Family*.

Barrymore loves to tell how he slipped into the theatre once, and laughed so hard watching himself á la March that his face got puffed up, red, while his eyes swam in tears. After the show he went backstage, bursting into March's dressing room to congratulate him. But March, at sight of that wild red face, ducked behind a table, expecting a beating. They became great pals.

A cynical historian might conclude that in Barrymore there was a great talent, contemptuous of the uses to which it was put, because the bearer of it was too beautiful and success was too easy for him, and there were too many women to be chased (and fled from), and there was never time to settle down and think things through. Besides that was an effort a man had to make alone, and he hated to be alone. The very persistence and violence of his pranks, his continuous lust for excitement, indicate a paucity of inner resources. A man can't live on high moments. Dull, dreadful hours and days must have forced him into his escapades; and with time, the dull hours increase.

To the average citizen, John Barrymore's was the greatest acting name of the period.Yet there are signs that Barrymore, well enough equipped in showmanship, felt that there was somewhere an esthetic of the stage beyond what natural gifts and family tradition had revealed to him. The story of his respect for Stanislavsky, the great stage philosopher of the Moscow Art Theatre, touchingly indicates the lack he felt in himself.

When they met in New York, Barrymore was at the height of his career, playing Hamlet. One day he asked Stanislavsky how he could tell whether a person had true stage ability. The test, Stanislavsky said, usually came when neophytes applied for admission to his school. "I have one good way of finding out whether they have the stuff in them, to become good actors." Barrymore asked for the test. "Go out of the room," the master said. "I will hide a pin. When you come back, you must try to find this pin."

Barrymore went out. In a moment, Stanislavsky gave the signal. Barrymore entered, scanned the room for clues, went to the desk, searched under the blotter, under some letters—

"Fine! You are accepted!" Stanislavsky declared. He explained, "When you came in, you really hunted for the pin. Others come in, strike a pose, laugh, get silly—all those are bad material."

Barrymore might have been a mere beginner, so proud was he of having passed the test. Yet there was one critic he feared even more than Stanislavsky. To this day, John Barrymore trembles before Ethel Barrymore's theatrical judgment. "She knows!" he says in almost sepulchral tones. "She knows!" The worst performance he ever gave as Hamlet, he claims, was that dreadful evening when not only the entire Moscow Art troupe, but also Ethel sat in the front row. He forgot his lines, nearly lost his voice. "And when she came backstage—phew!"

The answer should be obvious to all the dear ladies who want to mother him. Big sister Ethel has always filled that role, in his psychic world. After each of his young-man escapades, he turned to Ethel, like a naughty child. When he got fired in Chicago after his first theatre engagement, for forgetting his lines, and remarking "Well, I've blown up, where do we go from here?" it was to Ethel that he sent a historic plea for fare home. Feeling that emphatic words were necessary, he wrote out a wire, demanding fifty bucks in the name of Christ! The operator refused to send the expletive, until John Barrymore explained that the fifty bucks was needed to satisfy one George W. Christ, manager of his hotel. It was doubly fortunate that the hotel wasn't checked upon, for even then Barrymore had a gift for finding all-purpose hostelries.

It was to Ethel that he screamed for aid, again, when he got caught in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. At that time the legend of Barrymore as Beau Brummell was born, with the anecdote of the best-dressed man in the earthquake. For while others were caught in nightclothes, John ambled through the ruins impeccably dress-suited. He even lent his hand to a shovel, when requested by army rescue squads. This occasioned the classic remark of his uncle, John Drew: "It took a convulsion of nature to make him get up, and the U. S. Army to make him go to work."

By then a song and dance man, a trouper with the famed Willie Collier who schooled him in the ad libbing and ribbing of the free-style theatre of those days, John Barrymore sprung into fame as the juvenile lead in a play called *The Fortune Hunter*. From then on he was the hunted. The girls had seen his profile, and his legs.

He still thought the theatre was a bunch of hay. It was Ed Sheldon, the playwright, who saw the dramatic actor as the scornful blade. He persuaded Barrymore to "play straight" in *Kick-In*, and then to undertake Galsworthy's *Justice*.

Justice really got Barrymore. At the tryout in New Haven he was so earnest in the jail scenes that he pounded his fists through the wood-for-steel gratings. He was so nervous about the opening that he went around pasting out his name, on the billboards, with white stickers. After the reviews came out, praising him, he went the rounds again and pulled the stickers off.

Then began the hectic career, on stage and off. The gay John had married a society girl whom he had met at the Astor. Now, stepping into the world of high art, he encountered, at a Theatre Guild reception, the "most beautiful woman in America," a poetess, and also society queen, who had taken the name of Michael Strange. Barrymore confesses that he got interested in her because he never could understand her poetry.

Michael Strange, in a recent autobiography, tells how she became interested in Barrymore. She walked through Cartier's one day, to exchange a diamond tiara, and saw him leaning over a case of jewels. Prophetically, she was "not only conscious of the great beauty of his profile, but sensed how well able he was to look to one side without seeming to move his head." That's how he manages to read the lines on the famous blackboard today, while the camera gets the profile.

The origin of Barrymore profile-worship seems to be lost in legendary limbo. One story has it that John himself started it by saying he thought he'd go into the theatre because he had a great profile. The singular is correct, for only one of his profiles is great: the left. In his first motion picture, *Raffles*, no risks were taken: he went through the entire film in left side view. There was not even a three-quarters view, but in later works he carefully threw in a full face, here and there.

Once, when working with Garbo in *Grand Hotel*, Barrymore came near to exposing the right profile, in an act of gallantry. A scene had been set up for Garbo and Barrymore, in such a way that his right side would have been exposed. During lunch, Garbo, hearing about his better side, ordered the set reversed.

Actually, the seven years of marriage with Michael Strange provided the most opulent period in the Barrymore legend. A double society divorce ushered in the Strange era, and it was only later that Barrymore discovered his first two wives were born in the same city, at the same day and hour, with the same society doctor rushing from one family to the next. In telling this John Barrymore makes one of his choicest faces. "I should have known it sooner."

For the wedding of the arts was on too high a plane. There they were: the most beautiful woman

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Art Thou Romeo?

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in the world, the most beautiful man in the world; she a poetess, musician, playwright, he the actor-idol of the era. She cropped her hair, he let his grow thick and long, until, both blossoming forth in the low-collar Barrymore shirt of his invention, they were a twin image of gaiety, wit, success. In this period, his career was at its zenith. Michael Strange marveled at his performance in *Peter Ibbetson*, "elfin and forsaken," she saw him as a blade of green light, in *The Jest*, and then came the super-spectacle, *Claire de Lune*, by Mrs. John Barrymore, with all the Barrymores in the cast.

The honeymoon didn't last long. Soon she was noticing "how mortally depressing it often was to watch his deformation from art back into life." When he performed in her adaptation of Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, she observed that he was always peaceful and happy while busy drawing, but the reverse, when acting.

Barrymore, never certain of himself in the theatre, played his off-stage role of egocentric gallant to the hilt. When they went abroad, and women planted themselves in his way on the boat deck nearly swooning with joy at the sight of him, he was frank in his pleasure. Michael Strange's collection of intellectuals might have bored him; he preferred collecting women.

If he could play Hamlet in London, he felt, he would have proved himself in the theatre. It took him two years to get ready. He undertook the venture at his own expense. It was successful, though Bernard Shaw wrote him a long spanking letter, indicting him for trying to improve on Shakespeare by the interpolation of dumb-show scenes that stressed the idea of perverse love between Hamlet and his mother, Ophelia and her father.

From the Michael Strange marriage came daughter Diana; and after the bust-up of that marriage came the peak of the Barrymore career as screen-idol. It was in a screen test for *The Sea Beast* that he first saw Dolores Costello, a beauteous showgirl.

If he had been lonesome with Michael Strange, he was to find himself bored with Costello. He looks ruefully back upon that time, and makes meaningful remarks about stroking a pigeon in your hands, only to discover it can peck. It was at this period that the accumulation of domestic failures began to tell on him. For Barrymore, as ought to be witnessed by his four attempts, is one of those men who believes in marriage, needs marriage. An inestimable part of his strength and living force went into those marriages, and somehow they kept on failing, and leaving him alone again, and more perplexed. No man has children, without wanting to watch them grow. He had two with Dolores Costello, but his rare visits are not usually successful. He's popular enough, with them; but the atmosphere is not easy.

A man drinks out of boredom and loneliness and to gain a sense of life on a grander and freer plane. So Barrymore drank quite a bit. After the Costello divorce he seemed cracked up. Several times they told him his career was finished, but he came back to make *Counselor at Law*, *Topaze*—his favorite, among his own films—and to play in *Romeo and Juliet*, but not as Romeo. There are stories and rumors about those years; too unhappy to want repeating. A couple of times he was in rest homes. And though he had worked at fabulous salaries, the money was somehow all gone. Indeed, he was heavily in debt, and in trouble over back income tax.

Part of his care-nothing attitude included a total lack of thought about money. He would buy cars, yachts, jewels, on whim. He would sign any document presented to him, and was therefore a prize plum for fakers of all types.

When his troubles reached their peak, John Barrymore fled to India. He likes to tell of an idyllic month when he was his old self again, or rather his young self. A British major hunted up, for him, the kind of hotel he had preferred, in the old days in Chicago, only this place in India was much more high-class. Barrymore spent his days gabbing with the girls, or taking them on fishing trips. Christmas came, and the manageress had a sister who conducted a similar hotel in another city, and the residents of the two establishments got together, with Barrymore as the guest of honor: it was an occasion to remember, with pride. And when he had to leave, he says, relating the highest honor that can come to any man—they wouldn't take a cent of money for all the time he had been there.

Back in New York, broke, and sick, he finally landed in a hospital for a rest. There's where Elaine came in. The story of how the Hunter College journalism student met him by asking for an interview for her college paper is well known. But it is usually embellished with the idea that it was only by freak that he granted her request, out of the thousands that poured in upon him, every day.

Actually, it is the steady theme of loneliness. He hadn't seen a woman for weeks—aside from the nurses. When the girl's letter came, he was hungry for diversion, for someone, almost anyone, to talk to. It proved to be quite a long interview. Elaine never had time to get it into the college paper. He had asked her back, for the next day. She stayed and had dinner with him. He ordered up champagne. He was feeling much better.

"How long are you staying here?" she asked. Oh, he was feeling fine; he'd leave tomorrow. Where was he going? He didn't know. He was broke. He guessed he should move in with her family.

So he did. The Jacobs had a small flat; John slept on a daybed. Always a man of extremes: one day an epicure, the next a hotdog eater, one year a Beau Brummell, the next a creaseless, greasy-pantsed sloven, he had no money for living expenses, yet treated the whole family to yachting parties. Once, Elaine remembers, John was all set to go down for a radio appearance, with a hole in his pants; she inked under the spot.

It was a home again, for him. He took the family on a trip to Bermuda, and there asked Elaine to marry him.

The popular version of the story is that Elaine hooked him when he was unaware. Actually, she is a clever girl with tremendous will power; if she came to him dazzled by his name and reputation, she nevertheless outgrew that girlish phase soon enough.

John used to say Elaine had great talent for the theatre. Few critics seem to agree with him; true, that she suffered the handicap of a strange animosity growing out of the press-born idea that she snatched America's darling, and that she used the Barrymore prestige to further her own ambitions.

Barrymore's theatrical respect for his fourth wife was enhanced by the girl's superb stage-aplomb. There is an old stage trick of breaking up fellow performers by unexpected lines or antics on the stage. Very often the audience is not even aware that something odd is going on, unless the trick succeeds and the actor does break into laughter, or forgets lines. John's great object in the run of *My Dear Children* was to break up Elaine. He asserts that for every foul line he pulled, she whipped back with an improvised topper. Once, in desperation, he plotted to break her up by getting the super-dignified major-domo doorman of their hotel to walk on, during a high moment. The doorman, however, refused to take part in the stunt. "Too undignified for a man of my position," he said.

Their much publicized bust-up during the run of the play, was supposed to have been due to Elaine's efforts to stop John from drinking, and to John's efforts to make the play's nightly spanking scene, when he had Elaine over his knees, ultra-realistic. John claims that drink was not the cause of their quarrel. "It was just one of those things that happen between a man and a woman," he says, with a depth that makes it sound true. He has been through the mill three, four times, and he knows. Only the woman-relations topic rouses him to full emotion. In a generalized moment, on the subject of women letting men down, he suddenly shudders as at an accumulation of recollections. "That's what's bad. That's what's bad. But there are things even worse. When you let a woman down. Oh!" he raises one brow and the eye stares out in true Barrymore horror. "I did that once, only once. Never let's you go. That's, that's the worst thing of all."

And this conscience is the oddest clue of all to the inner Barrymore. Casanova is a softie.

When Barrymore filed suit for divorce from Elaine in September, he charged "grievous mental suffering and great bodily harm." He told the press that this time there would be no reunion. And he requested a restraining order, forbidding his fourth wife from "harassing, annoying, or interfering with the peace, quiet and personal freedom of the plaintiff, or from entering or attempting to enter the premises at No. 6 Tower Road, Beverly Hills."

As to his career: he meditates, when his young medical attendant, Carl Steuver, permits him an extra vermouth, on touring in *Macbeth*. His future in films depends a good deal on *The Great Profile*. He behaved so well that the picture was brought in in five days under schedule. That helps, in Hollywood. His debts have been assembled under one head and he now owes only about $60,000. Another picture or two may clean that up. Then, he whimsically hopes to make a picture for himself instead of for his creditors.

Elaine has not yet been able to crack the films. Once, she was given a part in *Hold That Co-Ed*, but what was shot of her was left on the cutting-room floor. Perhaps it was in pique that she made the celebrated short, *How to Undress Before Your Husband*.

John used to get keen, sideline enjoyment over Elaine's battles with the family. He described her famous scene with his daughter Diana, in the New York nightclub where Elaine and John were reunited, as though it were a scene from a play. "Elaine made a swell entrance. 'May I sit with you,' she says, and Diana gave her this 'We are Barrymores, we do not associate with anybody' stuff. So Elaine said 'Are you using that "we" in the royal sense, the way queens use it?' And she sits down, and Diana got up. 'Coming daddy?' she says." He snickers: "I said 'No, I think I'll stay.' "

But the most fascinating discussion Barrymore ever took part in, most likely, was a set-to he had with Chaplin, once, after a party. They got to talking of their marital experiences. All night long, the two men who had been ground in the mill opened their hearts to each other. Not as Lotharios, but as men who had tried to make a go of marriage.

Barrymore thinks Paulette Goddard is a beautiful and brilliant woman. He would put her on his list of the first ten. And there is one name that rouses new interest in his face. He perks up like a true veteran hearing the far sound of battle. "That Hedy Lamarr," he remarks. "She really must have something." His eyes brighten speculatively. "Eh?"

The Boy Wonder

Continued from page 79

Open victory, which is the record in that field. Jones lasted only half that long.

I remember when Ted Coy was the greatest football player and Hoppe was a champion then. I recall Hans Wagner at his peak and Hoppe was certainly a familiar name in the world of sports at that time. Yes, before Irving Berlin wrote *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, or Douglas Fairbanks made his first picture, or John Barrymore's profile took feminine fancy, or the *Titanic* disaster, Willie Hoppe was a billiard champion—the "Boy Wonder."

He may no longer be a boy, but he certainly still is a wonder, with a record beyond all comparison in sports. So when they speak of the iron men and mention Tilden, Cobb, Thorpe, McNamara, or facsimile, just remind them that those fellows were mere flashes. Hoppe is still winning titles at sport's most exacting pastime after they are through and Willie started before any of them!

Hoppe, in annexing the world 3-cushion crown 34 years after winning his first title had, during this span, made his name synonymous with the sport—its greatest name—by bagging world championships 19 times between his first and last, his twenty-first. Moreover, he cracked two world records in his latest achievement, accomplishing the heretofore accepted impossible—going through a world 3-cushion title classic undefeated—a feat never before written on the escutcheon of billiard history. Hoppe went through 20 consecutive games without a defeat (trouncing his 10 rivals twice each) and put together a grand average mark of 1.161 points per inning. The old record held by Cochran was 1.123 and the former titleholder compiled it in *only* nine games against Hoppe's twenty. Both marks will, without doubt, stand the thrusts of all time.

Parenthetically, it marked Hoppe's most smashing triumph of his brilliant, almost incredible career. By his victory Hoppe became a triple crown holder for the second time. His first grand slam, in 1936, enabled him to become the first billiardist in history to hold three world titles at the same time. He already held the 18.1 balkline and cushion carom tiaras and still does.

Not the least amazing detail of his great career is that he never played better billiards than now. The slender, golden-headed lad of 1893 is now a stocky, quietly dignified, distinguished figure of 52; semi-bald, whose graying hair is parted on dead center as though by precise mathematical calculations. One and the same, however, the lad of long ago and the veteran of today, with a championship record now almost as old as the century itself. With skill more polished and nerves steadier than ever before.

It is not overstating, therefore, to hail Hoppe as the greatest master, in this day or any other, of the most difficult and demanding game of skill in the world. Any layman with fair muscular coordination can learn to play billiards enjoyably. Only a genius can play it as Hoppe does.

How does he do it? He was born with aptitude, certainly. He was better than a green hand from the start. But that isn't all the story.

If you walked in on him seated at a desk behind a battery of push buttons, you'd swear for all the world he was just another big business tycoon.

When he reads small type he wears spectacles, but there isn't anything the matter with his vision when he peers at the ivories—table length—as he is about to make a shot. His hands are as firm and steady, his wrists (as large as a boxer's) as strong and supple as they ever were.

Hoppe may still be aglow over completing billiards' cycle, but you'd never sense that soft flame by talking with him. As cool and complacent a customer as ever came out of the refrigerator, he calmly surveyed the blue waters of Lake Michigan and announced in his characteristic cheerless baritone how happy he was.

As it was, he sat quietly by the window, talking, occasionally running a manicured finger along the arm of his chair. He put his visitor's hat on the bed, ignoring the Broadway superstition against putting headwear on the cot.

"My only superstition," he said, ruminatively extending his lower lip like Chevalier, "is the weather. When it's cold, the balls run a lot faster. When the weather's damp, it slows up the balls and you notice that, too. You have to gauge your game accordingly, like putting on a slow or fast green in golf. And I think I play better in a certain kind of weather."

It would take a micrometer to determine the margin of error permitted Hoppe on one of his most delicate shots, either in balkline or 3-cushions.

Not that all the 1,000 even points he scored to win his last coveted crown had to be figured that meticulously. As Hoppe explained, on some 3-cushion shots the second object ball is more than seven inches wide.

How come, Mr. Hoppe?

"The second object ball is in the corner," the King of Billiards explained. "It is equi-distant from the cushions, a little more than the width of the ball from each rail. The ball is 2 25/64 inches in diameter.

"The cue ball, we shall say, has struck the first object ball and completed the three cushions necessary for the point before it approaches the second object ball. It can strike the second object ball going into the corner or coming out. So you have the width of the second object ball plus twice the width of the cue ball to figure on. (This type of shot is known, in billiard vernacular, as a 'big ball' shot.) Three times 2 25/64 inches is 7 11/64 inches, which is a comfortable leeway. You don't have that leeway on all shots."

How true, Mr. Hoppe, how true!

But on the delicate shots, the eye of the layman, or even the expert spectator, could not measure the allowable margin of error. However, the champion's eye could measure it, transmit the message to his brain and the brain could direct wonderfully skilled muscles to execute the shot within that hairline margin.

You wondered, as you remembered his methodical and masterful manipulation of a cue in making those caroms that are so difficult for all of us appear tantalizingly simple, if this man, champion of all billiard champions, ever could become emotional over his art. He was so calm and business-like in his flawless execution. He made the balls behave, made them do tricks that only a master could control; made the ivories purr and sit up and jump through hoops and come to papa with the touch and grace of a virtuoso. You asked him—and it developed that he had four great thrills in billiards.

"My first big thrill came when I went to Paris and won the world's championship at 18.1 balkline from Vignaux, the Frenchman," said the rather compact little veteran in his quiet voice.

"Then I got another great kick when I won back my 18.2 crown from Jake Schaefer."

That must have been a thrill because Hoppe had held the 18.2 title for 11 consecutive years, only to lose it to Schaefer in 1921. The following year he took it back.

"This may sound strange to some, in comparison to the thrills of winning world titles, but, just the same, it stands out as one of my greatest.

"In 1914 I played Mel Inman, then England's champion, an international match. It was a combination affair, playing both the English and American style of caroms. Defeating Inman afforded me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction, of course, although this is incidental to the point in mind. This took place during our final exhibition in Chicago.

"A spectator vociferously requested we play snooker. Snooker is an English pocket game and I had little knowledge of its finer points, never playing the game except on rare occasions. Incidentally, it is played here much more today than it was in 1914.

"This fan hollered so long and loud that it was inevitable, however, because he had others clamoring, too. I finally agreed to play. I garnered all the points possible for game. Inman never made a point. Try to whitewash an opponent in snooker sometime. (Who, me?) I'll never forget that thrill and I believe the spectators experienced it, too. At least the loquacious one did."

But his fourth thrill—and his greatest—came this year when he won the 3-cushion title for the first time in tournament play. Even after all his years of sensational accomplishments this meant more than a great deal. Five times before the old master attempted to overtake his will o' the wisp—win an angle title classic. It was belated realization of an ambition that Father Time seemed well on the way to defeat.

Through all the years that he held the balkline crowns, Hoppe was like the traditional tragedian who would do comedy, the slap-

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JOIN THE
U.S. ARMY

"I think I'll sign up as an officer—I don't know nothing about peeling potatoes"

The Boy Wonder

Continued from pages 79-115

stick funster who yearns to play Hamlet. His ambition was to gain the three-cushion crown in world tourney competition. He practiced the angle game assiduously all the years he was head man of the balkline precinct.

"That last victory meant more to me than all the rest put together and it's still a thrill to win," confided Hoppe in his monotonous voice, "and more than 35 years of competition make for plenty of wear and tear on your nervous system."

That's the reason for Willie's apparently chilly demeanor. He's not inhuman. But it's been a tough grind on the man's emotions since he first scrambled over the table in 1901 to win an 18.1 tourney as a 14-year-old in short pants.

In fact, Hoppe is one of the grander fellows in this thing we call the sports world. Championships and their attendant glorification and fame haven't altered him an iota as a person.

In short, he is regular, though in the bonhomie of being a mixer he rarely answers to "What's yours?"

Relaxation during play came up for discussion.

"Billiards, you see, is a game of razor-edge control of nerves, easily cracked up into 'jitters' and the pressure is on every stroke," Hoppe explained. "When you're going good, everybody points for you, tries to leave you the toughest possible shots. One little touch of shakiness or relaxation and you may be through. Timing and execution must be flawless.

"Yes, I believe I am playing the best consistent billiards of my entire career. I have done better in spots, but never over such a stretch. I couldn't tell you exactly why.

"Frankly, when I left New York for the last tournament in Chicago, I wasn't playing well at all. But when I started play in the tournament something happened that made everything 'click' into place.

"On my third turn at the table in my first game against Tiff Denton I made a run of twelve. All of a sudden I was extremely confident. I felt it was my tournament at last."

How does a champion figure the complicated angles and criss-crosses necessary to make a 3-cushion shot?

"After so long a time," the old master explained, "the table becomes a familiar chart. The balls group on it in familiar positions. It is not difficult to decide what type of shot to try and how you will play it; the problem is one of execution."

Well, Mr. Hoppe, you must have run into some funny experiences in your years of play?

"Oh, yes, humorous incidents have cropped up—pathetic ones, too," he quietly admitted.

"I think the most humorous incident in my connection with the game happened when Charlie Peterson and I were on one of our numerous tours. It was several years ago and we were in Spokane for an exhibition.

"Before we started playing, an Indian chief, in magnificent regalia, strode up to Peterson. Evidently he thought Charlie was my manager.

"'My son is a very good player,' he informed Peter in excellent English. 'I would like to arrange a game between Mr. Hoppe and my son at the conclusion of his match—say 250 points for a side bet of ten thousand dollars.'

"Pete didn't know what to say. He knew I didn't bet on my games, neither did he. We both started to worry and how to evade the issue without appearing pikers.

"We started our exhibition without saying anything further to the chief. After the completion of the match I slyly glanced over toward where the Indians were sitting. They were gone. I happened to make a run of 236 that evening. Which only goes to prove again—never bet a man at his own game."

Pathos? Yes, indeed!

"The most touching thing I ever encountered," the Billiard King went on, "occurred in Calgary a few years back.

"I noticed a blind man being led by an elderly lady to his seat. After the match she called me over. 'My husband wants to talk to you a few minutes, Mr. Hoppe,' she begged, 'if you can spare the time. He recently went blind. He always has been an admirer of yours and when he heard you were to play here tonight he insisted I take him. Said he could visualize all your shots by merely hearing the click of the balls. He insists you make them sound different than anyone else and he thoroughly enjoyed your exhibition, as I did, the first one I ever attended.'

"It is needless to add that I spent more than just a few minutes with that unfortunate man."

The former and—by all means—present "Boy Wonder" got the handle of Willie when he was first wielding a cue and still gets it, although he's known as Bill to his fellow players.

"Bill" is the father of a married daughter and a 25-year-old son, who, he said, is "no account" as a billiard player. Hoppe never tried to teach him because he felt he never would become a star.

Today he represents a billiard manufacturing concern in addition to being billiard impresario of one of New York's private clubs. Exhibitions in the East are a small part of his yearly routine.

Hoppe deserted the country-wide tours four years ago. He has only a vague idea of how many miles he has traveled, but it's in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 since he began chalking the end of his cue. He has played in every State in the Union, in France, England, Germany, Ireland, Holland, Italy, Spain, Canada, Mexico and, on the other side of the world, in Honolulu. He would like to play in Japan and South America before he hangs his cue in the rack for good.

Naturally, he's seen a lot of billiard balls cavorting over the green baize during his 47 years of play and he's made many a billiard. Since those Cornwall-on-the-Hudson days he estimates he's scored between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 points—a lot of clicks of the ivory spheres, my hearties.

He still employs the side arm stroke that he was forced to use as a child so that his elbow would clear the rail. He doesn't advise anyone else to use it, but that's his stroke and he's stuck with it.

The Billiard King plays billiards for eight months of the year. His "home work" consists of daily practice for an hour or so. In the summer he relaxes. This, in addition to restoring the energy he has expanded, renews his interest in his profession. His enthusiasm for the game is, of course, as keen as it ever was, which is one reason why he holds the peak he scaled so many years ago.

As a boy he wanted to play baseball and football, but couldn't because he might break a finger, arm, leg or shoulder. He is tremendously interested in all sports, particularly football, baseball, hockey and golf. The Giants are his favorite baseball team and McGraw was one of the best friends he ever had. The Rangers are his hockey favorites.

In other sports, they say, the legs go first and Hoppe contends that the same is true in billiards. Queried as to what he mainly attributed his longevity, he replied:

"I owe it all to my legs."

When you interview an athlete who has been in the limelight over a period of years you are bound to hear this phrase in one form or another. Strong legs are as important to billiardists as they are to baseball players, boxers, wrestlers or any other members of the stand-up (yes, wrestlers were mentioned) fraternity. Nimble pins have been the base of all athletic greatness; without them one has little chance of ever reaching the top.

Hoppe, like all of his kind, is a firm believer in footwork. Watch him in match play. The game may be balkline, where a flock of points is scored without the player moving more than a foot from his original position. But Hoppe changes his stance on every shot. Just the fraction of an inch, mayhap. But the position of his feet is changed slightly to meet slightly changed conditions of the stroke. His cue, incidentally, is carefully chalked between shots and excess chalk is dusted from the cue tip.

In the course of a tournament he walks miles and miles around the table. In order to strengthen his pins so that they won't weaken when he sets himself for a shot, Hoppe has hit the road, climbed the hills, worked the stationary bike and, after these exercises became too strenuous, he took up golf and long walking.

Hoppe has been a linksman for six years, being inducted into the ancient and honorable Scottish pastime by his friend, Jack Doyle, sage of Broadway and celebrated betting commissioner.

He shoots in the mid-eighties, but confides his driving, surprisingly enough, is better than his putting, in which department one would expect the cue master to excel.

"But I haven't worked very hard at all," Willie admitted, as a shadow of a smile flickered across his face. "You see, I get more money out of billiards than I do out of golf."

However, I do know that when he misses a billiard he doesn't bat an eye and when he dubs a shot in golf he wants to break up his sticks and set fire to the clubhouse. In other words, he doesn't try in golf—with "reverse English."

Hoppe has worn a rut around the reservoir in Central Park, in New York. Some years ago, when he was trained by Jake Weber, Fordham's conditioner of athletes, he used to do three turns around the reservoir before breakfast every morning. He would run one, walk one and then run the last. He doesn't run anymore. But he walks and walks and walks. You could see him at a brisk pace on Boul Mich every morning during the last tournament in the Burg of Winds.

The next time a champion says he owes his success to hard work and clean living, don't laugh. It may be Hoppe. Because of strict adherence to a rigid training schedule Hoppe has carried on while some of the others, in billiards and all other sports, have passed out of the sports parade because of their fondness for the Milky Way. In exchange for the honors—and gold—he has won at billiards he has given years of self-denial.

Willie and his friend, Charlie Peterson, billiards' college missionary whose trick shots in billiards are sheer magic, refute Mark Twain's celebrated crack that proficiency in billiards indicates a misspent youth.

Neither of them drinks. Each watches his diet carefully. Willie gets more sleep (at least eight hours a night) than Charlie, who sits up half the night figuring out new shots and college cue education, but Charlie manages somehow to get rest. They do very little reading and rarely go to the movies (mostly to relax) thus avoiding eyestrain.

Willie's only dissipation is an addiction to our lady nicotine. He smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day. The first time Charlie saw Willie smoke a cigarette, which was about eight years ago, he was horrified. He thought Willie was going straight to hell! #

riding for a fall

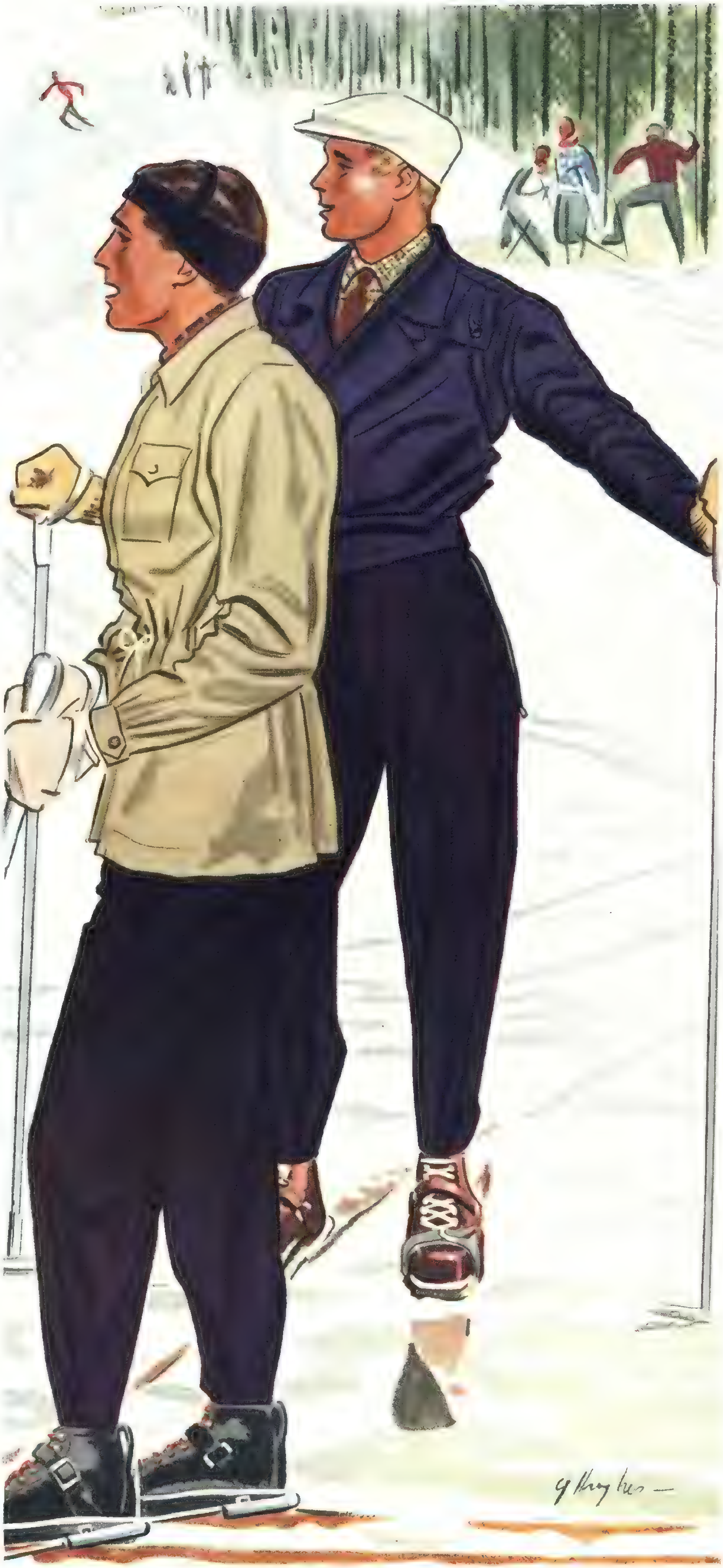
Some day, according to not really vital statistics, you will find yourself on skis, if you haven't already taken a flyer in the sport. This guess is based on the varied assumptions that the ski trend will continue at its present geometrical rate of increase and that you will live long enough. But don't wait for statistics to catch up with you and a long grey beard to creep down on you. It's lots of fun.

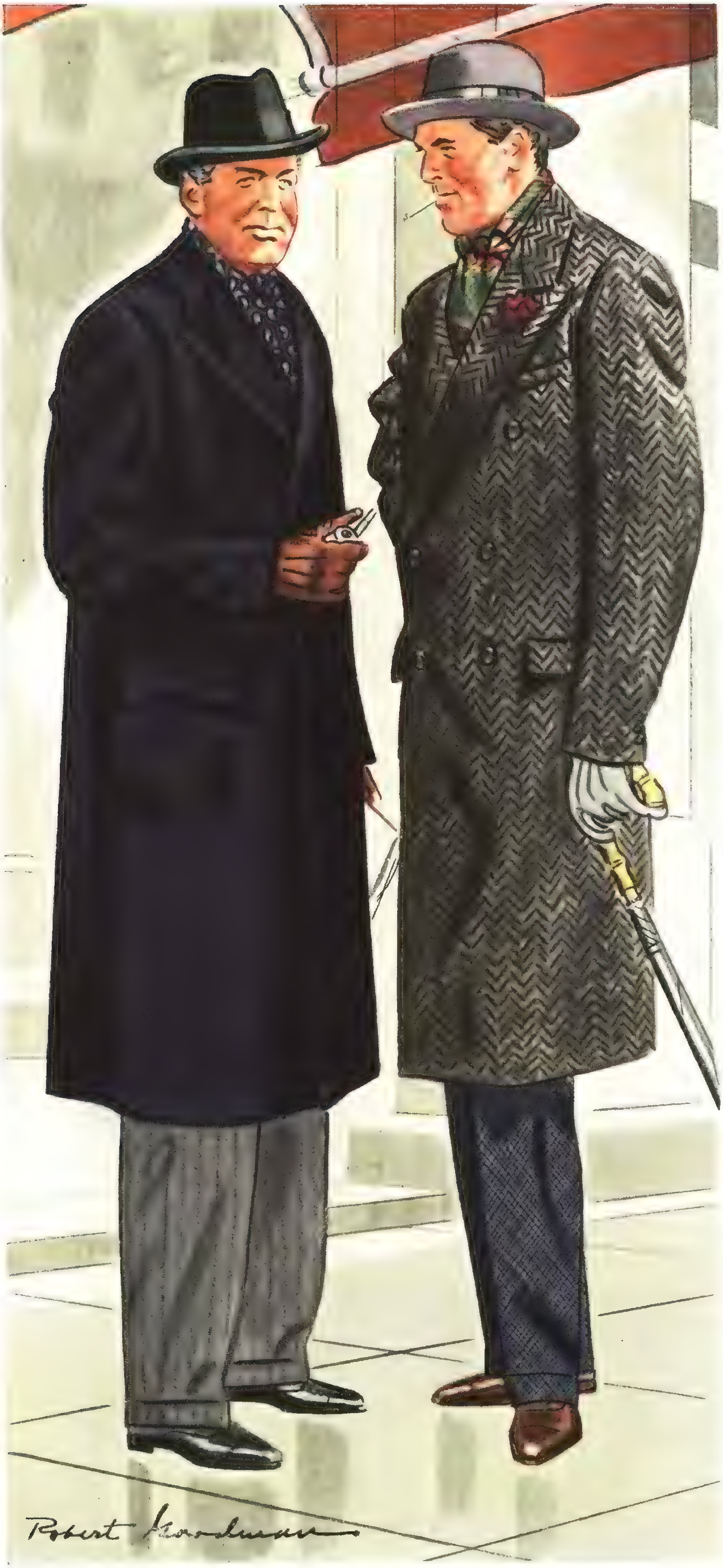
The veteran in the foreground approaches perfection, both as to fashionability and practicality, as nearly as you would want to come and still retain your amateur standing. The pale-toned cotton jacket, closed in front with a slide fastener, has the requisite roominess across the chest and shoulders, enabling you to do anything you want, including a Christie or a flop, without being hampered in your movements. Note the drawstring at the waist; this little device makes the jacket snug at the middle, keeping out snow and cold air. The lower part of the garment drapes loosely over the hips, allowing ample freedom for fancy legwork. Another clever detail is the buttoned cuff, fitting closely enough to serve as a barrier against snow and air. On the inside, below the collar, is a hood that forms a yoke for the jacket when it isn't in use; it can be slipped over the head if the wearer is caught in a snowstorm.

Ideal for clear days is the knitted wool headband, providing sufficient protection to keep the ears warm. The blue and red flannel shirt adds spice to the sober-sided jacket and downhill gabardine ski trousers. The lines of the trousers, wide over the hips and knees and tapering to a close fit at the ankle, are supposed to be scientific for skiing purposes. Other accoutrements are leather palmed mittens and black boots with ankle straps for additional support.

The other chap (whom Artist Hughes might have made a little less dainty for such a rough sport) wears a blue cotton jacket of the wrap type that fastens on one side at the waist. The collar is convertible and may be buttoned closely at the neck. The balance of the outfit is accounted for by a white cap with earflaps (worn tucked in), wool flannel Tartan shirt, wool tie, downhill trousers with slide fastener pockets, and dark brown boots with blucher front.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)





applying two coats

These two rugged, well-groomed gentlemen could pass either as typical men of big-business, or they could serve admirably as men-about-town. Let's give them the benefit of the doubt—at least we think we are—and string along with them as big-business men, with man-about-townishness relegated to a secondary role in their everyday activity. We're also going to assume that they have just closed a big deal, and that those are the signed papers the surprisingly solemn city slicker at the left can be seen clutching in his left hand.

And now that these two gentlemen have completed their business—let's begin ours. The hefty pipesmoker is wearing an overcoat in navy blue fabric of blended luxurious yarns with soft drape that minimizes expansiveness. This fabric is light weight, yet is warm enough even on those days when the mercury flirts with zero. The coat's fly front cut is becoming increasingly popular. The peaked lapels, as exemplified here, are fashion comers and they tend toward elongation of lines. The tapered sleeves emphasize the dressiness of this overcoat. There are no cuffs or buttons on the sleeves, and the back drapes from the shoulder blades causes no sharp indentation at the waistline. His muffler of blue figured silk foulard is worn throw-over fashion, and his black Homburg lends a touch of formality to the outfit. For contrast, his gloves are of brown capeskin. Rounding out the visible part of the ensemble are the blue striped grey worsted suit and black straight-tip shoes.

The cigarette puffer wears the black and grey cheviot double breasted overcoat. Its broad shoulders are in proportion to his build. The slightly shapely waist carries out the idea of breadth at the top and less width in the middle. The lower part of the overcoat also carries out the thought of converging lines. The green, yellow, red and black tartan of his cashmere scarf offsets the neutral tone of the overcoat as does the dark-red carnation. Something of a new note is effected by his bluish-grey hat with a slightly rolled brim worn center crease only. His grey mocha gloved hand holds a wooden-shanked umbrella. Below the coat, we see a blue sharkskin worsted suit, and below that we see a pair of brown straight-tip shoes with the tips only slightly squared.

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The Melee of the Mages

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does and all of a sudden it is only three days away from when we are packing up to go to Madam Bey's camp at Summit, N. J. for six weeks of outdoor training so we can get a little steam-up for the fight in the papers which is not going so good right then because all the boys were kind of set for the Da Spoldi-Louis match, and we are very low in our minds.

Packy has not been working out good in the gym at all, and Hex-Eye has announced in the newspapers that he is going along to Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburg, N. J. where Joe Falone, the champion of the world, will train for his title defense and Hex-Eye said that he will also go into training and work out both eyes every day so that they will be extra-special sharp and full of the old zing when it comes time to slapping the whammy on Packy McSween.

Hymie is sitting at his desk, all slumped down with his hands in his pockets shaking his head and moaning—"We gotta do something, we gotta do something. That kid he lose the fight already. A flyweight near tipped him over in the gym today. We gotta do something against Hex-Eye."

All of a sudden he looks up at the ceiling like he was going to bust with a sneeze. Then he starts chewing on his lip and bangs the desk with his fist and yells—"I got it, Goldie! I got it! Gimme that phone."

He grabs the phone by the neck and gives the number in Yiddish first he is so excited, and while he is waiting for it he says to me—

"Goldie, beat it over to the Garden and round up them boxing writers. Tell 'em to be down here at five o'clock this afternoon. Tell 'em I'm gonna have a statement of the utmost importance for them. That always gets 'em. See if ya can get some of those columnists too, anybody that's around there."

So I go over to the Garden and dig 'em up like he says.

I am back in the office at five o'clock with all of the sports writers and columnists I can round up which all are very curious about what kind of an important statement Hymie is giving out but I can't tell 'em nothing because I don't know nothing what is in Hymie's mind.

I gotta hand it to Hymie, it was good. He keeps us waiting in the outside room about five minutes. Then he throws open the door and says with plenty of the old schmaltz in his voice—"O.K., boys, you can come."

And when we go in, what's standing there? Such a thing shouldn't happen in a nightmare.

It's a tall guy, over six feet with a big black beard so long he shouldn't ever have to wear a necktie. He is wearing a black cloak like a Rabbi only on his head he got a white turband wound around like them pictures of snake charmers. Also he got a mustache like a Turk wrassler from Jake Pfeffer's stable. He stand there grinning with white teeth like a horse.

"Boys," says Hymie—"I'm introducing to you Professor Swammi, the Wabadaba of Waaf, from India. That's in Asia." Then he turns to the guy and says—"Go ahead, Professor, give it to 'em just like you give it to me."

So the Professor gives a bow and touches two fingers to his noggin and then his beard and says like this in a deep voice like in *Schule*—

"I am introducing myself, I am Abadullah Swammi, Great Wabadaba of Waaf, Seer and Prophet of Tetragramatan, delver into the eighth, ninth and thirteenth mysteries of Asch Mezareph and Sepher Jetzirah, Seeker after the Golden Egg of Bramah, Interpreter of the Nuctemeron, the Zahun and the Mizkun. I read the past in the crystal ball, the present in the Sacred Mirror of Cahor, and the future in the Secret Scrolls of the Seven Butatars of Pharzuph, for one dollar. I am the Alph, the Eph, the Zizuph and the Toglas . . ."

I hear one of the boys in the back row make the crack—

"Not to mention the Phonus and the Balonus!"

But Hymie he don't hear anything he is so excited, although I gotta say it sounds more like out of the Talmud than from Indians, but Hymie just slaps his side and says—"Ain't it a spiel, boys, ain't it? Has he got it? I'm asking you?"

Joe Parkhurst says—"He sure is a pip, Hymie. Whadaya gonna do with him?"

"What am I gonna do with him? That's what I'm telling you. He's a genuine Indian magic. He is joining up with the camp of Packy McSween challenger of the middleweight crown of the world when we are going to Madam Bey's. He is the reply of Hymie Korngold Ink. to that cheap, low-life faker Hex-Eye Lipschitz who is giving out statements already from the camp of Joe Falone, about what he should do when Packy gets in the ring. One look from them lamps of the Professor and Hex-Eye should drop dead."

"You mean he's going away to camp with you?" says Parkhurst.

"Absolutely and positively! He's in strict training like Packy. He's got to exercising his eye again because he ain't used it since the last time in the desert in India when he gives it to a wild helephant so he's gradually falling down from convulsions."

The same guy who makes the other crack says—"Who, the helephant or the Professor?" but nobody pays him no attention, because them guys know a terrific story when they see it, and after they ask a couple more questions they all beat it away to get it into the paper and the Professor goes home to pack for Madam Bey's.

Hymie says to me—"Ain't he terrific, Goldie? But terrific? He got a studio in the Bronx. Everybody in high society on the Grand Concourse goes to him. It comes to me like a flash. My sister is telling me about him. Two weeks ago he is saying to her she is going on a trip. And now unexpectedly already she is packing to go up to Grossinger's in the Catskills on the invitation of Yella Weintraub. Like a flash it comes to me we get the Professor. So he joins the camp for five C's if we win the title, three C's if something happens."

I gotta admit the Professor has a terrific make-up, but I'm not going so good for the Professor yet, why I do not know, so I say—"Can he give the eye?"

"Can he give the eye?" Hymie yells. "You're asking me can he give the eye? How the Hell do I know can he give the eye? He looks like it, don't he? He says he can. We gotta do something, don't we? So all right, we take him to camp with us. When them photographs come out of the Professor in his turband, that Lipschitz should bust from jealousy."

Well, I'm telling you it's wonderful. Do we get publicity? Two hours each morning I gotta spend just pasting up clippings in Hymie's press book.

What looks like starting off may be a crowd of twenty-five thousand with a eighty grand gate, is selling already so many tickets, Mike Jacobs got to increase the ringside seats and print more.

We got one gang of writers in our camp covering Packy's workout and another bunch that do nothing but just cover Professor Swammi when he trains in the ring, putting the eye, after Packy is finished working out. And it's the same over in Joe Falone's camp where Hex-Eye is training first one eye, then the other and then both and issuing statements what he will do to Professor Swammi and Packy McSween.

You can't read nothing else in the newspapers except about what they call the "Combat of the Conjurors," the "Battle of the Enchanted Optics," and the "Tournament of the Thaumaturgs."

We are up and down with Packy, who works out good one day and lousy the next according to what the reports are coming out of Falone's camp, on Hex-Eye. Like the day the story comes out of Orangeburg that Hex-Eye puts the zing on a bottle of Grade A in the middle of the ring in front of everybody, giving it only the right eye alone and when they open it afterwards, it's buttermilk.

"Boy," Hymie says to me, "that's bad. I tried to keep the papers away from Packy, but he heard it over the radio and now he don't feel so good no more. We gotta have Professor Swammi pull one that'll throw a scare into them. Maybe he should work out this afternoon wilting some flowers, or something."

But I says—"Leave it to me, I got a better idea."

So I fix it up with George Lawson, a big shine sparring partner for ten bucks extra he should get bewitched, but good. So while him and Packy are working a fast round, Professor Swammi climbs up the side of the ring, mumbling something and giving George both eyes. I gotta hand it to him, the dinge earns his ten. Right in the middle he drops his hands and starts to moan—

"O Lawdy, Lawdy, de eye is on me. I feels the strenth a-oozin from mah bones."

So of course Packy stiffens him with the right, and we get a lot of fine publicity in the papers and Packy starts to work good again until we get word the next day that Big Augie has got Clyde Beatty to bring a trick lion over from the circus for Hex-Eye to practice putting the whammy on, and now the circus is going to sue Big Augie because the same night the lion got sick of the stomach and died in great agony.

A couple of days later Joe Parkhurst comes out with a big column in the *Morning Democrat* which is an exclusive interview with Hex-Eye Lipschitz himself in which he says—

"Who did this so-called Professor Swammi ever Hex? What's his record? Let him go out and get a reputation before he tries to climb in the same ring with a man who has put the whammy on some of the best boys in fistendom. I say let him name one guy he has give the eye to. What goes on?"

And then comes in the interview a long list of all the boys Hex-Eye has put the peepers to so that they are either knock out or lose the dezision, ending up with K.O. Hogan.

Well, Packy is pretty sick again when he reads that one, and Hymie has to think fast so he says maybe it is a good idea if we give the Prof. an out-of-town tryout to see if we can't build him up a little before we throw him into the ring against Hex-Eye in the main event.

We have a good lightweight, Sammy Levin, going in Scranton in a special eight against Rocky Bazone, a couple of nights later and Hymie who is too busy to leave, sends me with the kid to handle him and tells me to bring the Professor along he should take a workout on Rocky who is all washed up and can't punch any more so Sammy is a sure thing to win, otherwise why should we be in there fighting him?

That ain't a trip I'm gonna forget. First they musta had a plage of gnats down there in Scranton because I never get stung so many times in my life, I am busy all the time slapping at them. And second is, the Professor he don't go so good.

It is a sell-out house because word has been printed that the Professor will be there, and so we are in our corners after the introductions, waiting for the bell with me telling Sammy how to use his left, and

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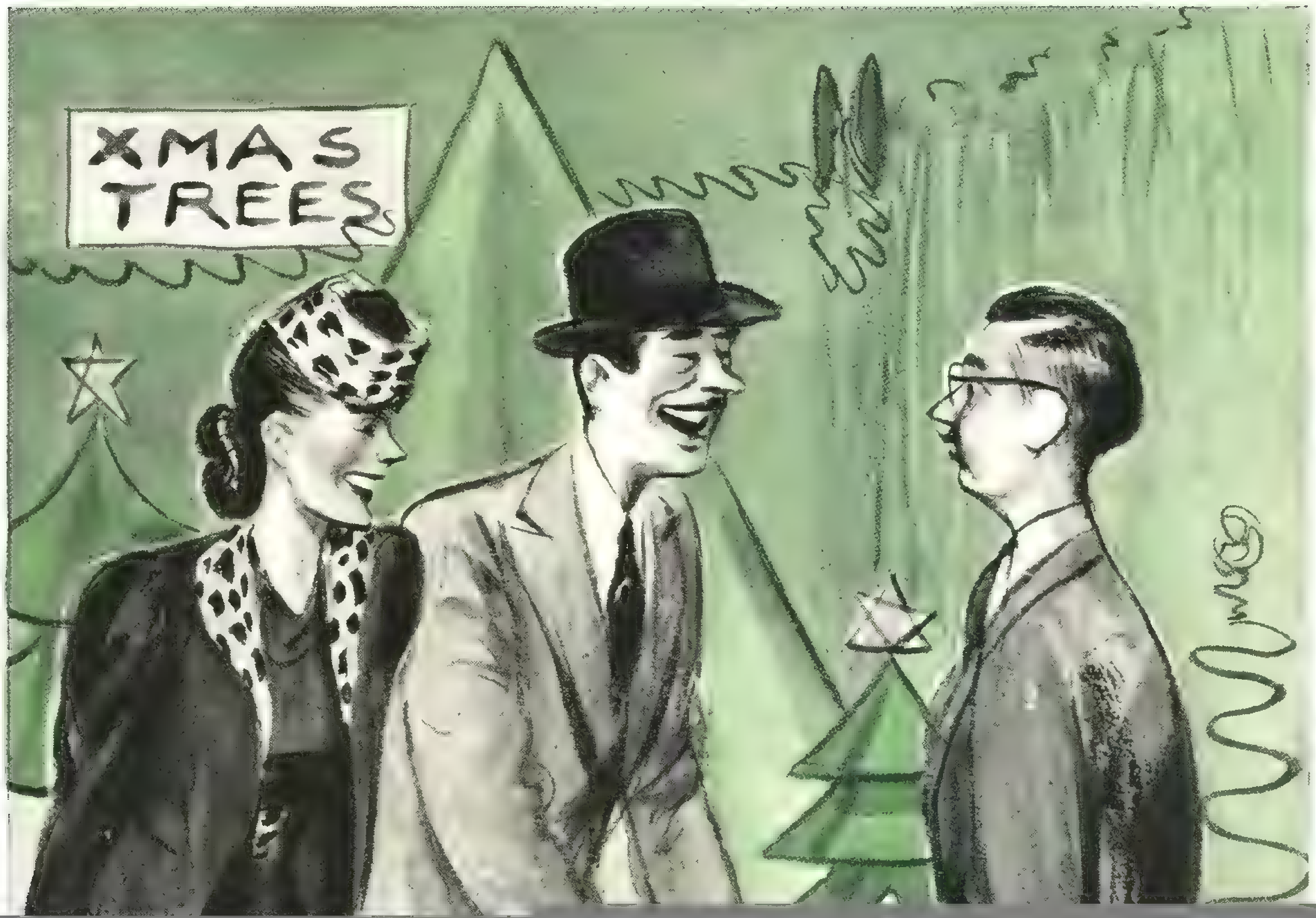

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The Melee of the Mages

Continued from pages 35-119

the Professor wearing his white turband is hanging over the ropes in the corner with me.

So the bell rings and the Professor fixes his lamps on Rocky who is coming out of his corner winding up his right, and says—"Mene! Mene Tekel Upharsin!" which Sammy thinks I am giving him some last minute instructions in Yiddish so he turns his head and asks—"*Vos hoste gezugt Goldie?*"

So he is not looking at all when Rocky comes over and parks that right square on his potato, and Sammy is out like a light.

Well, I am telling you that if the knockdown timekeeper is not a personal friend of Hymie's and does not give Sammy one of those—"One—one and a half, two—two and three quarters," counts for about eighteen seconds, he will never get up except I have the presents of mind to kick over the water bucket right where Sammy is laying so it goes over his head and he makes it, otherwise the timekeeper is going to have to say, "Nineteen, twenty, you're out!" no matter how good friends he is with Hymie.

It takes Sammy four rounds to know what town he's in, but he comes around and we get the nod, but just. It's a good thing Hymie got friends among them judges too. And all the way home on the train them gnats is with us.

Well, it's all right, and Hymie give out the story how Sammy Levin is foully butted by Rocky Bazone, but that the power of the Professor's eye holds off Rocky until Sammy can come back and dezision him.

But I am beginning to be a little uneasy by this time and am wishing that Big Augie has the Professor and we have Hex-Eye Lipschitz, when it comes up the fight. I will like it better.

So it's coming on close to the big show, and nobody don't write no more whether Packy McSween is sweating good, and works four fast rounds with his spar mates, or whether Joe Falone's lightning left is as fast as it was two years ago. All that's in the papers is what Hex-Eye will do to the Prof. when he gets him in the ring and how Professor Swammi will put the Egyptian Blast on Hex-Eye before Hex-Eye he even gets one look at Packy.

The *Morning Scimitar* comes out with the life story of Hex-Eye Lipschitz, and puts on a hundred thousand circulation, so Hymie counters right away with a series of signed articles by Professor Swammi in the *Morning Democrat* which is spooked by Joe Parkhurst. A couple of guys in Tin Pan Alley even write a song—*With the Swammi on that Swannee River Shore.* I'm telling you the build-up is terrific.

So it's coming closer all the time to the fight. Hex-Eye goes on *We, The People* on the radio in which he says with his left eye alone he will not only put the snore on the Swammi but he will cripple all his relatives too.

Hymie comes right back and gets the Professor on *Information Please*, where he turns out an awful dope what don't know any of the answers to the questions, but Hymie explains quick to the press that that is because on account of the radio he cannot use the power of his eyes which is what he is going to give to Hex-Eye and Joe Falone the night of the fight so it will be coming to them both the St. Vitus dance for a month.

It is fix up with the Commission that both Hex-Eye and the Professor are issued seconds' licenses so they can walk to the center of the ring with the two boys, because that is where the big event is going to take place where they will go to work with their whammies and try to put it on each other and the two fighters, just before they ring the bell.

Hymie and Big Augie reach an agreement in Mike Jacobs' office that neither Hex-Eye nor Professor Swammi are to show up at the weighing-in, because Uncle Mike points out that when 79,000 people have bought tickets, with the unreserved sections still to go, they are entitled to a gander at the big doings, or as one sportswriter called it the Duel of the Demons.

So finally comes the day of the fight which is scheduled for ten o'clock at night in the Yankee Stadium, and you couldn't buy a ticket for it no matter who you knew. Everybody is going to be there to see what happens when the famous Hex-Eye Lipschitz meets Professor Abadulla Swammi, the Wabadaba of Waaf, face to face. The whole Bronx has a special section to cheer on the Professor while the Lower East Side and the Grand Street Boys have bought two thousand seats together to yell for Hex-Eye.

And I am feeling not so good. That afternoon, I am up in our office which is closed, to get a block of tickets Hymie left in his desk. No one is supposed to be there so when I hear a sort of funny sound from the inside office, I am surprised. I go in, and there is Miss Mitnick, and she has her head down on her arms over her typewriter and is crying. She ain't a very big dame, and she got them soft dark eyes that look even better when they're leaking.

So I says—"Well, well, sister. Something wrong? What's eating ya?"

She looks up at me so I feel I'm gonna melt and says—"O Goldie, Goldie, I'm so unhappy. I'm so afraid Packy isn't going to win and will be hurt. I saw Packy last night. He thinks he's going to lose. He doesn't believe in the Professor, and I don't either. A friend wrote to him from Scranton that the Professor was a big flop as a hexer and Levin would have been knocked out except they gave him a Chicago count. So now Packy is sure that Lipschitz will put the eye on him and he will be knocked out too. O Goldie! Can the Professor DO anything?"

"Sister," I said—"I'll betcha the Professor couldn't put a cat to sleep if he had a can of chloroform in both hands. That Hex-Eye's got the goods, because I seen it work on Hogan. It looks bad, don't it? A congestion should slowly come to both his lungs and it shouldn't be handy an oxygen tent."

Miss Mitnick puts her head down and is sobbing harder, so I'm putting my arm around and saying—"Don't cry so, sister. Maybe Packy's gonna win yet because he's got a good punch. You're pretty sweet on him, ain'tcha?"

She says—"Y-yes, Goldie, I am. He loves me too. He said so."

"Ya known him long?"

"Y-yes," she says. "We were sweethearts when we went to public school together on the Lower East Side, but we had a quarrel and I didn't see him again until I came to work for Hymie. It's all made up now, and now he isn't going to win and will get hurt . . ."

It come to me like a lightning! I'm telling you, I should live so, it comes on me just like a lightning out of the sky. I musta hit poor Miss Mitnick an awful clout on the back I got so excited because she jumped up with a scream, but I said—

"Sister, I got it. I'm tellin' ya I got it. You just leave it to Little Goldie. We're gonna see who puts what whammy on who. An Packy's gonna be the new champion of the world. G'bye now, and don't you worry no more."

I beat it over to the Hotel Edison where we had our headquarters. But fast. They were all back from the weighing-in and sitting around the room looking sick, Packy, and Hymie, and Doc who works in the corner with Hymie.

I says to Hymie—"Where's the Professor?"

Hymie answers—"He's in his room. He don't feel so good, he says. Maybe he wants to take a run-out powder."

"He's gonna feel worse before he feels better." The next minute I'm in his room. He ain't got his turband on and is sitting on the sofa looking sort of green because he is scared to death of meeting Hex-Eye Lipschitz and he got a just-opened bottle of whiskey on the table and a glass, which I knock onto the floor.

"Professor Swammi," I says—"You and me are going to have a little talk."

So we have a little talk.

So now I'm gonna tell ya about the fight because maybe you ain't a ex-bootlegger, or night-club owner, or gangster or a actor or a politician, in which case you wasn't sitting close up enough to that ring to really see what happened.

Boy, if I'm living to be a hundred I ain't never gonna forget the noise that crowd makes when me and Packy and Hymie and Doc and the Professor come down the aisle to go into the corner. Wow!

The Professor has on a new white turband with a silver star sticking up in the front of it and a new cloak that Hymie got made up at Brooks Brothers Costumers for him with silver stars and moons on it. Did we get a hand with everybody yelling—"Attaboy, Swammi old boy! Stick it on him! We're with you!"

Then Joe Falone, the middleweight world's championship titleholder comes in with his gang with Hex-Eye Lipschitz wearing a dress suit they rented for him somewhere over on Second Avenue, with a red band across his shirt front like a diplomat, puffed up like a politician and wearing a pair of blue goggles over his eyes so as not to strain them until he is ready to let go the big whammy, and the crowd goes wild.

"Come on, Hex-Eye," they yell—"Show up that big phony! Make him like it!"

Harry Balogh was using the loudspeaker for the interductions, but you couldn't even hear them with those because of the noise the crowd is making. It seemed like the whole city is split up over who is going to win between Hex-Eye and the Professor.

So the moment comes at last when the referee calls the two boys to the center of the ring. I am crouched down at the ringside in our corner, and don't think I wasn't sweating. I am so excited I can't even think of a good klula to say at Hex-Eye.

There they are in the center of the ring, Joe Falone and Packy shaking hands and I can see Packy's knees shivering, and Big Augie and Hymie and Hex-Eye Lipschitz and Professor Abadullah Swammi, the Wabadaba of Waaf.

Everybody in the park is standing on their feet, screaming and yelling—"Give it to him, Hex-Eye! Let him have it Swammi! Both eyes, Hex-Eye! Put the Indian sign on him, Swammi! He'll lay down, Swammi! Show him up for a phony, Hex-Eye!"

So while the instructions are going on, the Professor is just standing there quietly grinning at Hex-Eye and showing his teeth, and they sure were nice, white strong teeth, and I can see that Hex-Eye is beginning to get a little nervous because the Professor is just standing there grinning at him like a dope without saying anything. So the referee finishes his instructions and there comes a sort of a lull for a second in which I hear Hex-Eye say to the Professor—

"What are you grinning at, you big *schmock?* You can starting to wipe that grin offn your big ugly face, because I'm gonna give you the eye, and I'm gonna give it to

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The Melee of the Mages

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you *now*," and he puts his hand up to his glasses.

That crowd stops yelling just like one big hand had shut it off with a choke.

You coulda heard a dime drop as Hex-Eye slowly removes his glasses and sticks his puss right up close to the Professor's who is still grinning and says—"I am giving you the eye now! I am giving you BOTH eyes!"

And the next thing you know Hex-Eye is clapping his hands to his face and letting out a yell you coulda heard in Weehawken—

"Ow! Ow, my eyes! I'm blind! Help, I'm blind! I can't see!" and starts to stagger around the ring, pawing with one hand and keeping the other over his glims.

Wow! What a yell went up from that crowd! It sounded like eight million people all screaming "Swammi! Swammi! Swammi!"

The ring is full of confusion. Packy is jigging around with a look on his face like he got a reprieve from the Governor. Big Augie doesn't know what to make of it and is trying to catch Hex-Eye to keep him from falling out of the ring. The Professor is taking bows to all four sides, putting his fingers to his bean and his whiskers and the referee is looking confused as though he does not know just what to do.

So I yell up at him—"Throw that bum out of there and start the fight," at just the right moment because it helps him make up his mind. He goes over and grabs Hex-Eye by the arm and hustles him to his corner and out through the ropes while Hymie snatches the Professor who would be in there taking bows all night otherwise and gives him the toss.

"Bong!" The timekeeper yanks the bell, and they're off.

Joe Falone comes out of his corner, and because he is a little dazed by what has happened to Hex-Eye he don't carry his left hand as high as he ought, and BLOWIE! Packy is in there and drops the sweetheart right smack on Joe's chinaware, and the referee he don't even bother enough to count.

We got the new middleweight champion titleholder of the world's crown.

Joe Falone is still snoring in his corner when Hex-Eye starts yelling—"It's all right now. I can see again! Where is that Goniff so I will put the eye on him now. Show him to me!" So when he finds out that his boy has been chilled so he will not be up in time maybe to see next Sunday's funny papers, he is around the ringside yelling—"We was robbed! I got shot! I want another chance!"

But everybody is just giving him the horse laugh, and Hymie is in the ring, hugging and kissing Packy and the Professor, and talking into the radio, and Miss Mitnick comes up and throws her arms around and kisses me and says—

"O Goldie, isn't it wonderful! I'm the happiest girl in the world. And you said it would be all right. But O Goldie, I'm so ashamed of the things I said about Professor Swammi. Wasn't he just too wonderful the way he stood there and put a spell on that awful Hex-Eye?"

So I don't say nothing, and soon she is in the ring with her arms around Packy and the photogafers are taking pictures and also a picture of her kissing the Professor in the middle of his whiskers.

And I am laughing, because there are 89,000 people in that park, but I am the only one that knows that Professor Abadulla Swammi ain't no professor at all, and he ain't from India either. He is Jake Rosenzweig from P.S. 191 whose jawr I busted for giving us kids the business with them little buckshot out of his teeth.

If I wasn't so dumb I should of known him right away except it is ten years since I see him and then he is hiding behind all that spinach he grows to play the part of Professor Swammi so he can tell fortunes to the suckers in the Bronx.

And if I got any brains I shoulda known it wasn't gnats that night in Scranton but that big bum still giving me the business with them buckshot. It don't come back to me until I am talking with Miss Mitnick in the office the day of the fight and she says public school on the Lower East Side and a quarrel, and then all of a sudden, like I say, it comes on me like a lightning, where I seen Professor Swammi before, the lug.

So when I'm in his room the day of the fight I tell him what he should do with Hex-Eye when he meets him in the ring and he says he ain't gonna go in the ring because he is afraid of Hex-Eye, so I tell him if he takes a powder I will tell everyone he ain't no Professor Swammi but just plain Jake Rosenzweig, and he is more afraid of that than he is of Hex-Eye.

When Hex-Eye sticks his puss right up into his in the ring, Jake has a half a mouthful of buckshot ready for him and lets him have it right in the eyeballs. He never made two better shots, even in P.S. 191.

All right, is it a story, or is it? I'm asking you. If it don't thinking so the editors I am getting ready for them a good klula. It should come by them gradually a *geschwulst* on the larynx so they shouldn't be able to talking for eight months, except with the hands, where they should getting eventually a roomatism.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 90

door to their ancestral memory. Through it they have gained a glimpse of that lost world of what-might-have-been, had the upsweep of Mediterranean cultures been turned back . . . had their pagan forefathers been allowed to go their own way and express their own thoughts in music. For, as we have said before, Sibelius harks back to the Edda, the sagas, and the runes. His greatest scores are like a conversation of Odin and Thor in our time. He is the musical Redeemer of an ancient faith, the Nordic word made sound.

Among continentals, this is still not understood. For them, Sibelius speaks a strange language. His symphonies say little. The Latin, the Slav, and the Teuton long ago wadded muffs into their ears so that not a breath of fresh sound could get in. Not only are they indifferent to other cultures, they actively cultivate a dislike for them.

The Germans at the moment are all wound up in themselves, indulging in metaphysical constipation. Besides, they have known from the beginning that anyone born without benefit of their spermatozoa could never write a symphony: the Teutonic peoples alone possess the secret of large-scale music construction. It is, as always, *Deutschland über Alles.* Moreover, no one ever heard of a great composer who didn't write fugues, if only to show that he could.

The Viennese, when they have their way, still wallow in Mahler and sentimentalize over Bruckner. For them, Sibelius is not full-bellied enough. They hear nothing *gemuetlich* in his sparse, economical harmonies. And where are his development passages?

The Italians don't go in for symphonies. They cannot find the tune. The French, when they must hear music, prefer Gounod or Massenet—something light, in any case. It never occurs to Russians to play the music of a "subject" people. They have Tschaikowsky, anyway, and just now they're so hoarse from rah-rahing for Beethoven, they couldn't be bothered with anything less.

So it has remained for our unmusical cousins and ourselves to take up the torch for the lonely Finn. And so help me, we've done well. Every orchestra in our land has performed his symphonies. Commentators have worked overtime. A Sibelius Festival of stupendous proportions is just ending. We are no longer in the *Valse Triste* epoch, we have assimilated No. 2 and No. 5, and, before you die, we will get to No. 4 and No. 7, the loftiest of his mighty seven.

Gazing at mountain peaks from a distance, you often cannot measure their relative heights. Scale them, and you know. It is the same with these symphonies.

A generation ago, the name of Sibelius, then an unknown composer of thirty-six, appeared on the program of the Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas conducting, in the old Auditorium at Chicago. *Lemminkäinen's Homecoming*, a "legend for orchestra" based on an episode from the Finnish national epic, the *Kalevala*, was announced as "new" (it had been finished five years before). The composer, too, was "new." But the annotator of the program was encouraging. "Sibelius," he prophesied, "is a name which bids fair to become famous in musical circles."

A wild guess, but a good one!

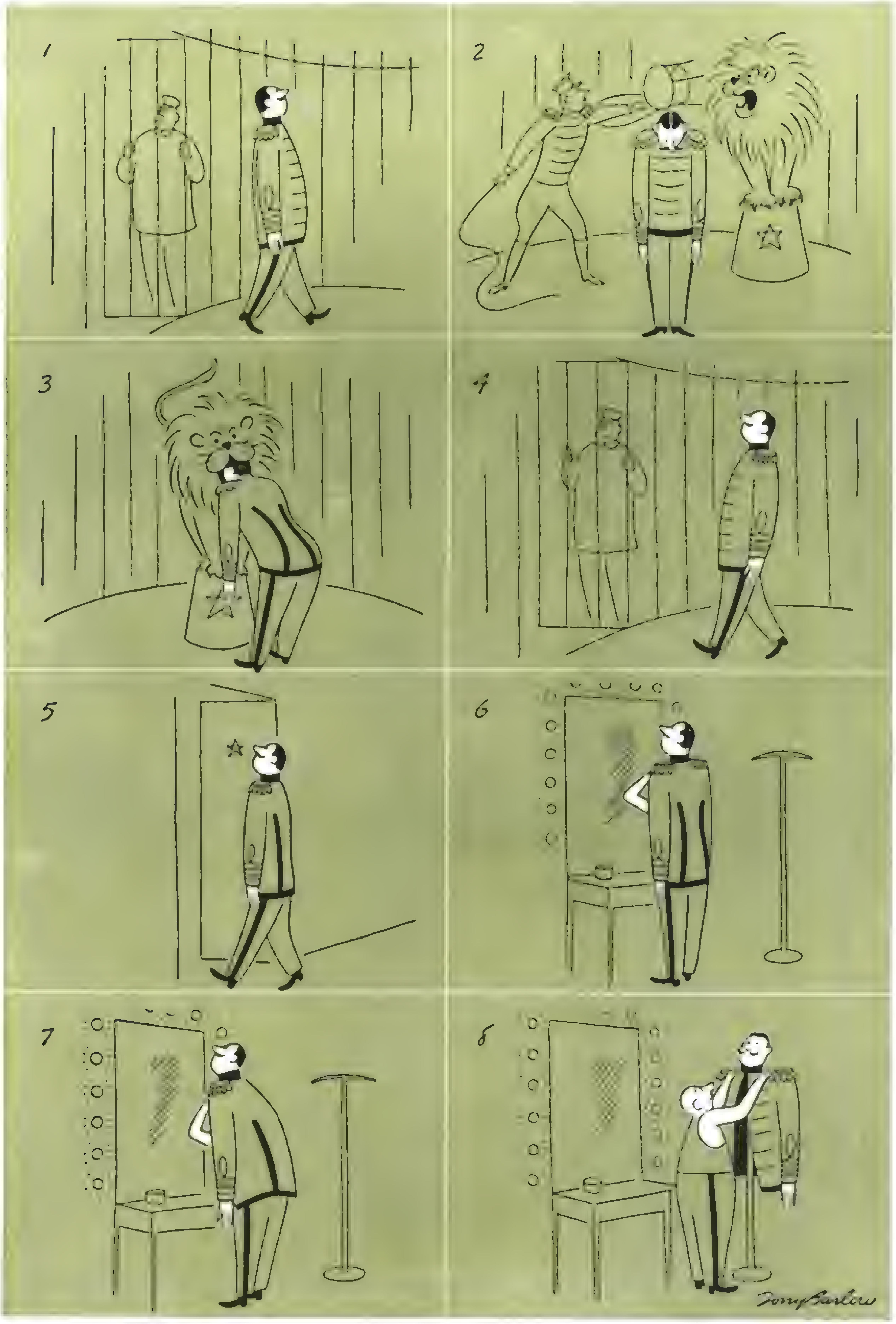
* * *

Sibelius' message was slow in reaching us because of its originality . . . because that which was bardic and primeval was only slightly less the fashion in art then than it is today. Sibelius was—and still is—a bit uncouth to polite ears. They do not relish his unashamed directness of speech, his epic statements of simple truths; truths of Nature and humanity's struggle for existence. They feel uncomfortable in desolate, bleak countries of the spirit. They are not at ease amid tone poetry of sunless woods, iron twilights and the harshness of northern solitudes where men cherish honor, exalt liberty and die for their faith.

The music of Sibelius is full of the reticence of the strong, the mysteriousness of the simple. Hearing it, we are conscious of an intensity that is mastered and controlled, lending us something of its own security and large strength. Like all great works of art, it reveals a fresh, unsuspected significance in those aspects of life which are as familiar and accustomed as the morning star at Christmas—and as bright and wonderful.

The moods and emotions of his greater pages are not to be found on their surface. They are veiled behind an expressive economy of speech which adds immeasurably to their eloquence. They are filled, at times, with savagery and ancient terror and a prophetic foreboding. Who now can hear *En Saga*, with the strange flickerings in the orchestra, the flare of the trumpet, the gigantic theme which strides upwards in the gloom amid the mutterings and premonitions of the instruments—"ancestral voices prophesying war"—and the chants and sullen rhythms which are of those who dance with knives drawn; and listen, after the runic lament of muted strings, to the berserk fury of the full orchestra without knowing what fierce force stalks abroad today and remembering what has happened in the fastnesses of Karelia and the wastes and rocks and crashing shores of his unconquerable land?

The world may crash in pieces, but not the Finn.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Tony Barlow

Beheading of John the Baptist

Continued from page 30

ants were rubbing his fat arms and thighs with the hemp cloths dipped in soap.

"You know," he continued genially, "it's a funny thing. When my robes of office are on a chair and I am naked, then I don't feel like a governor at all. And yet I know I am the Procurator of Judea even though I am covered head to foot with soap."

"Of course you are, your Excellency."

"You may be right Lazarus but it is hard to feel one's authority without a mantle. And all this 'Excellency' business is out of place here. Call me Pilate and I will call you Lazarus and let there be no tongue oil between us . . . Tell me Lazarus, how is your father?"

"He is well, thank you, Sir."

"Call me Pilate."

"And you have come to attend the banquet?"

"No Pilate. I am here to deliver a present to the king. And my mother has come with me and she will pay her respects to the queen."

"Ah! That touches the very spot. They tell me, Lazarus, that this palace is filled with a kind of gloom and that there is a strange trouble in the air. What is it?"

"Ah, that I hardly know. And if I did know, this would not be the place to speak."

"Then you do know. What is going on here?"

"A feast for the king's birthday."

"Yes, I know. But I like a place that is gay and open. Let it even be boisterous and filled with foolishness; but here they whisper and tip-toe about, and behind the curtains figures hide . . . What is it?"

"There is a key to the whole business and that key would also unlock the dungeon and free an innocent man who is a holy man and a true prophet."

"Another prophet!"

"Many false prophets arise in these times. But John is a true one."

"Then if all this is due to a prophet, let them send him off with a good warning not to come here again."

"He did not come willingly. He was arrested at the edge of the wilderness and brought here."

"And you think if he were sent off, the air would clear?"

"No Pilate. The air may never clear. But an innocent man should be free."

"That's the Roman law and Roman law champions the innocent. But the Jews have quibbles and they twist and turn their words about."

"Many in Jerusalem are evil and corrupt. But there are many in the provinces who are clear about what is right and wrong."

"Well spoken, Lazarus. I will have this prophet brought before me and the king will sit at my side and we will see if he cannot be sent home. Does he talk too much?"

"Oh no!"

"Does he agitate the people against their king?" he persisted.

"No, he says nothing of Herod. But he speaks of the queen."

"Morality?"

"Yes."

"The Romans are not so strict in matters that are so trivial. That is another thing the Jews should learn. There have been four Roman procurators before me and what have they accomplished? Nothing."

"They returned home fairly wealthy, if I may be bold enough to say this."

"Lazarus. Speak the truth to me always. And if it is the truth, then it needs no apology."

"It is the truth, Pilate."

"Good. I know it is so. But consider. Here a man of prominence, of distinction and culture is sent to a far-flung country. He is away from his friends, away from his home. He is homesick and lonely. He lives in a troubled land, in a worrying atmosphere. There is friction between the Herods and the people, between the rabbis and the Herods and also between the people and their rabbis. Sparks fly from these three millstones. And what can the Roman Governor do? Valerius Gratus, who served before me, spent eleven years in Jerusalem. And if he did return with a small bag of gold coins, this certainly did not pay for all the worry and eleven years of heartache. He was really cheated! And in the end I will be cheated also. In Rome I might have made a name for myself. But here you live; you die; and you are buried and forgotten."

The bath attendants poured water over him and he closed his eyes while the soap ran off.

"Lazarus," he said when he opened his eyes again, "you should live in Jerusalem. It would be livelier for you . . . Well, we could do things together. They tell me you are a good judge of horses and that your father has some of the finest in his stables. And that you often race in your chariot."

"Not in public. At least not in the arena. But I have let them out at times along the desert roads."

"Would you like to race in the arena?"

"I would. But we never seem to come to Jerusalem."

"Why does your father not live in Jerusalem?"

"Because we must live on the Damascus road to take care of our caravans. Besides my father has taken a great dislike to the city."

"I can't blame him much but I would like to see your horses run. How many have you?"

"We had only eight. But two fresh ones arrived this week making ten in all."

"Where do they come from?"

"All are from Arabia. The last two came with the recent caravan and were a present from the king."

"From Aretas?"

"Yes from Aretas, who is the father of Herod's former wife."

"And is he sending ambassadors to the feast?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He is not pleased with the state of things and we hear that a messenger is on his way."

"What is it, Lazarus?"

"I cannot tell you, Pilate."

"Is it serious?" asked the procurator in a whisper.

Lazarus nodded in reply but did not speak.

"And the messenger brings what?"

"A warning."

"Then it is not so serious," concluded Pilate.

By this time the genial Roman had been washed and rubbed with fragrant oils. He put on his purple robe, the sash of which was held by a large golden buckle representing two lions' heads whose jaws were linked together. And as soon as the little parchment twists had been removed from his curls and he had inspected himself in a hand mirror he prepared to leave.

"Come," he said. "Let us go together and ask Herod about this prophet. What is his name?"

"John."

While they walked toward the great hall to be received by Herod Antipas, the mother of Lazarus knelt before the queen in her private chambers. Behind the divan upon which the queen reclined stood two ladies in waiting.

"While my son is delivering a present to the king I would like to pay my respects to my queen and . . ."

"My queen!" she interrupted with a bitter under-breath.

". . . And place in your hands a small token of esteem."

"Here, what is it?" she said impatiently taking the small bundle and unrolling it. "What is it? Oh! It is beautiful!"

She held up a heavy veil woven of tightly twisted silk and pure metal threads.

"Is it silver or gold?" asked the queen.

"It is both silver and gold. In some lights the silver shines forth and in other lights one sees only the gold."

"Where is such cloth woven?"

"In Arabia."

"Ah yes, Arabia! I might have known." Then suddenly in anger she cried: "Why do you remind me of Arabia!"

The woman kneeling before the queen did not reply.

"Do you not know that my husband's first wife was an Arabian princess? Do you come to humiliate me?"

"No. Sincerely I do not come to lower you."

"I suppose I am low enough. I have left my husband Herod Philip and eloped with his half-brother. And he has put aside his Arabian princess and taken me to his bosom. Am I not his queen in full right! . . . Speak. Tell me."

"I will leave you now," said the mother of Lazarus. "For in anger nothing is accomplished."

"No. Forgive me. Come sit here beside me, for you could tell me many things I would know. Will you speak the truth to me?"

"Do you want the truth?"

"I may not like to hear it but it is best I know it. Speak without fear. In Jerusalem, the king has silenced the wagging tongues. But in the land of Galilee, what is being said of me?"

"It is frowned upon."

"They think it is wrong?"

"Yes, against the law of the temple. A man may not marry the wife of his brother or even the wife of his half-brother."

"But if I lived with him and devoted my life to him and loved him and gave him children, then?"

"It would still be an illegal love."

"But if the rabbis, the high rabbis of the temple of Jerusalem, blessed the union. Then what?"

"Then the rabbis also would become the enemies of the holy law."

After a brief silence the queen suddenly called out: "Why have you come!"

"I have come to bring you a present and to ask in return a small favor."

"Now that I am so besmirched by evil tongues what is it that I can give to the rich wife of Ben Shaba?"

"Herodias," she said calling the queen by her name, "I am the wife of a wealthy merchant but once I was a slave girl, and I was sold in chains. I was not born into bondage but I was captured and carried off. One day in the market in Alexandria my chains were suddenly loosened. I will always love my deliverer. And now it is in your power also to be loved. There is someone you hold in a dungeon and . . ."

"The Mad Prophet!" she screamed.

". . . And he is innocent."

"Never!"

"He is a holy man."

"He goes about gathering together great crowds and when they are assembled he cries out against me."

"For nine months he has already suffered in a dark dungeon."

"And nine years more will I keep him locked in the dark! This eater of locust and wild honey, this mad desert wanderer dressed in coarse camel's hair, this destroyer of fair names . . ." words failed her. "Oh!" she cried. "He is my prisoner. He is mine! And I will do with him as I like."

"Then I have failed, Herodias."

"Yes, you have failed. Here take back your present and go."

"The present is for you. I will go. But only one word more before I go. Aretas, the king of Arabia, is sending a messenger to your husband. He will bring no good news. The Arabian king is indignant at the insult offered to his daughter and he is gathering his armies. He has heard of the Prophet John and sends warning

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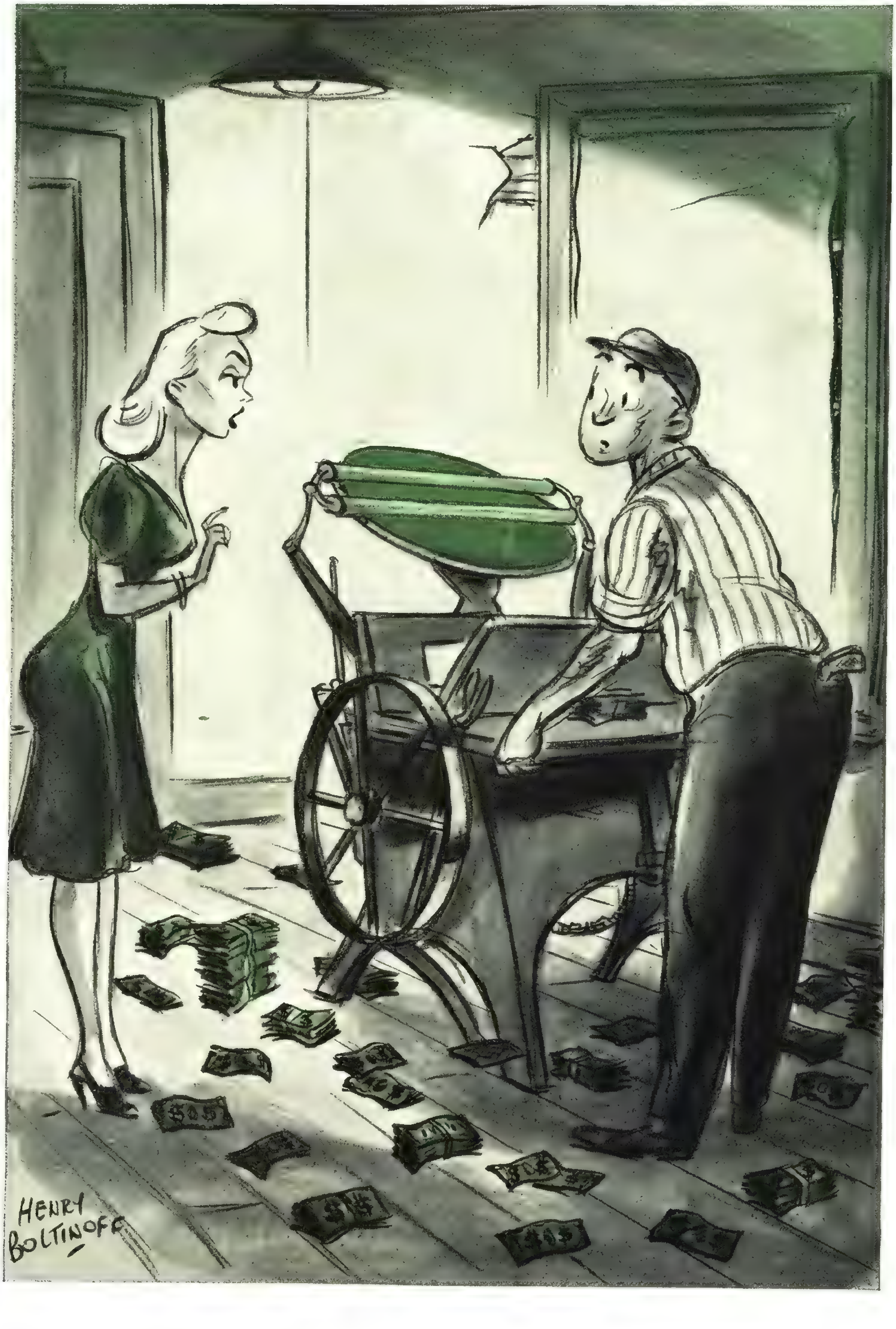

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Work—work—you're always working. We never go out any more!"

Beheading of John the Baptist

Continued from pages 30-124

to your husband that, if as much as a hair of his head is disturbed, he will march his three armies into Galilee."

"And how does this sweet news come to you?"

"The same caravan which brought your present from Arabia also brought this news."

"It may not be true."

"The messenger is on his way."

"When he arrives it will be time enough to consider what is to be considered."

"Consider well, Herodias," were her final words as she turned to leave the queen's chamber.

But the queen called her back.

"Wait. Remain and judge for yourself. I will send for the prisoner and he will be brought before us. And with your own ears you will hear him say that word with which he has branded me. You may have been a slave girl in chains but you have never heard yourself called an adulteress! Wait, you will hear and you may then judge."

She rang the great gong which hung on the wall behind the divan and two palace slaves entered.

"Unlock the dungeon and bring the prisoner here," she commanded.

"That is impossible at present, your majesty," said one of the attendants, "because he is now before the king and the Roman procurator in the large hall. They have just sent for him and . . ."

"Then run quickly and hide behind the curtain and return to me and repeat every word spoken. Hurry!"

Turning to the wife of Shaba she said: "You will see, he will speak evil of me even before the king."

"Again I repeat, Herodias, I have failed and having failed I must return. No good can come of my remaining here."

"Then go and peace be with you. It is said of you that you are very clever and filled with sharp wits. But I have not seen it."

"No, Herodias. This is not a time for either cleverness or wits. It is a time for plain speaking and for truth."

Now finally she left the presence of the queen and her heart was filled with sadness. She walked slowly through the long stone corridors of the palace and came to the yard where her litter was waiting. She sent a driver to tell Lazarus that she was ready to depart.

In the meantime, John was standing before Herod and the procurator of Judea. And he replied boldly to all the questions asked of him.

"The One I said was coming after me has now arrived!" he exclaimed.

"And you have seen him?" asked Herod.

"Yes."

"And he is what you believed he would be?"

"Yes."

"And the miracles which I hear rumored about, it is he who performs them?"

"He alone."

"It is hard to believe."

"Those of little faith find everything hard to believe."

Then Pilate, sitting beside the throne with Herod said: "Tell me John. How long have you been in prison?"

"Nine months or more."

"And the charges against you?"

"I do not know. I have spoken openly and what I have said is true."

Turning to Herod, Pilate said: "I believe this man should be tried under Roman law. Let him come before me tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is the day of the feast."

"Then on the following morning."

"It is well. Let him be tried," said the king.

Lazarus now having received the message from his mother rose to depart. He wished the king many years of health and bowed to the Procurator of Judea.

"Don't forget, Lazarus, I want you to bring the Arabian horses to Jerusalem and we will test their speed and wind in the arena. And you will be my guest and you and I will . . . Well, we will understand each other. And don't forget what I told you. In the end I am certain I will be cheated."

Lazarus bowed his way out of the great hall. But every word that had been spoken in his presence was heard from behind the heavy curtains and brought to the queen.

She walked up and down her chamber and the anger in her boiled over.

Suddenly turning to one of her ladies she cried: "Lazarus will not race in the arena. And he will not be a friend of the Roman Governor and intrigue against us. And as for the Mad Prophet, he will not be tried under Roman law! I swear to you that he will . . . Send for my daughter, Salome. Let her be bathed and rubbed with oils. Let her put on the dress of a bride and cover her head with this veil from Arabia . . . And let me talk secretly into her ear."

On the night that followed, in the long hall and before a table of eighty ambassadors from foreign lands the young daughter of Herodias danced her dance. When the dance was over, Herod took her in his arms and kissed her forehead. It was then that he asked her to name her wish. And it was then that she requested that the head of John be given to her on a bronze dish.

"No, no!" cried Herod.

"That is my wish."

"Ask something else!"

"Nothing else do I desire."

"What good is a head to a child?"

"It is what I desire."

"We are in the presence of ambassadors and as king of this land I am bound to hold by my word. But ask something else."

"I ask for the only thing I desire. Give it to me."

"What you desire you will have, though I wish to heaven that you had desired something else."

He called his men and gave the necessary command. But Pilate also called his men and instructed them to take John and hold him for trial. This he had promised.

The feast went on. But suddenly a hush fell over the entire hall. The head of John the Baptist was carried through the room.

"What is this!" cried Pilate to his men who had just returned.

"We came too late," said the lieutenant. "The Queen had with her own hands unlocked the gate. She was waiting impatiently with her men for the command to be signaled from the walls of the palace. Before we reached the bottom terrace, the deed was done."

"And I have promised Lazarus to set him free," said Pilate sadly.

Hardly had he spoken these words when a great blast of trumpets announced the arrival of a messenger from the King of Arabia.

Herod Antipas unrolled the parchment and read what was written to him in words of blood, fire and thunder. His hands trembled as he left the table to enter the apartment of his queen. He found her embracing her child and thanking her for what she accomplished. The charger with the head of John was on the table before them.

"You wanted it!" he said addressing Herodias.

"That I would not deny," she replied coolly.

"And the king of Arabia warns us that if a hair of his head is touched, the armies are ready to invade Galilee."

"The king of Arabia was once your father-in-law."

"And now my enemy. Tell me Herodias, did you know of this message before it was placed in my hands? Or possibly you heard it rumored or something?"

"No," she said quickly. But the lie flushed her cheeks. And the eyes of the Prophet John looked up at her.

"Take it away!" she screamed.

The servants ran forward and removed the charger from the table. #

On the Trail of Pat Hobby

Continued from page 36

help her figure something out. There's fifty dollars in it."

In a daze Pat wandered to the door.

"Hey," said Berners, "don't forget your hat."

III

Feeling the effects of his day outside the law, and of a tumbler full of Berners' brandy, Pat sat in Bee McIlvaine's office.

"We've got to get a title," said Bee gloomily.

She handed Pat the mimeograph offering fifty dollars reward and put a pencil in his hand. Pat stared at the paper unseeingly.

"How about it?" she asked. "Who's got a title?"

There was a long silence.

"*Test Pilot*'s been used, hasn't it?" he said with a vague tone. "Wake up! This isn't about aviation."

"Well, I was just thinking it was a good title."

"So's *The Birth of a Nation*."

"But not for this picture," Pat muttered. "*Birth of a Nation* wouldn't suit this picture."

"Are you ribbing me?" demanded Bee. "Or are you losing your mind? This is serious."

"Sure—I know." Feebly he scrawled words at the bottom of the page, "I've had a couple of drinks that's all. My head'll clear up in a minute. I'm trying to think what have been the most successful titles. The trouble is they've all been used like *It Happened One Night*."

Bee looked at him uneasily. He was having trouble keeping his eyes open and she did not want him to pass out in her office. After a minute she called Jack Berners.

"Could you possibly come up? I've got some title ideas."

Jack arrived with a sheaf of suggestions sent in from here and there in the studio, but digging through them yielded no ore.

"How about it, Pat? Got anything?"

Pat braced himself to an effort.

"I like *It Happened One Morning*," he said—then looked desperately at his scrawl on the mimeograph paper, "Or else—*Grand Motel*."

Berners smiled.

"*Grand Motel*," he repeated, "By God! I think you've got something. *Grand Motel*."

"I said *Grand Hotel*," said Pat.

"No, you didn't. You said *Grand Motel*—and for my money it wins the fifty."

"I've got to go lie down," announced Pat, "I feel sick."

"There's an empty office across the way. That's a funny idea Pat, *Grand Motel*—or else *Motel Clerk*. How do you like that?"

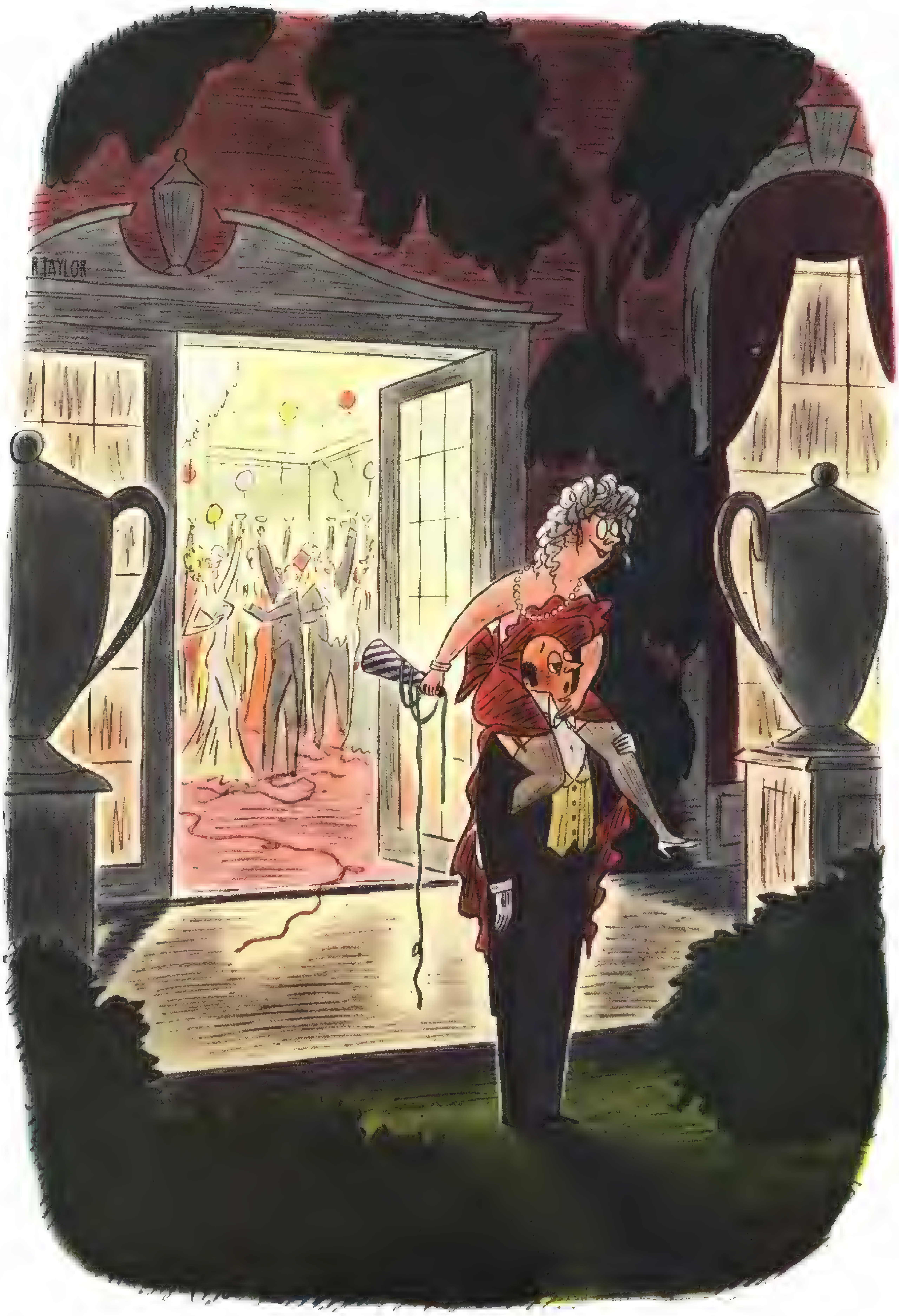
As the fugitive quickened his step out the door Bee pressed the hat into his hands.

"Good work, old timer," she said.

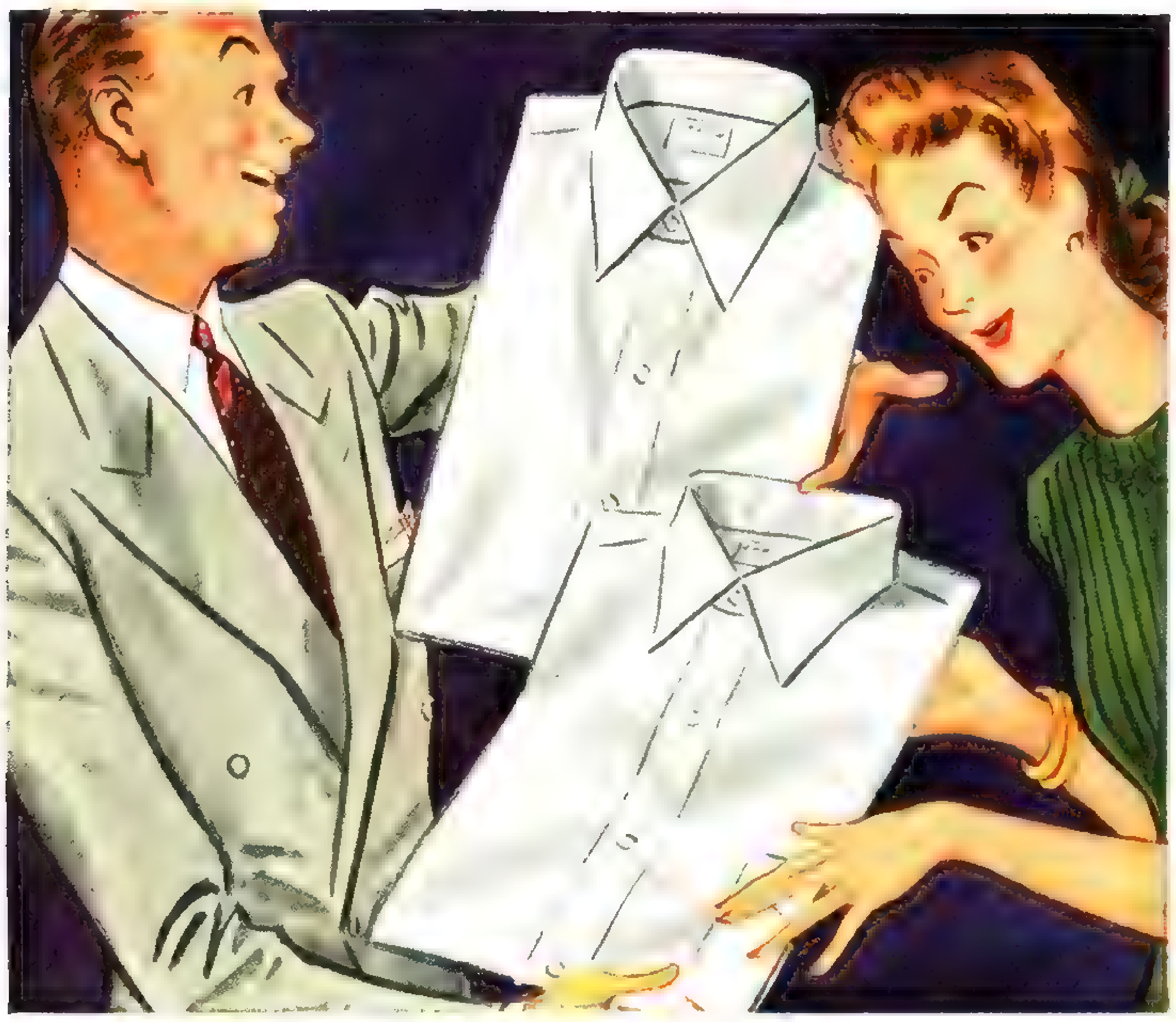
Pat seized Mr. Marcus' hat, and stood holding it there like a bowl of soup.

"Feel—better—now," he mumbled after a moment. "Be back for the money."

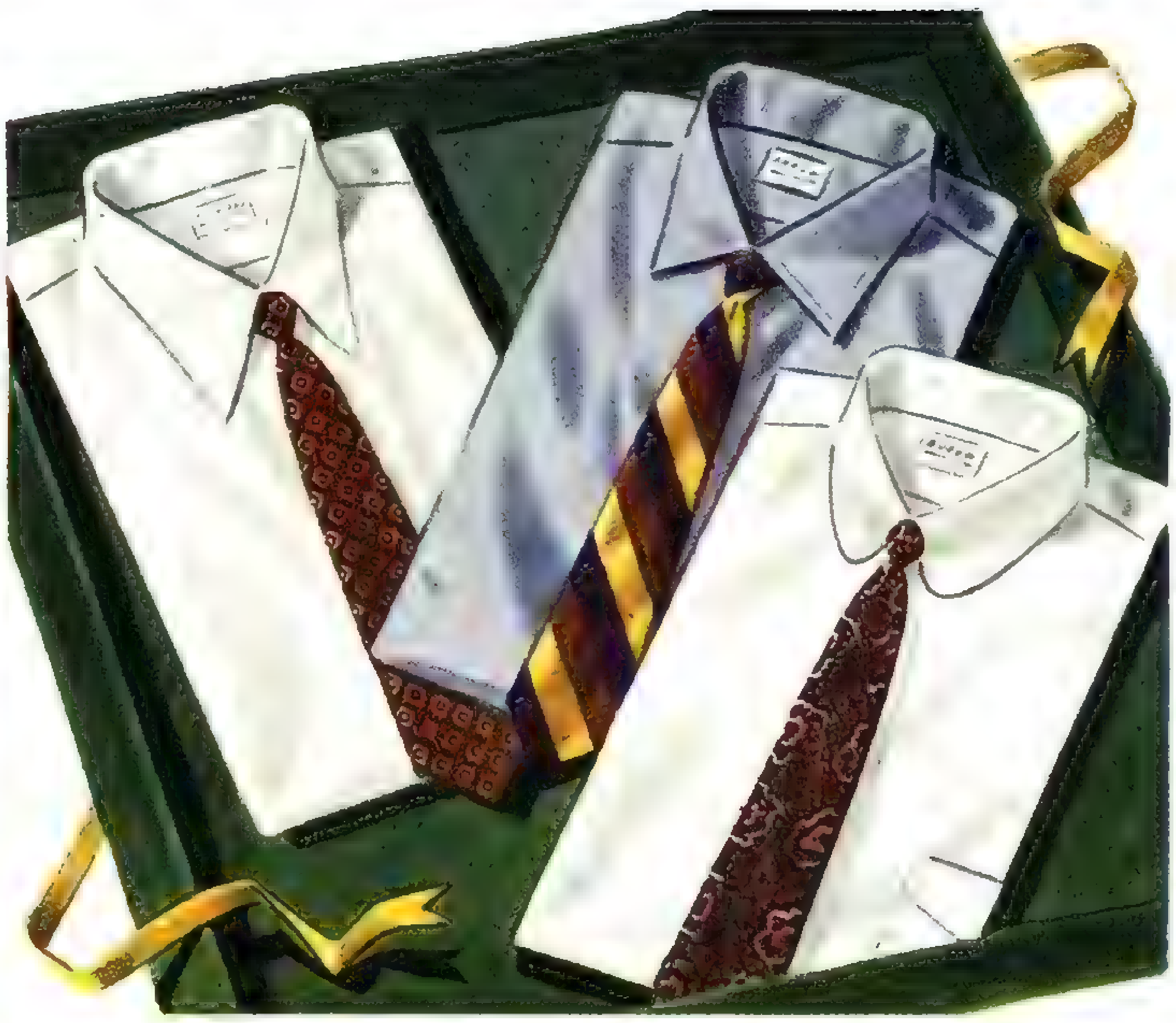
And carrying his burden he shambled toward the lavatory. #



"Where to now, madam?"



Has he wrinkle trouble? . . . Give him Arrow Hitt, Dart, or Dale. These fine white broadcloths have non-wilt collars that won't wrinkle all day! Arrow Hitt, $2. Arrow Dart, $2.25. Arrow Dale, $2.50.



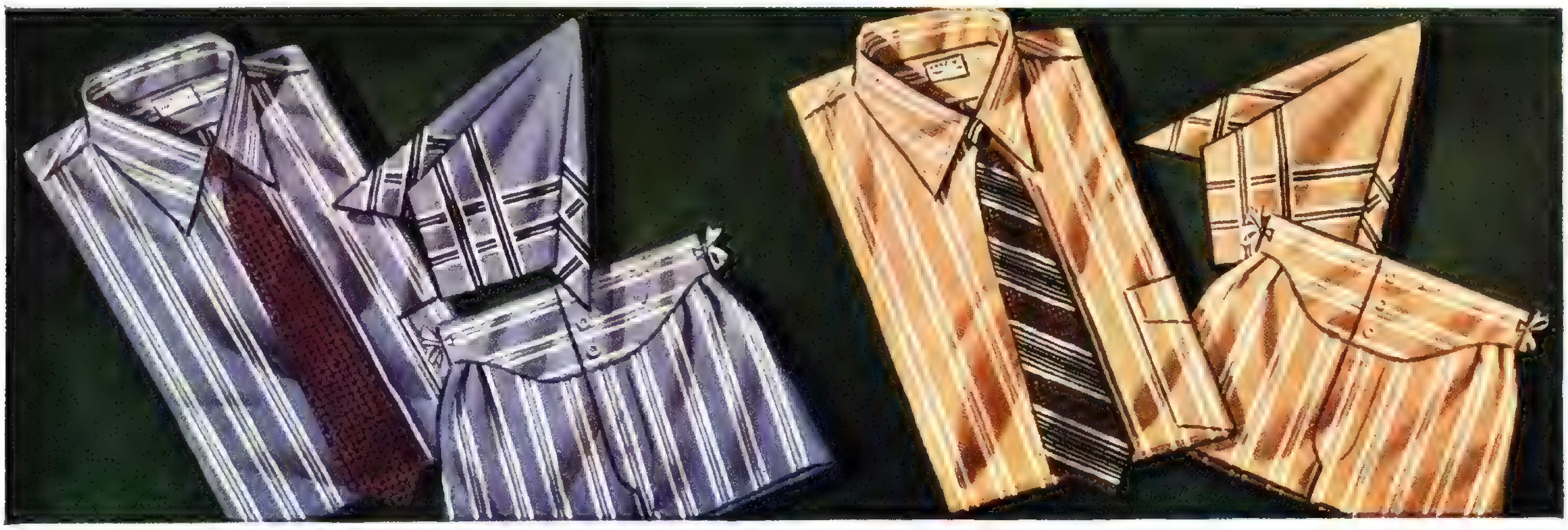
Young men pick Arrow Oxfords as their Number 1 Shirt. Arrow Oxfords, like all Arrow Shirts, are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). White and colors; many collar styles. $2 up.

Good buys for good boys... by Arrow

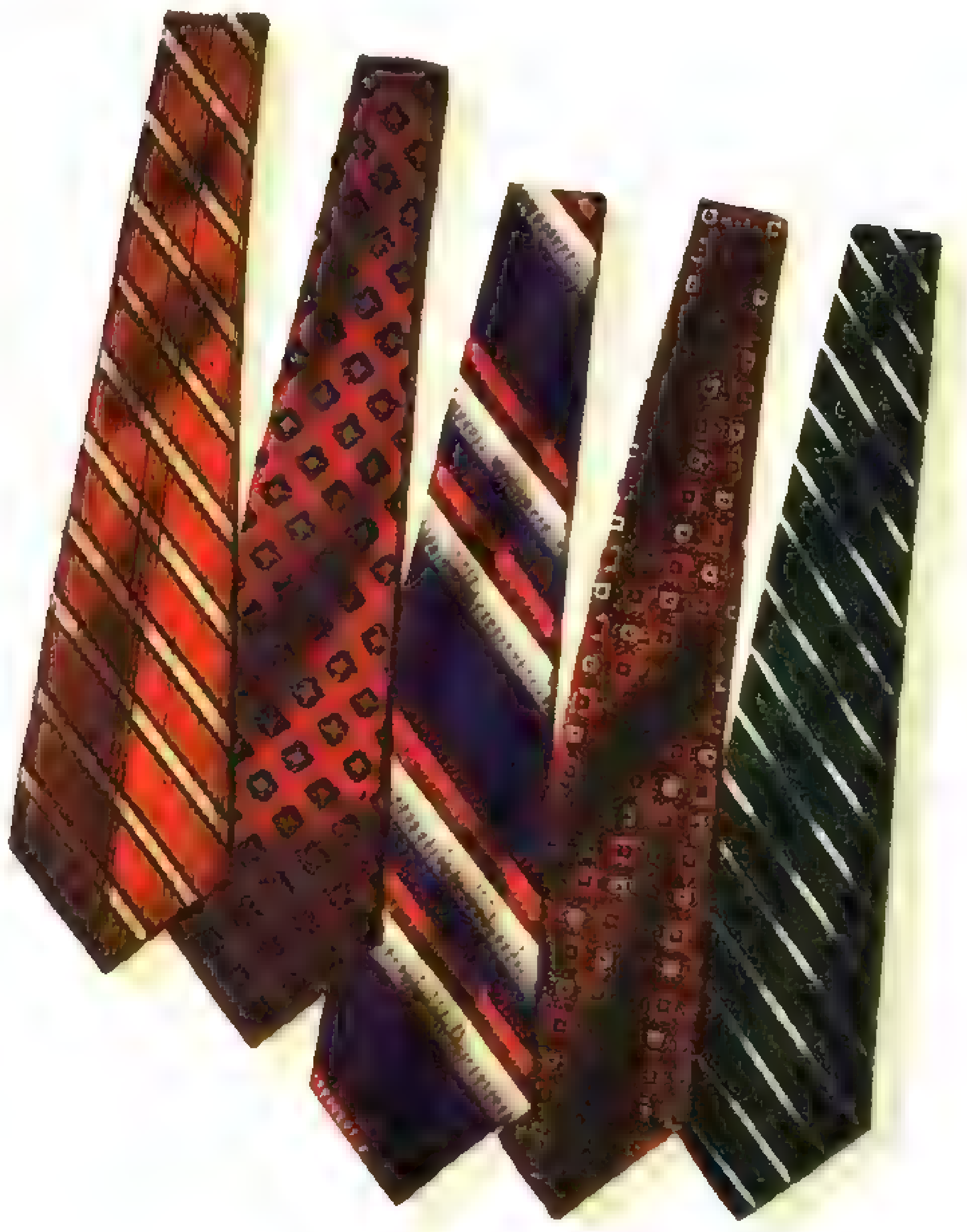
SURE WAY to be his favorite Santa: *give him Arrow gifts.* Men like Arrow Shirts' perfect collars and trim "Mitoga" figure-fit. They like the smartness of Arrow Ties and Handkerchiefs . . . and the *extra* comfort of Arrow Shorts.

Get his size and sleeve length from an old shirt; wheedle his shorts size from him. You'll need them.

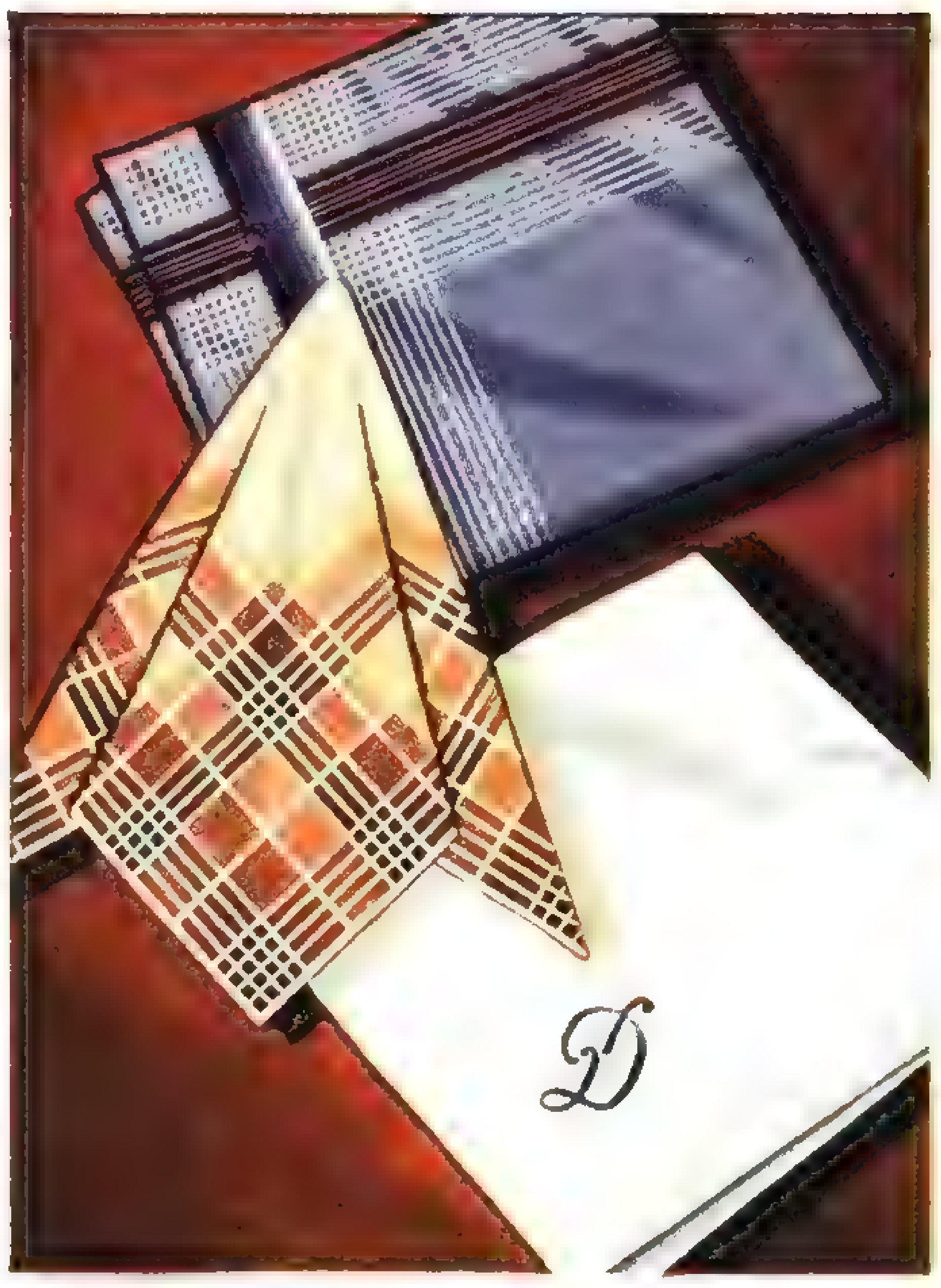
Pick your "extra special" gifts from the new $2.50, $3.50, and $5 Arrow pattern shirts, tailored of the finest domestic fabrics. See them today at your near-by Arrow dealer's.



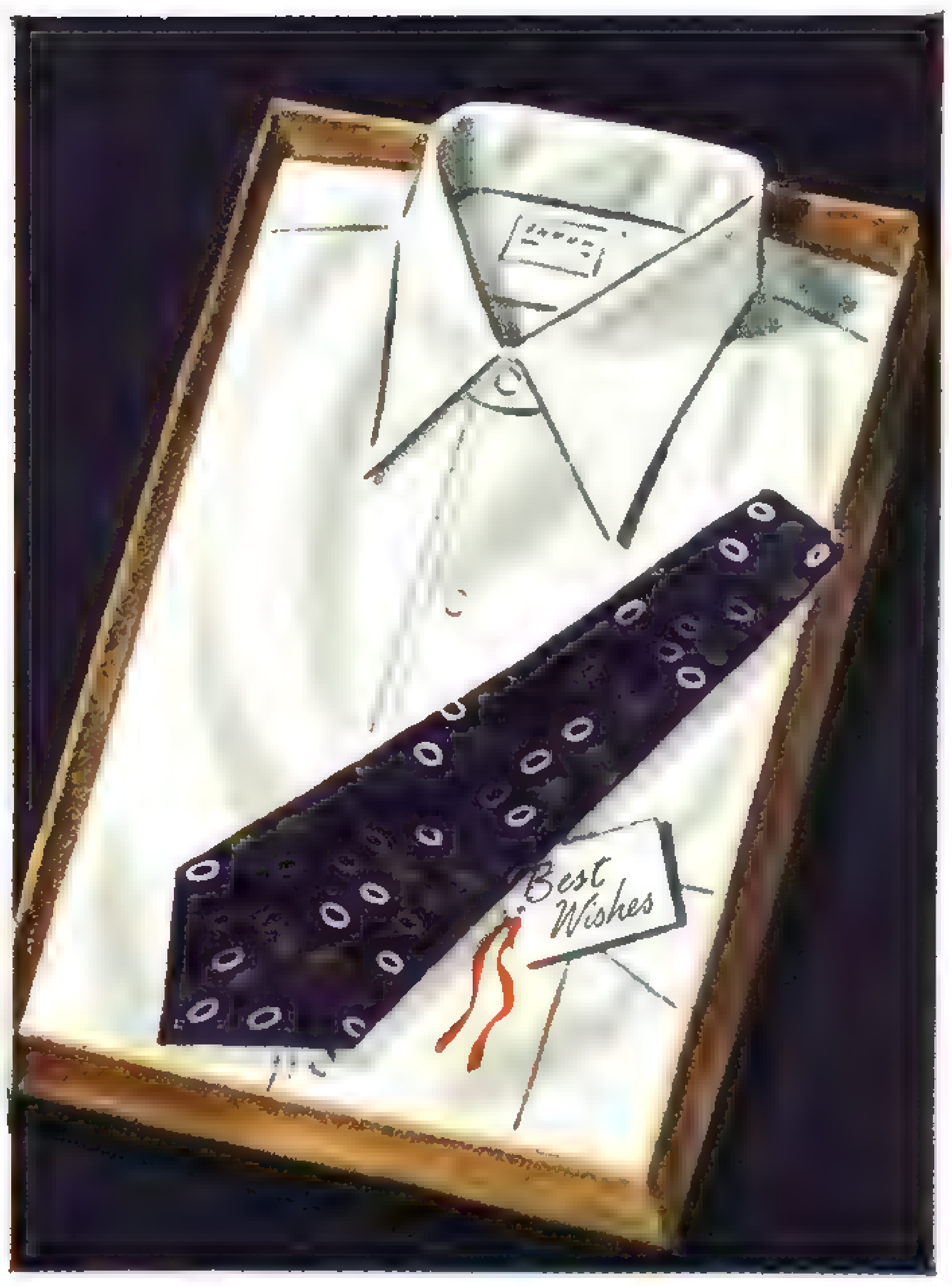
Arrow "Morley Stripes"...Arrow's special gifts to the gift-giving season . . . are refreshingly smart cluster stripes, in blue, tan, gray, and green. Arrow Morley Stripe Shirts are $2. Arrow Ties, designed specially for Morley Stripe Shirts, are in three patterns (each pattern in four colors). $1. Super-comfortable Morley Stripe Shorts have no chafing center seam. 65¢. Harmonizing Morley Stripe Handkerchiefs are 35¢.



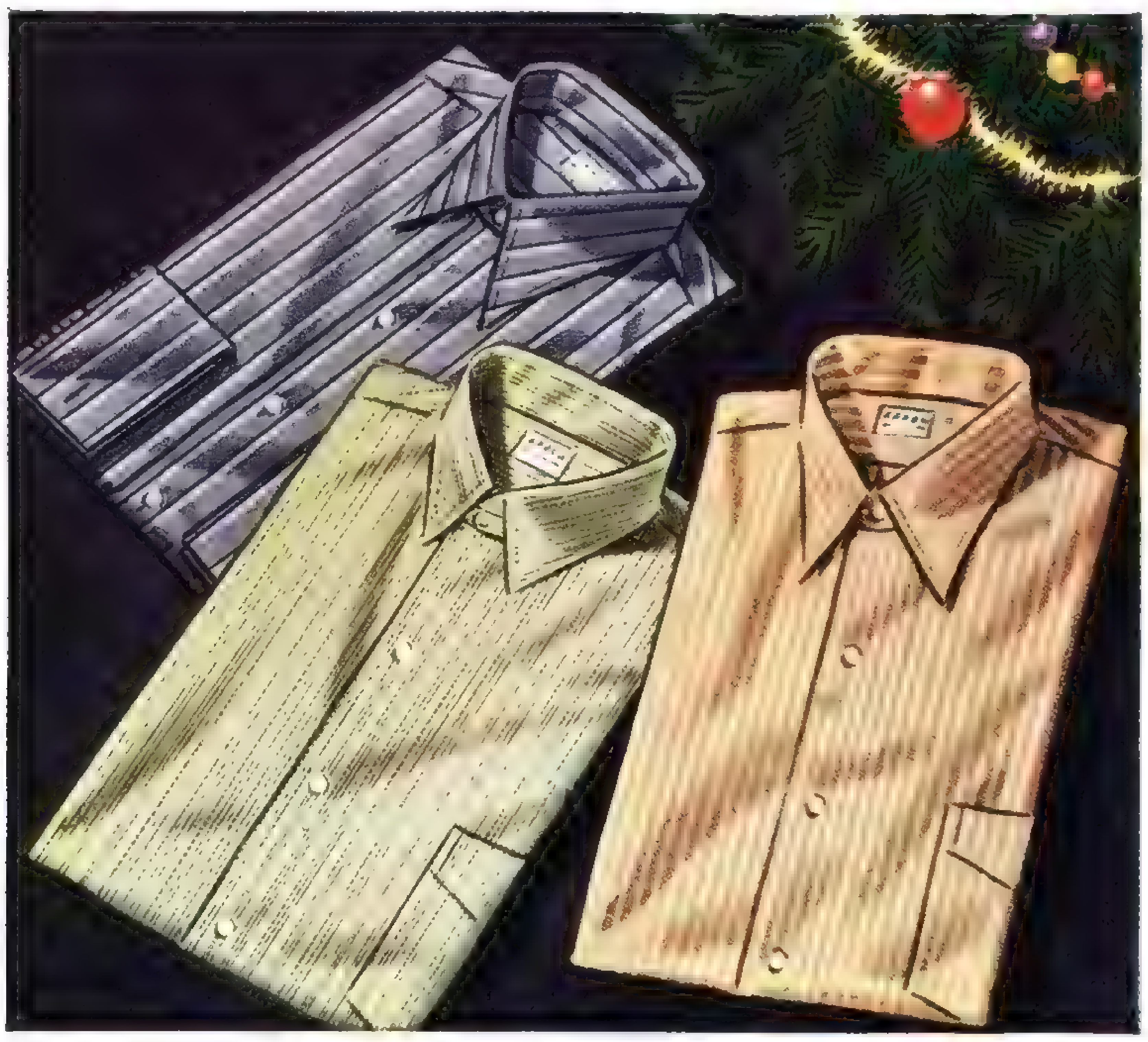
Perfect running mates for Arrow Shirts — and A-1 gifts in their own right — are ultra-handsome Arrow Ties. They knot perfectly . . . manfully resist wrinkles! $1, $1.50, and $2.



Why give "just handkerchiefs" when you can give *Arrow* Handkerchiefs? Whites, plain or initialed; colors to harmonize with Arrow Shirts and Ties. 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, up.



You can rely on his liking fine, white broadcloths with soft collars: Arrow Trump, $2. Paddock, $2.50. Lustrous Claridge, $3.50. Baronet, made of superfine broadcloth, $5.



Colors and collars. Give him a pattern shirt with the Arrow collar that's designed for his type of face. If he's plump, get Bruce (long-point, low-band collar). If he's lean, pick Aratab (tab) or Sussex (wide-spread collar). $2 up.

ARROW
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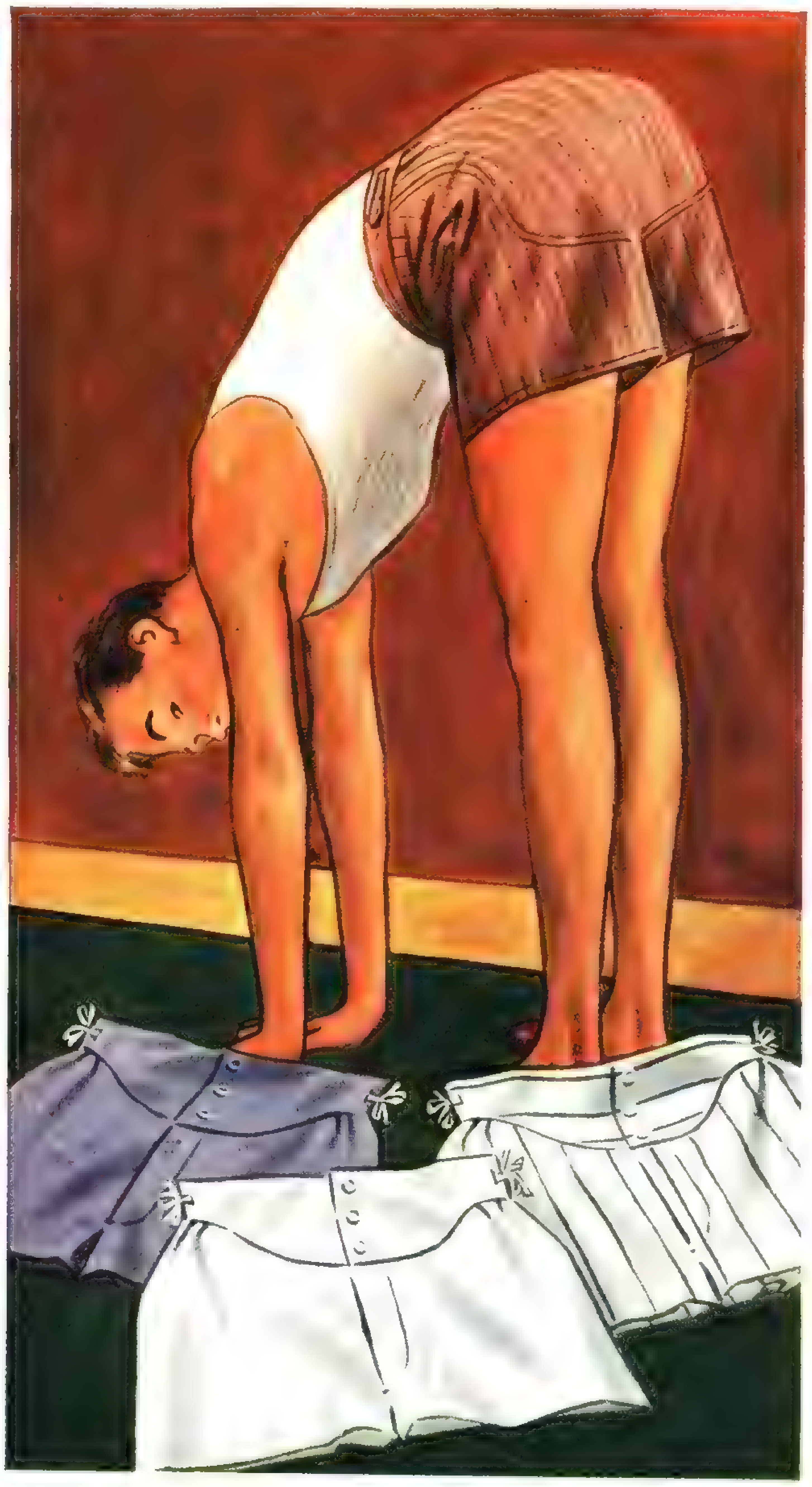
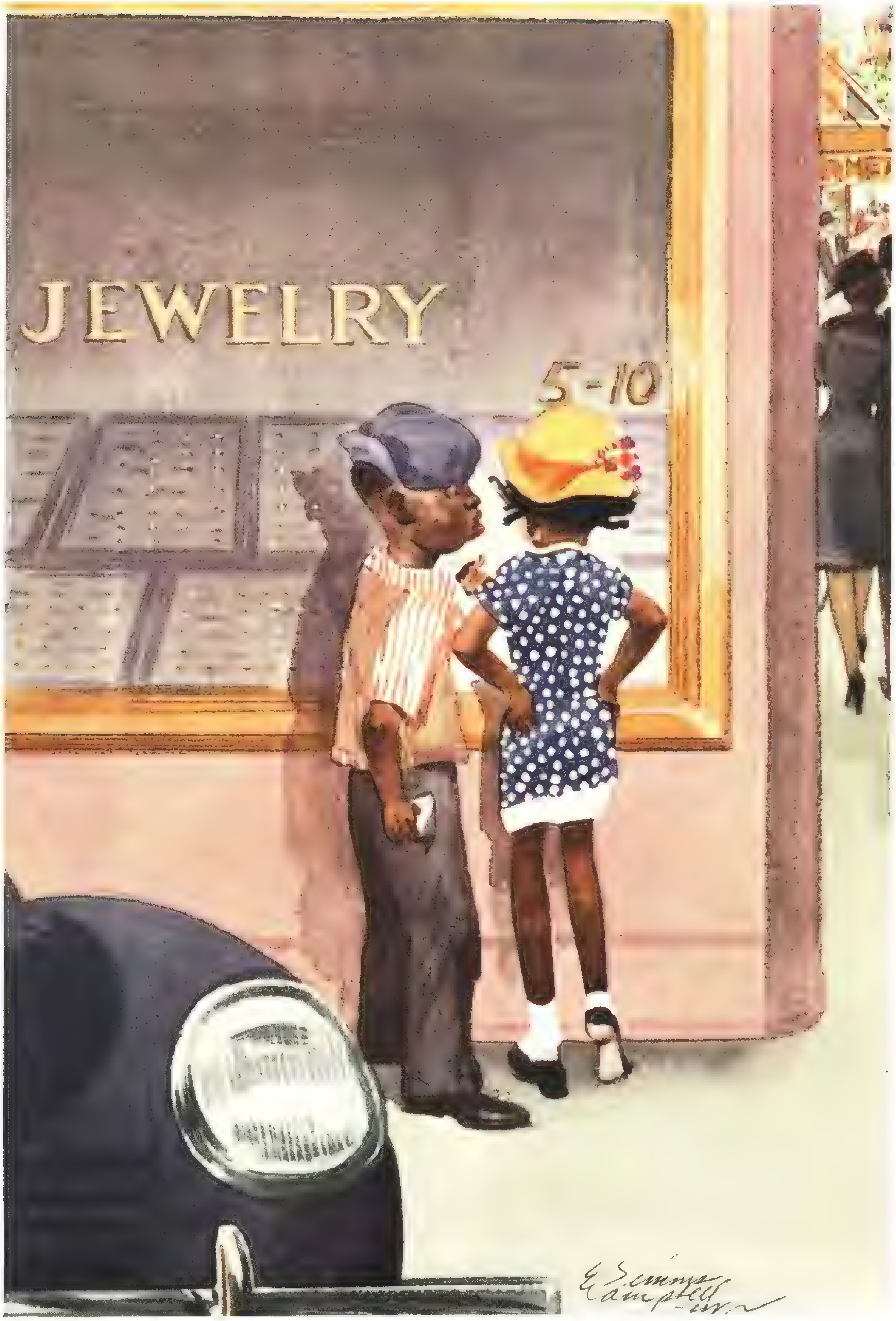
UNDERWEAR · SPORTS SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



The trick that makes Arrow Shorts so popular is the absence of a chafing center seam. Arrow Shorts are roomy, smart . . . have non-breakable Gripper snaps instead of easy-to-break buttons. Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). 65¢, and up.


JEWELRY
5-10
E. Simms Campbell

"Don't you think it's kinda foolish t' spend a quarter for a diamond ring ef we gonna keep our engagement a secret?"

The Ninth U. S. Infantry

Continued from page 57

massacred at Balangiga on the Island of Samoa. The gugus caught them at breakfast when every man except three sentries was separated from his arms. Three officers and thirty-two men were cut down and killed out of hand, five died of wounds and eight are still missing.

Men die, but the regiment lives on . . .

In April of 1903, the 9th was at Madison Barracks, New York, when it received its punch bowl from Yokohama by cruiser, via the Suez Canal. Known as the Liscum Bowl,it weighs approximately forty-seven pounds, holds fourteen gallons, is valued at fifteen thousand dollars and is the most elaborate piece of mess silver owned by any regiment in the United States Army. The cups that go with it bear the names of each incumbent in each commissioned rank at the Battle of Tientsin and every subsequent incumbent in each rank down to fairly recent times.

The Bowl is used only for special regimental functions and only when specifically authorized by the Regimental Commander.

Owing to a bathing party that once involved a United States Army regimental punch bowl—and a moving picture actress who had caught the temporary fancy of the junior officers, the instructions on the Liscum Bowl are fairly explicit:

"Whenever the 9th Infantry Punch Bowl is removed from the vault it shall be under guard of two selected privates first class, who shall be given written orders covering the care and protection of the bowl. An officer designated by the Regimental Adjutant shall be present when the bowl is taken from and when replaced in the vault . . ."

Hanford MacNider, later Assistant Secretary of War and National Commander of the American Legion, commanded the 9th in the Old World War, when it was part of the 2nd Division, and kept up the fire that stopped the Hun on the Paris-Metz Road.

Home Station: Fort Sam Houston, Texas. #

Squire Dinwiddy

Continued from page 33

tomed ourselves to Squire's manner of running the house, he came in one morning and said he was sorry to have to do it, but that he had to go away for several days on a business trip.

We were upset by his sudden announcement, and my wife protested vigorously.

"Can't you postpone your trip for a while, Squire?" she said. "We can't get anybody to take your place on such short notice."

"I'm sorry about the notice I didn't give," Squire said apologetically, "but the time crept up on me while I wasn't paying attention."

"At least," my wife said, "you can wait a day or two. Maybe by then we—"

"No, ma'am!" he said emphatically, "I just naturally can't wait. I'se got to be in Washington by six o'clock this very day."

"Six o'clock!" I said. "How do you expect to get to Washington by six o'clock!"

"On the plane, boss," he said. "I'se flying down on the two o'clock plane from New York."

My wife and I looked at each other helplessly.

"That costs a lot of money, Squire," she said, hoping to discourage him. "Do you realize what it costs?"

"Yes, ma'am," Squire said, "but I add it to my expenses."

"What expenses?" I asked. "What expenses are you talking about?"

"The expenses of doing business," Squire said.

My wife and I stared at each other bewilderedly.

"What kind of business?" I asked, wondering.

"I kind of forgot to mention it to you, I reckon," Squire said sheepishly. "I has to go to Washington once every month to collect the rents."

"What rents?" I asked. "Whose rents?"

"My rents," he answered. "I'se got twenty-seven families living in my tenements down there, and I can't afford to let the rents fall behind. The rents just can't be collected, not in Washington, noway, if you let them run over. Because the renters will let you get an eviction against them, and after that they have the law on their side. They don't have to pay the past due rent at all after that. So that's why I never let the renters get that far along. I stay just one jump ahead of what they're thinking in their heads down there while I'm up here."

My wife and I could only stare at Squire for a long time after he had finished. He began to grin then, his lips rolling back from his straight white teeth.

"Why, that makes you an absentee landlord, Squire," I said finally, shaking my head.

"It sure does, boss," he said, his whole face agrin. "That's why I'm taking the plane this afternoon. I don't aim to be absent when the rents come due. No, sir, boss!"

Squire bowed, backing towards his shiny black limousine with the silver speaking tube. He grinned broadly as he got in and started the motor. As he rolled away, he stuck an arm out and waved to us.

"Good-bye, boss!" he called. "I'll be right back again as soon as I collect the rents!"

We raised our arms and waved until he was out of sight. After that we turned and stared at each other, wondering what there was to say. #

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So You Want to Be a Bombardier

Continued from page 77

of Long Island, you're liable to wind up on the tip of the Chrysler building.

A normal glide is the angle and speed which gives the greatest amount of movement forward for a given loss of altitude. And getting on to this takes practice; if you stretch the glide out too much, you'll lose speed and stall; and if you aim down too steeply, you'll gain too much air speed, and come down like old Speedy the Highdiver.

Perhaps the most important thing in flying is proper co-ordination between stick and rudder. You have to develop a kind of muscle-memory for this, so that under all conditions your hands and feet will work together instinctively. That's why you can never practice turns, banks, and glides too much; and why, after you've been out of the air for a few weeks, you're probably going to lose some of the "feel."

It's strange how, in student days, this "feel" can slip away from you—even while you're flying. Suppose you keep doing S turns and Figure Eights for about an hour. Well, during the first twenty minutes you seem to have the skill of a sky writer; you can't understand why you never realized your amazing control and you're just about to award yourself a personal Croix de Guerre. Suddenly your banks begin to slip out of hand. Your circles, somehow or other begin to look like slightly tortured rubber bands; and your Figure Eights could be outline tracings of a paralytic kangaroo. The reason is beyond you; you seem to be doing everything you were before—but, somehow, new directions have wormed their way into Euclidean space, and new forces have arisen to confound Newton.

Gradually the fact dawns on you that space, like a workaday Hindu god, has many faces—and that it takes months of meditation to keep tabs on them. You feel as though you were trying to dance a tarantella in a diving suit, five fathoms down—with the Gulf Stream working on one leg, an octopus on the other. Retracing your history, you become aware of Confucius' genius in adding "center" to the other four directions.

Landing is something that calls for considerable skill, judgment, and practice. Although, technically, it is nothing more or less than a "stall" two feet off the ground, a good stall, these days, is not to be had for the asking *.E.g.:* If you hit the ground while the wings still have lift, you'll bounce off again, and come down with a vertebrae-mixing jolt; and if you stall too high in the air you'll come down like a sack of potatoes. The latter is called "Putting on your hat and going home"—while you're still in the Milky Way.

The trick in landing lies first in gliding to the spot you want to hit, and making this glide *at the minimum speed necessary to maintain lift*—that is to say, at the flattest possible gliding angle. A few feet above the ground you level off: the plane begins to settle of its own accord. As the nose drops, you pull back on the stick—keeping the nose up and killing any tendency to gain speed. The plane then stalls, losing all lift, and drops gently to the ground at the stalling speed—which is approximately thirty-five miles an hour in most of the light training planes.

All of this is orthodox procedure. There are new planes now on the market—and another in the process of development—which will simplify landing. Equipped with multiple-wheeled landing gear—three wheels, or four wheels—and having them controlled by hydraulic brakes, these planes are simply nosed down to the field with power still on. Once on the field, they are stopped by the brakes—the way an automobile is stopped.

Once you have learned all the basic tricks, and have demonstrated an ability to put your plane in a spin and pull it out again, and, have chalked up a full eight hours of dual instruction—you are qualified to solo. And for the remaining twenty-seven hours of your primary training, you stick at the primary maneuvers until you can knock them off the way Heifitz knocks off a cadenza—without apparent effort, and without apparent thought.

Meanwhile, you are expected to pick up the rudiments of navigation, meteorology, air regulations, airport regulations, astrology, gynecology, and a general idea of the use of instruments.

When these accomplishments have been duly demonstrated, measured, graphed, and set to music, you are a candidate for the higher things. You are ready for simple aerobatics, blind flying, and a foretaste of military strategy. And at this point you strap on a parachute.

Your plane will now climb and stay well above 3500 feet. You will learn Falling Leafs, Snap Rolls, Loops, Half Rolls, Slow Rolls, Immelmans (half loop combined with rolls), power landings, and cross-country flying. When you are through, the man on the flying trapeze will look, by a comparison, like a substitute right guard on the Twenty-Mule Team.

On the non-flying side there is also a lot to be learned, during this period. If you want to be a good bombardier you have to know your aerodynamics, combustion engineering, and physics, otherwise you will be likely to drop your bombs in the open fields, instead of on sweeter objectives. You have to learn all of Mr. Newton's various laws, Mr. Boyle's law, Mr. Charles' law, Mr. Gresham's law, the State Divorce law, and the Law of Diminishing Returns.

You will also have to spend practically a whole summer's vacation in the Link Trainer—an instrument which, like the Duckbill Platypus, has a feathered look, but never flies. In this winged Trojan Horse—to mix metaphors—you learn to fly such theoretical routes as the Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis, besting hot air, sleet, fog, incense, manny palaver, and tropical monsoons.

Among the various instruments to be mastered, in this contrivance, are the Artificial Horizon, which tells you how you stand in relation to the horizon—when there is no horizon; the Turn and Bank Indicator, which gives you the angles of your bank, enabling you to keep your chin up at moments when you question the location of both chin and up; the Directional Gyro, which does everything the magnetic compass does—but without the compass' lag and errors; the Rate of Climb Indicator, which tells you in so many words whether you are climbing or diving; and, finally, the Radio Direction Finder.

After these rudiments have been mastered, you are prepared to take up military science and tactics, to manipulate America's lallapaloosa bomb sight, and to locate military objectives by sound, scent, fury, and the confidential flashes of Mr. Walter Winchell.

* * *

With all of this information behind you, you are prepared to look at the procedure of cross-country flying—both by straight navigation, and one by instruments.

In either case, you start with a Coast and Geodetic Survey map of the area you intend to fly over. Such maps are issued for air pilots by the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and show all essential terrain data such as airports, beacon lights, radio stations, radio beams, Department of Commerce intermediate landing fields, railroads, and surface altitudes.

Now, for straight flying, you get to work on the map with a piece of crayon and a protractor. You draw a straight line from your starting point to your first landing point—or at least to your first essential landmark. (You have your choice here—following terrain landmarks, or relying on straight navigation principles).

With the protractor you find out the exact number of degrees of direction your course lies on; and mark this down as a basic compass setting. You measure the distance of the course in miles, and correlate this with the cruising speed of your plane—giving you the exact flying time required, if no head winds or drift were to be encountered.

This behind you, you go out to the flying field, get the basic weather and location reports and make corrections. First you get the "Variation" number of the local airport. ("Variation" is the difference between true north and magnetic north: this factor varies with latitude and longitude.)

Correction then has to be made for "Deviation." ("Deviation" is an element of error in the reading of the compass itself, and is caused by the magnetic pulls of the metal in the ship. The "Deviation" factors have been worked out by the manufacturer for each ship, and are indicated by a card located somewhere in the cockpit.)

The next thing you have to dig up is the wind direction and velocity; and this has to be thrown into your mess of calculations. A few minutes with pencil and paper, and you learn precisely what course to steer according to the compass, what your ground speed will be, and precisely what point you will be over at every given minute of the clock—nothing unforseen creeping up.

Suppose, for example, you are proposing to take off from Burbank, California for the San Francisco Airport. You draw the necessary line on the map. Then, putting the center point of the protractor on Burbank, and point zero on the protractor due north, you find that the direction of San Francisco Airport is 318 degrees.

Now correct: You look at one of the printed circles on the air map, and find that your magnetic variation for this area is 17 degrees. Instanter, you subtract 17 from 318, and find that you should steer 301 degrees. Now you check your compass correction chart, and find that for this heading you must correct by plus two. Add in the two, and prepare to steer 303 degrees.

But wind also must go in. You find, for example, that there is a direct head wind of 10 miles an hour. This figure you subtract from the cruising speed of the plane which is, say, 110 miles an hour. This means that the actual ground speed will be 100 miles an hour.

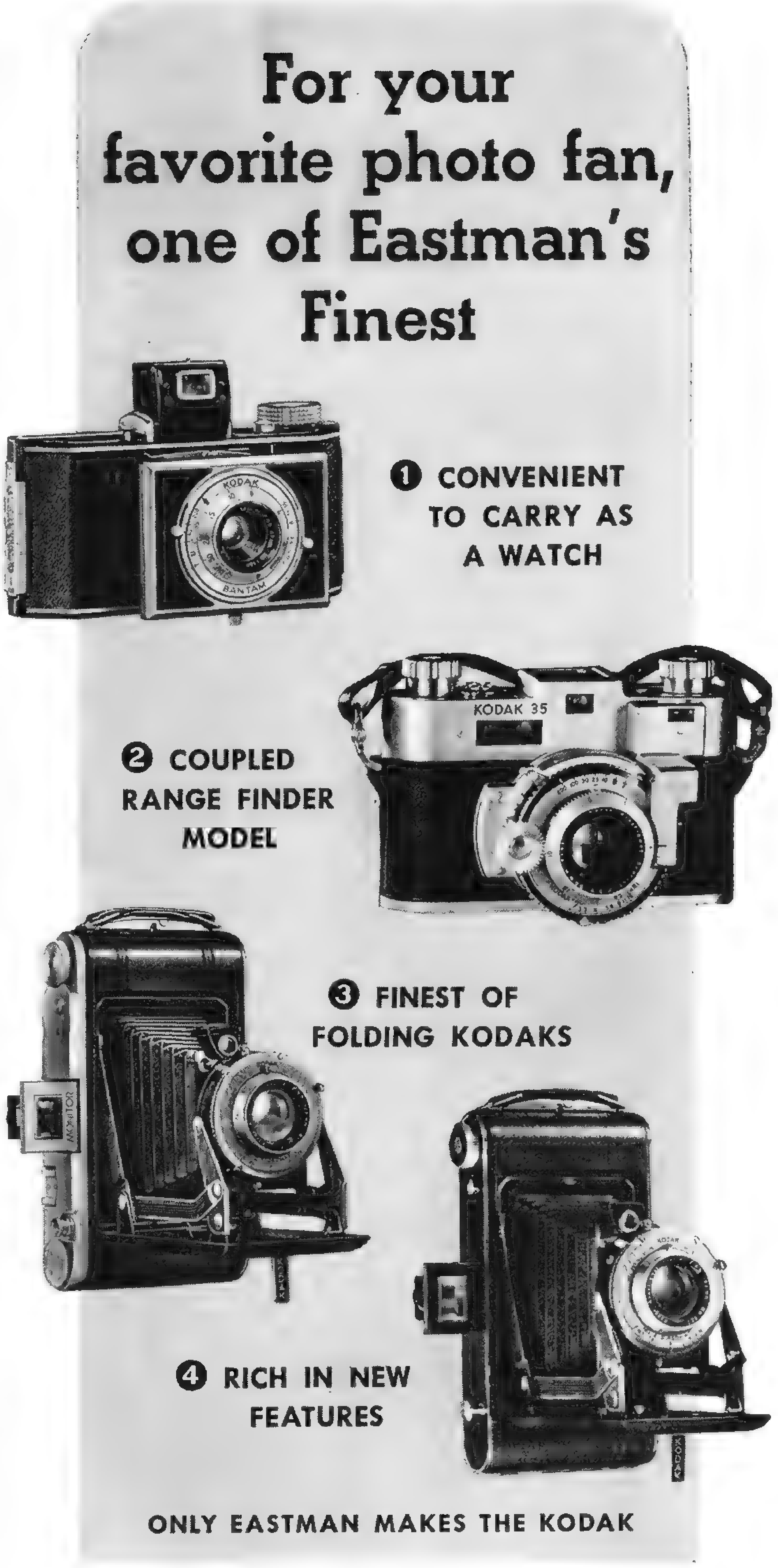
With these factors written down on a piece of paper, you are ready to proceed. You know, from the map, that your flying distance is 328 miles; you know your air speed to be 110 miles an hour, and your actual speed (ground speed) to be 100. This means that your flying time will be exactly 3.28 hours; and you can mark out landmarks on the map to be passed over and checked with every 15 minutes.

On the other hand, if you're no good at arithmetic, you can always get to your destination by following rivers, highways, railroads, the infallible Koran, and any pretty girl who comes along.

Blind flying with instruments is a technical thing; and any attempt to boil it down to a couple of paragraphs would lead only to situations like that of the well-known water-fetching, sorcerer's apprentice.

The general setup is this: radio beams, at given points on the map, define narrow, definitely pointed paths. So long as your plane is directly in the path of the beam, your radio receivers pick up and emit a continuous buzz, inter-

Continued at top of page 134



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"I'd rather be fashion-right than President." A resolution for the New Year that in these modern times will insure your freedom as well . . . when you say *Expanso*. Every day more men swear by the ease and comfort of fashionright *Expanso*, the belt with the buckle that breathes. The smartness of genuine sharkskin is unchallenged when worn with the casual tweeds, soft shirts and headeasy hats that are today's fashion trend. All of these shout comfort, an exclusive feaure in *Expanso* belts, because of the tiny concealed springs behind the buckle that allow up to an inch of easy expansion as the waistline breathes. Be right... in fashion... in '41... in *Expanso*.

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EXPANSO*
at good stores everywhere
KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 WEST 40th STREET, N. Y.
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Every Expanso Belt allows waistline expansion because of two tiny invisible steel springs, attached to the buckle and concealed within the belt. A patented feature, exclusive with Expanso.

This rugged sharkskin is for everyday wear with the new softer fabric Cheviots, tweeds and Saxonies that put comfort in clothing. **$2.00** and **$2.50.** Other *Expanso* belts in all colors, fabrics and styles from **$1.00** to **$10.00.**

So You Want to Be a Bombardier

Continued from pages 77-133

rupted at certain moments by marker-identification signals and weather reports.

If you swing to one side of the beam you will pick up the letter A (a dot followed by a dash) instead of a buzz; if you cross to the other side you pick up the letter N (a dash followed by a dot). With the aid of our air chart, showing locations of the beams and the quadrants they form, and marking the location of the various beam stations, we are all set to maintain our course along the established airways without reference to the human comedy below.

These facilities plus two-way communication with airways stations, are almost indispensable when flying at night—or through bad weather. The other flight data are indicated by a now necessarily complex instrument panel, which can tell you at a glance whether you are about to strike the Empire State Building—or simply flying upside down.

* * *

Now, let's have a slant at the immediate ways and means of becoming a potential bombardier. Four ways are open:

1. If you are the right age, a member in good standing of the Harvard Club, and have read Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, you can join the Air Corps.

2. If you are over sixteen and under twenty-six, you are eligible for government-sponsored Civil Aeronautics Authority training. This will cover most of these elements at the government's expense. If you are interested, you should write to the Civil Aeronautics Authority at Washington —or make inquiries at your local airport.

3. You can enroll at a recognized aviation training school (of the type regularly advertised in the Sunday *Times* and the aviation magazines), and get practically everything you need. Cost will run around $350 for primary training—and up to $1,000 or more if you include some of the secondary stuff. It isn't practical to name a figure for the secondary training until you delimit the word "secondary." You could keep on studying until you became a professor of the art—if you have sufficient time and money.

4. A very practical approach is to buy an inexpensive light plane —paying some $333 down—and getting, as you very well can, your elementary instruction free. This instruction will take you through your Private Pilot's phase (35 hours). Further training, if you want it, can then be had in the so-called "Refresher" courses offered, without charge, by the C.A.A.—or can be taken, in easy stages, at any private aviation institute.

If you elect this third procedure, you can have no end of sport carrying bags of flour in your own plane, and dropping them on your former friends' heads. And you need say "Thank You" to nobody.

What is most probable, of course, is that none of these things will happen. With the whole world depending for its disposal on air power, and with the United States desperately in need of an air reserve force, you'll probably be drafted and put to work peeling potatoes at Plattsburg.

Chaplin's Triumph of Comedy

Continued from page 72

policeman in the toughest district in the city; and is fighting the greatest bully when a kitchen stove falls on the bully and before he can revive, Chaplin has his head inside a gas-street-lamp and from that moment, Chaplin is the hero of the place. (Don't check back on these details; they are from memory, but substantially correct.) That is the sense and atmosphere of *The Great Dictator*, too. The plot isn't so pat; the barber and the dictator never meet; the dictator however is captured and imprisoned by the posse hunting the barber after the escape from concentration camp; and the barber stands in the dictator's place and talks for freedom.

I began by saying that *The Great Dictator* is funny, and I haven't even mentioned a funny sequence. Well, before I saw the picture, my guess was that it wouldn't be funny by sequences at all; only in detail. I was wrong because I didn't concentrate on the stills showing Chaplin and Oakie as Hitler and Mussolini. As if saying, "You may not be able to laugh lightly enough at Hinkel, so I give you Napoloni," Chaplin has made Oakie a thousand times funnier than he has ever been before; and he and Oakie create a sort of comedy team to end all other comedy teams. I was going to say that in the great sequences Oakie is the funnier when I remembered that you cannot separate them; they play as a unit, the two fatuous and contemptible dictators; but the gags give Oakie all the breaks, from the moment he slaps Chaplin on the chest and calls him "me brudda dictate" in a fruity Italian accent to the outrageous and indescribably funny scene when the two dictators are at a buffet supper, wound up with spaghetti, shrieking defiance and throwing food, and flinging themselves on the sofa in fits and arguing with their own friends, and double-crossing one another; as someone said, Oakie is actually funnier than Mussolini in the newsreels—so you couldn't ask better than that.

Nine-tenths of the comic stuff plays around the dictators; in the ghetto Chaplin has tried some quaint character business which runs from agreeable to tiresome—just on the edge. Bits of old Chaplin creep in to the barbershop scenes; he enters the musty old shop just as he entered the Pawnshop, of blessed memory, twenty years ago; he shaves a man to the rhythm of a Brahms dance (by order of the Work-in-Joy movement, relayed by radio); he shaves Paulette Goddard. This is all old stuff, reminiscently charming; like the synthetic smudges on Paulette's face—the makeup good enough for the Keystone comedies is good enough for now; and in fact it is good enough because Chaplin has to transport you away from moving-picture realism if his style is going to convince you at all. The settings are 1910-14 settings; there is a trace of *Shoulder Arms* at the beginning; and nowhere does Chaplin let you drop into the actual world. The pantomime is old-fashioned, unsubtle except for Chaplin's own miraculous face and hands; and for Henry Daniell's one magnificent, almost overlooked movement when he comes in, as the dictator's closest intimate, and lifts his hand a bare three inches for the salute, a gesture of such weariness and contempt that it summarizes everything intelligent people must feel about the mummery and fake of the ghastly ritual of tyranny.

About that Chaplin is sometimes howlingly funny, sometimes closer to giving Hitler the hotfoot. He's right in both cases; he is showing something up and he wants everyone to see. So his dictator stumbles and falls down a flight of stairs; so his big bully general (Herring) is stripped of all his medals, one by one, while Chaplin utters the wildest gibberish of curses you ever heard, and then the buttons of his tunic go, and underneath the military uniform is a striped sweater; so the dictator never dips pen into deskset inkwell without the whole thing adhering to the pen—and he yells like a little tyrannical office boss that he can't get a simple thing like a pen that will write.

And then, on the other side, you have Chaplin as the brutal busy dictator and to him comes his familiar Daniell, and begins to egg him on to war, so that he will be master of Europe and then of the world—a world of beautiful blond Aryans, with a brunet dictator—the world, the whole universe—and at that moment Chaplin goes pansy and leaps up a curtain and hangs there; it is psychologically a masterstroke, because the tension has to break from the grandiose but terrible idea of one snide little man ruling the world—but what can it break to? Not to a plea for democracy, not for anything instant, like a reference to the present war; it breaks into a different terrain, the other side of the unnaturalness of Hitlerism, its evil conscience about sex, its lack of humanity because it neither creates nor procreates, and therefore destroys. But this is done with a few swift gestures, with the old Charlie Chaplin effects.

And there is another place where the same thing is done: the dictator stands Napoleonically looking at a huge globe—one of those three-foot in diameter ones for which a special framework has to be built; and as he ponders his mastery of the globe he lifts it and it is a painted balloon with which he does a bubble dance, a sardonic and funny dance with the balloon-earth landing on his behind and being generally kicked around.

Chaplin likes these hinted symbolisms. At the beginning he has Big Bertha in action; the business of firing is terrific; and then, for a tenth of a second, you see the effect: an outhouse is destroyed. Of touches like that, there are dozens; and many of them recall Sargent's remark about Chaplin, that he does things and you're lucky if you see them.

About Chaplin's talk, there are two things to say: he speaks clearly, sharply, without any throb in the voice most of the time; his talk as Hinkel is supremely fine: as Hinkel the orator he is a parody of Hitler, shouting a mixed English-German-Chaplin language with terrific effect; out of a welter of sounds suddenly you hear "democracie Shtunk!" and then back to the gibberish again; but the dreadful worked-up rage of the orator is there. As Hinkel in what you could call private life, he is curt and sharp and a little English still; as the barber he talks chiefly as introduction to movement and gesture.

And then there is the long speech at the end of the picture. Nine-tenths of the critical comment has mentioned this, no doubt. To me it represents the small price we have to pay for Chaplin's capacity to make pictures. He is great because he is completely developed; he conceives and he creates his pictures. Unfortunately he isn't a trained writer and orator; he doesn't know sound as well as he knows picture and movement; and since he doesn't let himself be edited in one field, he doesn't in this. The speech is about a minute and a half too long; and it is too long precisely at a given point—the middle, where Chaplin moves away from deep emotion to some damned argument about machinery. Few people could have said the necessary simple thing better than Chaplin does at the beginning of this speech; almost any radio director could have told him where to cut in the middle. But if there is any idea that a funny picture ought not to end on a note of honest emotion about the goodness of human beings, about the evil, which threatens us all, that idea is silly. Moreover, Chaplin knows what he has always done; with the varying circumstances, he has changed it a little, but the essence is the same. It is a pattern for which you can make a diagram, like this:

He comes in at the top of the picture, proceeds in a fairly straight line for a couple of minutes; then he is caught in an eddy, blown about; he recovers; he thinks he

Continued at top of page 136

This is the man the boss never sees
The man with the cough, the snuffle and sneeze

Keep Up Your Resistance
Wear Jockey Longs
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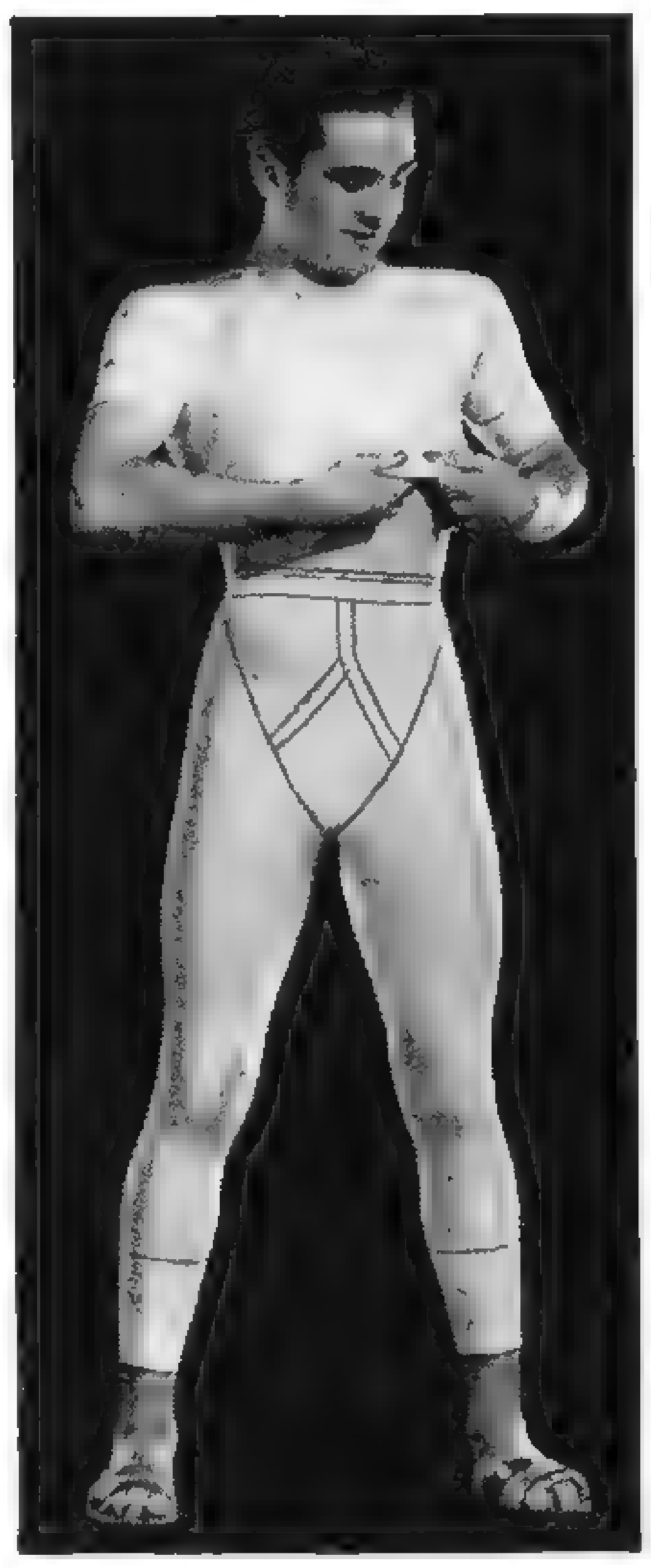

Two-piece
75¢ and up, per garment

There is no better way to build up the other fellow's resistance than to try to talk to him when your own resistance is down. That's one of the reasons back of the remarkable acceptance Jockey Longs enjoy among active men the country over. For Jockey Longs give protection against leg chill (and its consequences) in a new, smart way. Their patented Y-front construction eliminates buttons and provides squirm-free support . . . their conveniently angled opening stays closed and their legs are tailored to fit without bunching or binding. Jockey Longs come in cotton and various wool mixtures to keep your resistance from pulling a sit-down strike. Children's sizes down to six years. Ask your dealer. (Also available: Jockey Over-Knee—"long shorts" that lessen chills!)

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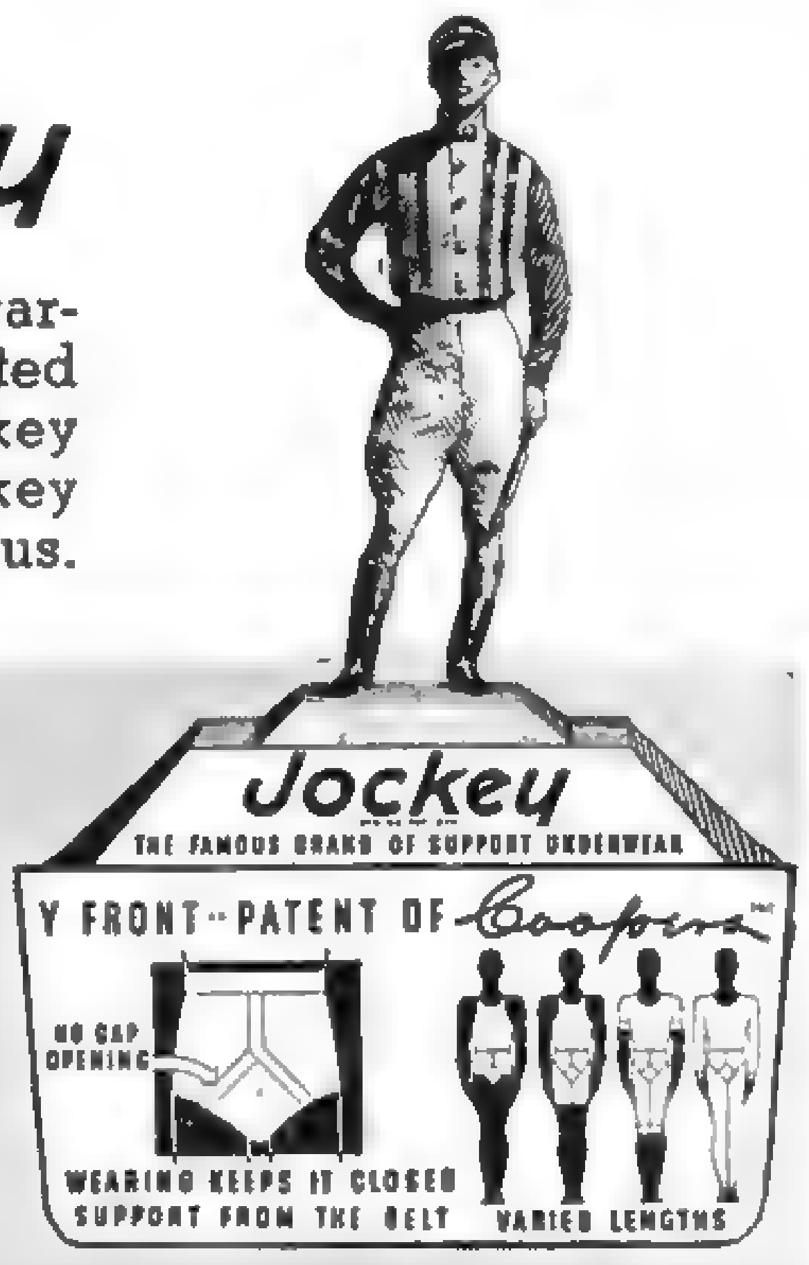

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GIVE HIM A DOBBS GIFT CERTIFICATE

AND THIS AMUSING MINIATURE HAT

THEN HE CAN CHOOSE
A REAL DOBBS HAT AT HIS LEISURE

See your Dobbs dealer for gift certificates . . . Save this advertisement and let recipient check the hat he wants . . .

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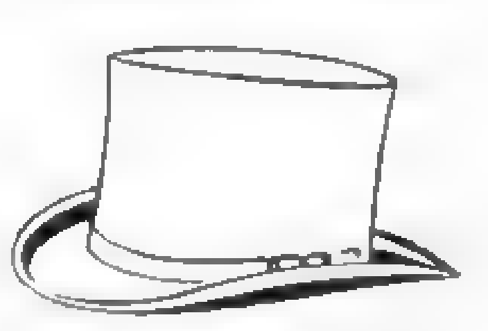

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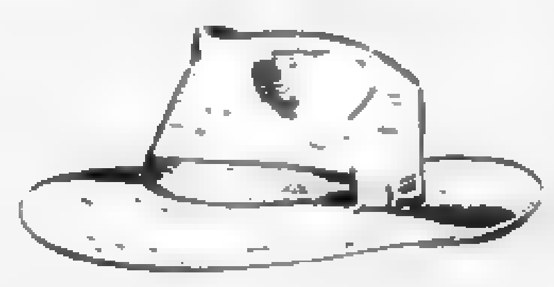

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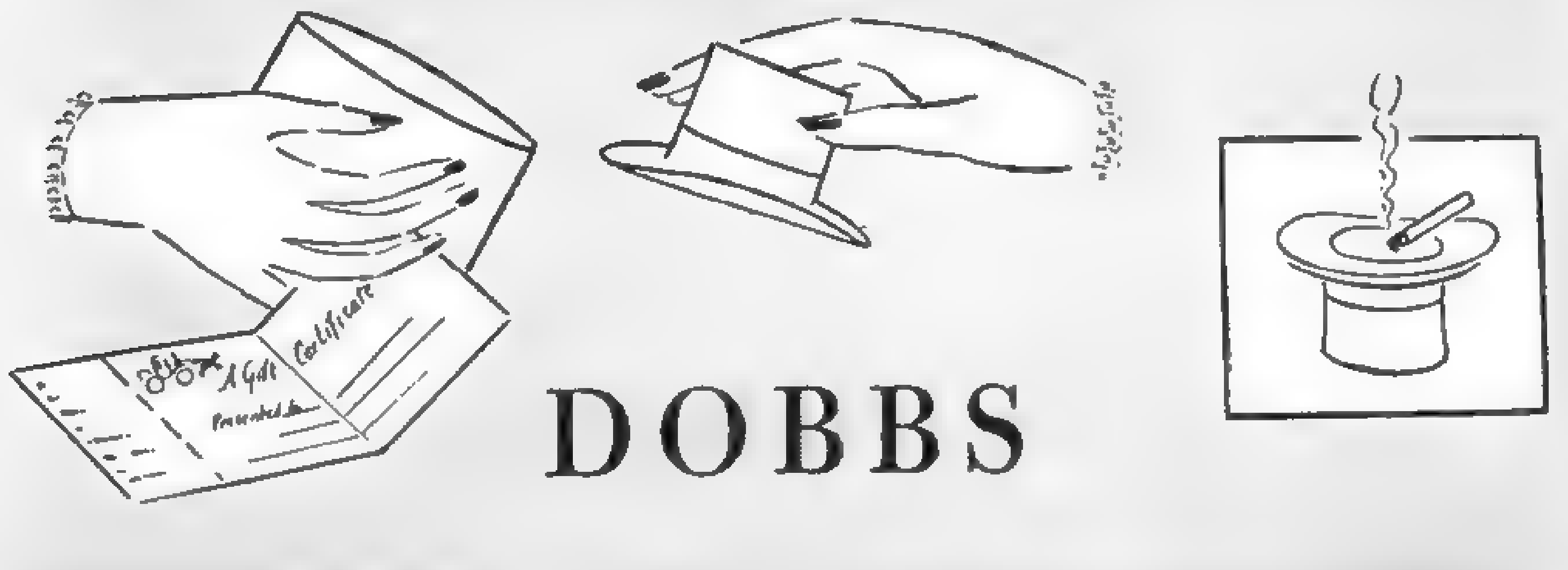
MINIATURE GREY CHINA TOPPER . . . ASH RECEIVERS



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FIFTH AVENUE · PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON OPPOSITE PAGE
FOR ANOTHER SMART GIFT SUGGESTION

Chaplin's Triumph of Comedy

Continued from pages 72-135

can move on; the next eddy or the one after that works up into a tempest and Chaplin is blown around and about, until the force is spent, and he is thrown out and leaves in a fairly straight line, proceeding into the sunset, out of the picture.

That actually is the story of the little barber in *The Great Dictator*. It is the story of the persecuted ones whom he befriends, whom he hopes to liberate. He has always faded himself out of his pictures, a little sadly, not in a guffaw of laughter; he has done so here.

He could have made a dozen different mistakes with other endings.

Most of us dream of Hitler being put into a concentration camp—if Chaplin had shown it, instead of suggesting it, he would have thrown his picture off balance; most of us would have had some kind of spurious thrill if the girl from the ghetto had somehow been rescued by the voice of the barber-dictator; and so on. The present ending is technically faulty, but it is emotionally good. As good as it could be, because there can be no ending, not yet a while.

The world has changed more than Chaplin has changed; his picture reasserts a belief in the things he has always stood for—the great mouthpiece for the unfortunate has spoken again. But the supreme irony is that it was a little man, a little man who aped Chaplin's own visage, who has captured the imagination of the lowest and the basest of men, and has made himself, for a moment, the master of the world. ⧺

Alajalov: Clown or Hamlet

Continued from page 84

tunities for work that, under other circumstances, would have been closed to him for a decade, forced his growth, put him into man's pants perhaps sooner than he was ready for them. The commissions that the revolution gave him prepared him for those walls of Russian restaurants in Constantinople and New York that he was subsequently to decorate.

He was sent to Baku, to Moscow, back to Petrograd, to paint for the walls of government buildings and workingmen's clubs, murals celebrating the glory of work and the lives of workingmen and he painted as well thousands of portraits of the Revolutionary leaders, Lenin and Trotsky particularly. Within this period, for a brief interval while at Baku, he served as secretary to the Belgian Consul, for whom his job was, chiefly, to entertain the eight Belgians living in that part of the world. He guided them through Baku's night life, incidentally feeding his own almost famished body. In 1920, during a period that might be termed a leave of absence from revolutionary poster portrait painting, he visited a northern Persian province, an area in which the hand of the central government was weak and in which the English and the Russians were continuing to fight it out.

There the boss of the province commissioned the Russian youth to paint a portrait of his grandfather who, like the grandson, had been a revolutionary. Persia's art is a miniature art, a missal-page art. Alajalov painted a life-size portrait that required the entire wall of a room as a back rest.

This departure childishly delighted and astonished the boss who thereupon loaded Constantin with a succession of portrait commissions and invited him to become his court artist. Alajalov accepted the commissions but refused the appointment. The English were counter-attacking with bombing planes the Russians who had driven them out and life was not otherwise comfortable although there was enough food. Two years after his departure from Persia, Alajalov learned that the head of a neighboring province had invaded his host's capital and had hanged his patron.

The following year, 1921, Alajalov left Russia and began experiencing the pangs of starvation on the streets of Constantinople. Bread and olives were his chief diet. A can of corned beef was a rare delicacy and was made to last. One day, while looking hungrily through the window of one particularly well-stocked restaurant, the starving artist promised himself that he would return on some fortunate day and eat his fill. The day came in 1938 when the artist, as one of a yacht cruising party that had steamed through the Aegean and into the Bosphorus, arrived again in Constantinople. He entered the finest restaurant and ordered all the foods that he had desired in 1921. Yes, you guessed it: he was no longer hungry.

For the greater part of his Constantinople stay, one year and six months, food was news of fluctuating intensity. He painted signs, in French and Turkish, advertising bakeries, cabarets, automobile salesrooms and other establishments. He painted restaurant interiors on the barter system. He began eating again. The turning point in his Constantinople career was the painting of two large poster portraits of Dempsey and Carpentier for a movie house at which their fight pictures were to be shown.

Thereafter he painted a poster portrait of a movie actor or actress regularly, and the worst was over. He lived and worked in a room so small that whenever he had to paint a picture, he stood up on his bed, which occupied more than two-thirds of the room, and wielded his brush practically against the opposite wall. Such difficulties sound more romantic in the remembering than in the experiencing. During the day, when he was free from commissions, he sketched from the street life of the city, and in the evening he drew from the model with a group which he had organized, the Club of Russian Artists. Three-fourths of the "members" were not artists, but apparently they enjoyed a legitimate excuse for looking at a naked model, and the club justified its existence in the sense of freedom and comradeship it gave to cramped hall-bedroom artists.

There was no teacher, each artist giving and taking criticism from his colleagues. The worst was over; Alajalov was poor, but earning enough for an emigration surplus. He says it was one hundred American dollars, a sum with which it would have been possible to live a year in the Berlin of inflation Germany, or for a somewhat lesser period in the Paris of victorious France. Furthermore, he had friends in Berlin. But he flipped a coin and the coin chose America.

He arrived in New York in January, 1923, with five dollars. On his first evening in the New World he explored the Great White Way and at one of its busiest intersections he met a boyhood friend from Rostov, then serving as secretary to Isadora Duncan. A Russian countess who was opening a restaurant in the forties had asked Alajalov's friend to recommend an artist competent to execute the mural decorations needed before the place was opened. Within a week Alajalov got the job. Working at night, he had after-theatre crowds as audience. His painting recommended him and there was a succession of similar commissions from hotels, restaurants and night clubs not only in New York but also in Atlantic City and in Norwalk, Connecticut. He painted murals also for the home of the rich eccentric artist, Robert Chanler, to whom David Burliuk had introduced him. Between and during commissions Alajalov continued to make line and color drawings for himself in a style that attempted to marry the Byzantine decorative with the futurist abstract. Some of his early work suggests derivation from Leon Bakst, the theatre designer.

During a lull in mural jobs someone suggested that he show his drawings to the art editor of *The New Yorker*, which had just started publishing. The first batch of submitted drawings was accepted out of hand and he was invited to contribute regularly, his first cover appearing on the issue of September 25, 1926. Thereafter he took on other magazines, including *Vogue*, and executed commissions for advertising agencies and illustrations for books, including *George Gershwin's Song Book*, Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Dithers and Jitters*, and A. P. Herbert's *Tantivy Towers*. Recently, on the basis of sketches submitted he won the competition to paint three large mural panels for the ceiling of the bar of the *S. S. America*. These panels, already completed, show the night time and day time activities of the passengers, and the below-decks aspects of a great luxury liner.

During recent years the desire to paint has asserted itself in him and he has more than once broken away from the steady stream of commissions to take a strenuous vacation in art for art's sake. It has been a great release, although not always sufficiently rewarding. Painting on canvas is a slow process and one must be patient before he can see the light. He finds himself drawn more and more towards portraiture, not because it is the most profitable branch of easel painting, but because he likes to have to do with people, because human beings are animated and more meaningful to him than landscapes and still lifes can ever be. In 1938 he took himself particularly in hand and devoted the greater part of that year to studying and painting in Italy, chiefly around Rome. He spent a good deal of time in the library of the American Academy in Rome reading books about techniques—under-painting, glazing, preparation of colors and so forth. The reproduced Venetian scene dates from that period. During the Fall of 1939 he went to Honolulu and spent most of the time painting, refusing most commissions which were offered him in connection with that trip. The reproduced *Hula Dancer* originated in one of his Hawaiian sketches. He has traveled a great deal as a matter of course. He used to spend a month each winter in Palm Beach and part of each summer in Europe, usually in Paris or on the Riviera. Not recently, though. He visited Haiti in 1929 and Cuba in 1933. He has motored through Austria, Germany, Italy and Greece. He has traveled extensively throughout the United States and has exhibited the originals of his covers in Hollywood where purchasers snapped up most of them. The Brooklyn Museum has an Alajalov cover in its collection.

He is a slight, well-dressed, dapper-looking man, olive skinned and with bright eyes that seem rather sad and doubting. Small and slim in figure, suggesting the dark Orient rather than the blond Russia, he gives the impression of being both agile and strong, in the style, say, of a Latin tennis player. His drawings imply a great interest in many kinds of outdoor sports so that it is somewhat surprising to learn that he indulges in only two sports, swimming and horseback riding. Most of his energy, I suppose, goes into his work to which he gives constant and unremitting thought. He is an ambitious man and if his ambition is deflected into art, he will become an artist which may mean, in his interpretation, a portrait painter. ⧺

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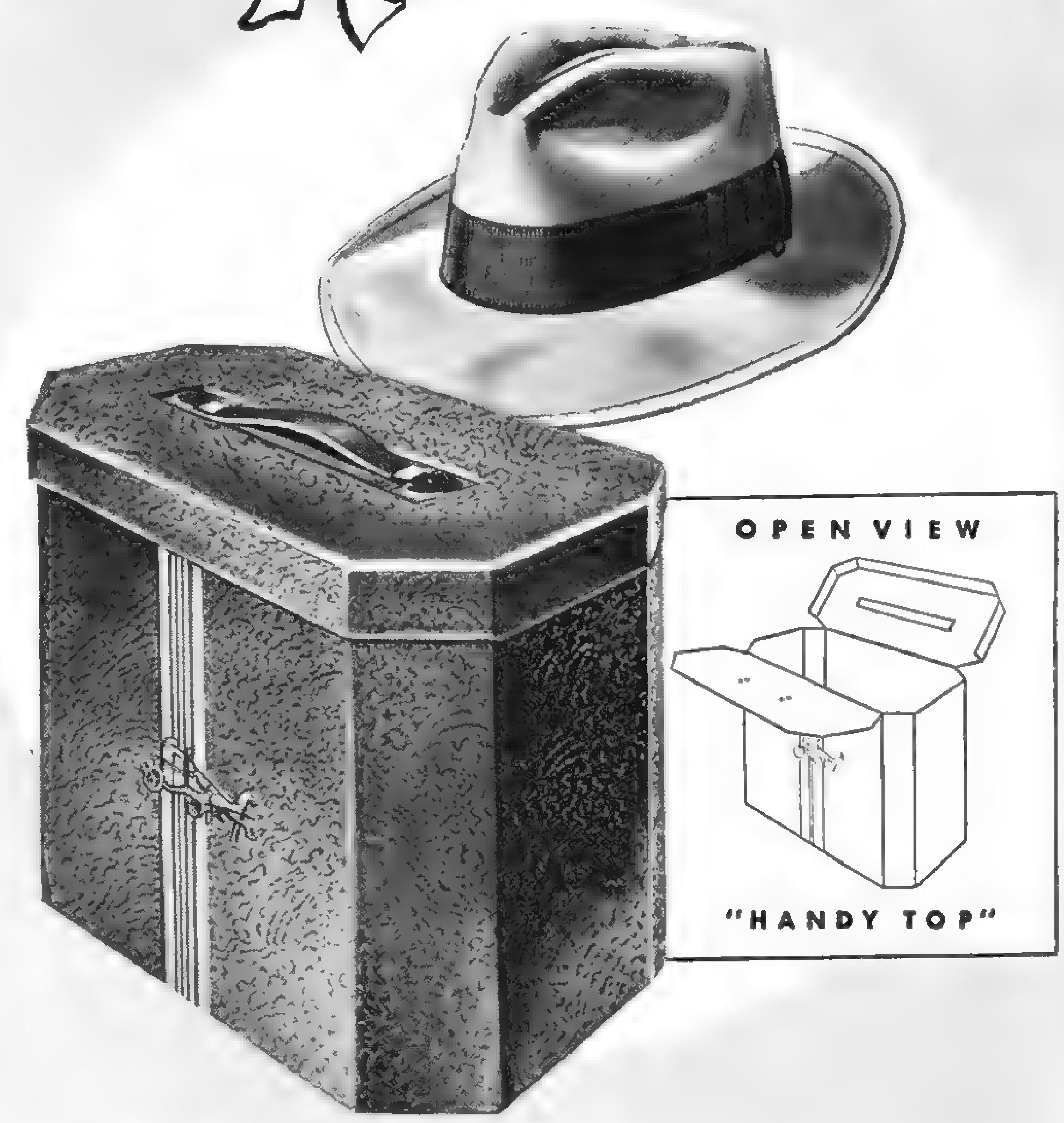

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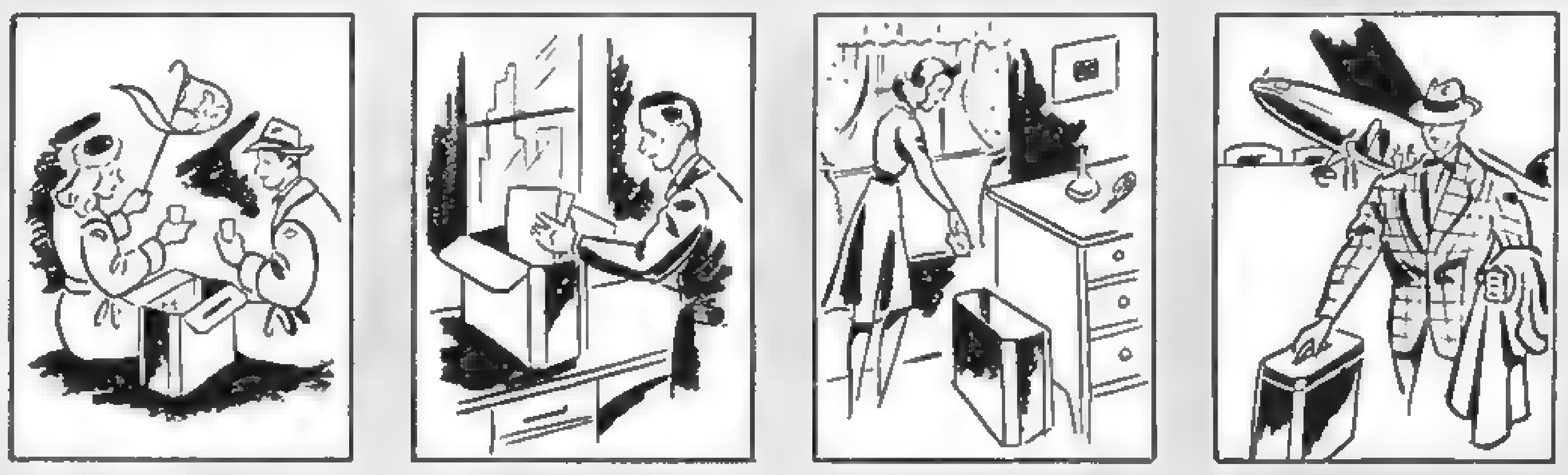

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As in a Glass, Brightly

Continued from page 94

holds a generous thirteen ounces in impressive fashion, bidding for your grasp.

Next, the really stupendous Tom Collins, boasting sixteen ounces of capacity. A good companion if there ever was one. In its alternate role, as a Rummer, this stalwart houses Planter's Punches and other tropicals of the cool persuasion.

The flanged Mint Julep glass accommodates a like number of ounces, in a less massive, less doughty manner, bowing debonairly to the lips that approach it.

The Sherry glass, a two-and-a-half ouncer, is prepared to swap glints with old Amontillado and has a knobbed stem for pleasurable toying and twirling. Pictured alongside, the Liqueur glass has svelte simplicity, fashioned for due display of cordial colors, holds a one-ounce portion with safety margin against spilling.

Whiskey Sours have hitherto rarely blossomed forth on stems, being customarily assigned to a Delmonico glass, but here is a tall beauty which confers new glory. So shake up your jigger of Rye or Bourbon (or your pet blend) with half a jigger of lemon juice and a teaspoon of sugar, plus ice, and strain it into this—slice of orange, and a cherry having been inserted. Angostura optional.

Martinis and Manhattans swim happily in the Victorian-waisted, swell-bottomed Cocktail glass which has room for four ounces.

The muddler's union finds splendid going with the Old-Fashioned mortar and pestle outfit, designed for vigorous work. The fact that the muddler looks like a spiraled scepter will not be complained of among us democratic monarchs.

The wee sma' Brandy harbors, briefly I suspect, a single ounce with knobby snugness. Beside it is a Jigger tosser, for greater convenience to the human hatch.

Aroma rites in honor of fine old Brandy, ancestral Whiskey, or notably ancient Port, Sherry, or Madeira, are celebrated with the aid of the Snifter we see illustrated, which is lovingly cradled between the second and third fingers, allowing the warmth of the hand to rouse the rare qualities of old treasure to full blandishment. No jewel could have a more dramatic crystal case.

The rich, ruddy hue of Burgundy registers its magnificence in the graceful goblet holding 5½ ounces. The bead on the stem seems the designer's tribute to the bead on the wine.

Champagne's spirited elegance is fittingly paid homage to in the the not too shallow glass which climaxes the array. Its 5¾ ounces afford real wine enjoyment, as compared with the saucer-like skimpiness too often met with. Champagne isn't meant to dabble in, but to delight in.

I mention these matters as though glassware were vital. Actually, of course, it *isn't*. You can suck Château Yquem out of the hollow of your cupped hand, clean or otherwise. You can snift 1868 Brandy out of a tomato can borrowed from a goat. And you can serve your fifteen-pound smoked turkey by hanging it on a hook where your guests can rend and battle over it to their hunger's content, without the bother of plates, forks, knives, or table linen. Though there is such a thing as overstressing the note of simplicity.

If dining is reduced to a grim business of filling one's paunch with never mind what, never mind how, we might as well suckle test tubes and the hell with sociability. Christmas and New Year's Eve just wouldn't fit into our routine.

The true gourmet—kid him if you will—is never a stomach deifier. He's nuts for niceties that enhance enjoyment and add luster to expansiveness, but always as a convivial being, sharing his hobby with friends of like enthusiasm and intelligent appreciation. And Christmas and New Year's are his grand opportunities for trotting out the best in foods and drinks, together with the accessories that highlight their qualities. No matter how lavishly his board and sideboard groan with bounty, it isn't ostentation, it's unstinted hospitality.

Those able feasters, the ancient Romans, were the originators of New Year's celebrating, 713 B.C. (Before Champagne). It was a festival in honor of the great god Janus, from whom we got the name January. He, ranking as the oldest of the gods, was possessed of two faces, one forward and one in reverse, so the Romans felt he had them coming and going and was hence a guy worth cultivating. Accordingly they offered sacrifices of cakes of new-sifted meal, salt, incense, and wine, not forgetting to partake of a little themselves. And gifts were exchanged, as has been the custom in the Latin world ever since. By the time the Caesars took over, it was a Cecil B. DeMille affair fit to jolt the Martians.

From such earnest but limited beginnings we have worked up, introducing modern improvements and drawing upon Scotland's *Auld Lang Syne* in both song and bottle versions, encored with *Coming Through the Rye, Sweet Ad-o-line, My Heart's in the Bourbon.* You'd think two-mouthed Janus was singing duets with himself, thirsty in both directions.

The formality of easing of the old year out now has the benefit of hotel, restaurant and night club facilities, the easers doing a bit of dining and supping, with such entertainment as may help while away the long hours of the paper-hatted vigil till balloon-busting time. If the smile of welcome with which the incoming year is greeted takes the audible form of a whoop, it's just a symptom of relief of tension. After all, a new year isn't born every day, nor is one born every evening.

Birth pangs which take place under one's own roof-tree can be no less spirited, though more in time: glasses aren't upset over people one never saw before. Indeed, whether the session be held in the fastness of the play cellar where partakers pause to throw darts at a target between sips, hitting outer and outer circles as rounds get thicker, with a final bingo on the oil-burner—or whether it be before the flickering-logged hearth, with a squatter population cluttering the carpet so that you must step warily among sliced hams and lobster salads as you pick your way to the replenishment bowl—no matter what the set-up or set-down, bonds of friendship won't be sold short.

If the floor is peeled for dancing, generating a need for something quenchier than the ritualistic Eggnog, sagacity is apt to suggest:

REGENT PUNCH

(One gallon)

1 pint black or green tea, brewed strong
Thin-cut rinds of 4 lemons
1½ lbs. granulated sugar
Juice of 6 lemons and 6 oranges
1 pint Brandy
1 pint Rum
1 magnum (or 2 bottles) Champagne

Put the lemon rinds into the tea while the latter is still hot, allowing them to seep together. Add the sugar. Set aside to cool.

When cold, add the lemon and orange juices, the Brandy and the Rum. Place in punch bowl with one or two large chunks of ice, adding the Champagne immediately before serving. Garnish with orange and pineapple slices.

Maybe, though, you're spending the holidays with the old folks at home in the country where the icicles cabochon the spruces, in which case a warm inner lining is clutched for, such as:

HOT BUTTERED RUM

50-50 Rum and boiling water in toddy glass or mug. Add level teaspoon butter and stir till dissolved. Sweeten to taste.

And then there is the mulling business, dear to traditionalists:

MULLED ALE

Heat an iron poker till red-hot or better; immerse it slowly in a mug (preferably pewter) of ale, taking care not to cause an overflow.

MULLED WINE

1 pint Burgundy or Claret, and extra glass of same
½ nutmeg
Sugar to taste
Yolks of 4 eggs

Grate nutmeg into pint of wine; sweeten to taste. Place on fire and bring to boil, then set aside for the moment.

Beat and strain the egg-yolks, adding to them the glass of *cold* wine; then mix the result gradually with the *hot* spiced wine and pour back and forth half a dozen times.

Put total mixture on the fire and heat slowly till piping and thick. Ladle it up and down.

Serve in mugs with laths of toast on the side.

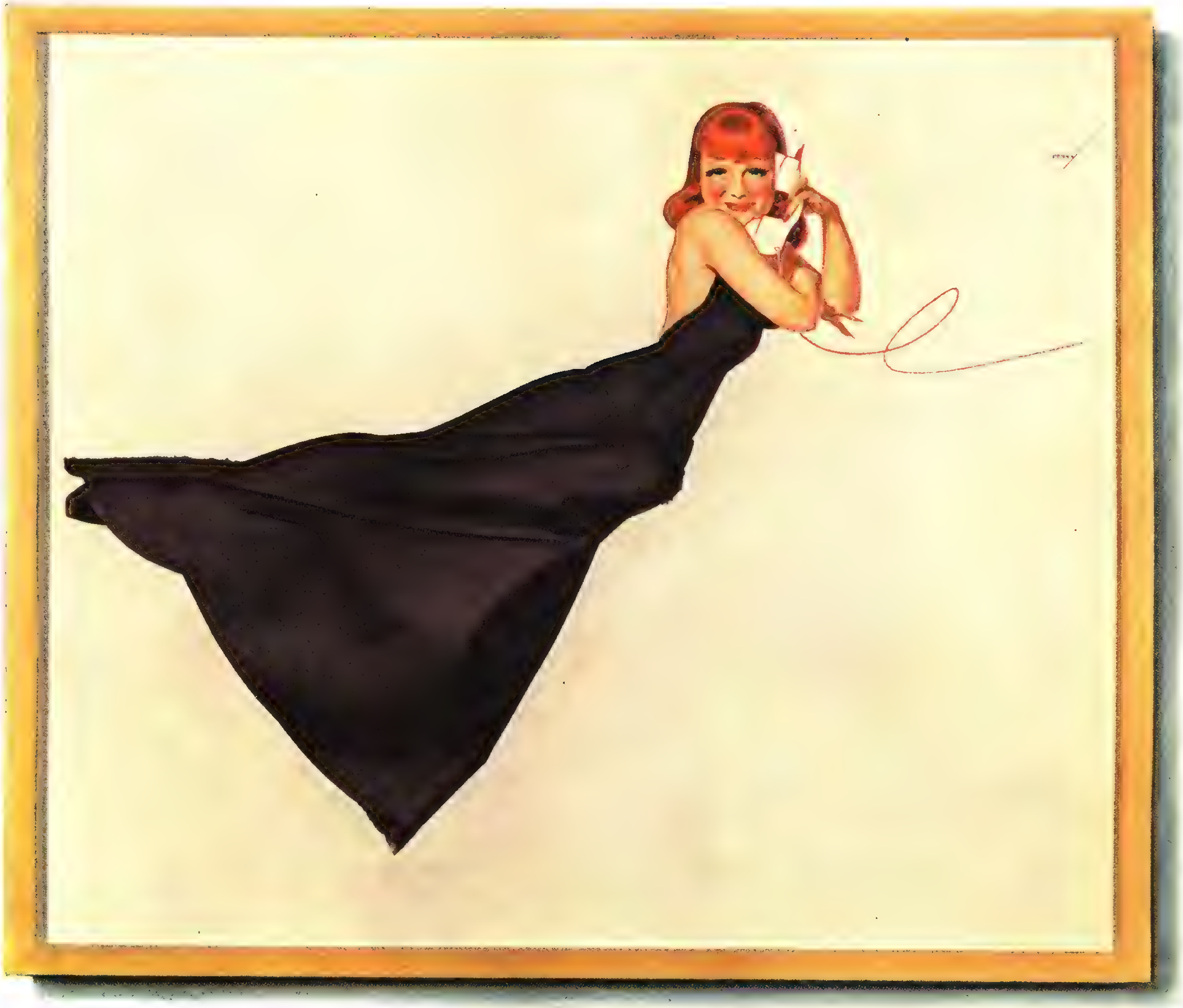
Involves a bit of doing, I'll admit. But worth it. For it dates from the days when creature comforts were valued, and even horses got in on them. That treasured volume of the time, *The British Sportsman*, which was in every squire's library, states specifically that your faithful steed on which you ride to the hounds is entitled to have his stomach "comforted" beforehand with "toasted bread and wine, or toasted bread and ale"—thereby making it unanimous between huntsman and mount. So when you spurred Fleabiscuit in the ribs, you were prodding comfort and assurance, and any fence was a cinch for both of you.

With that sort of mutual fortification the hurdle into the New Year is nothing at all.

* * *

Thanks. Same to you. #

"Oh dear, when I start on the sleeves I always forget what I'm doing"



Remember Me?

Well—who could forget the Chicago Fire?

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And what a brief vacation did to that sesame and lilies skin, those long, languorous legs, the Venusburg curves, and the unattainable treasures of the pleasure dome of Kublai Khan! Kiss the Blarney Stone and drain a stirrup cup—it's open season in the wild hill country.

Ring out the bells, skin up the minarets, have the muezzin chant a "flash"—the Petty Girl is back. And all true believers in secret charms and lush bounties make salaam. For deep in the heart and hope and warp and woof and bark and bite of every connoisseur of *bon bons* is this sinuous and artful queen of the cradle phone—piquante playgirl of the western world.

The ancient world had its Isis and its Venus, the Middle Ages had its Lorelei; the Renaissance unveiled the sweet roundness of Titian and Goya and Velasquez's fair models. The Nineteenth Century toasted its Gibson Girl. But amid the wonders and sophistication of the streamlined chaos we call our world, nothing will quiet our jitters and our palsy outside the chassis standards of this zestful hoyden of the airbrush. And here she reigns—enshrined on a dais.

But, an exotic event is about to take place; an unusual event, like the unfolding of the century plant or the erupting of Vesuvius. For the express and lasting pleasure of you lovers of nice things, the Petty Girl is to be taken from her public place in this issue and sequestered for your private safekeeping—say on the wall of your den, dive or dorm. Preserved is what she will be, but good! In her present full gatefold size and glorious color, but covered with a lamination of protective glass-like film—unbreakable, hence rumpus room proof—and suitably mounted and framed. (Next, we suppose, you would like to have her stuffed.)

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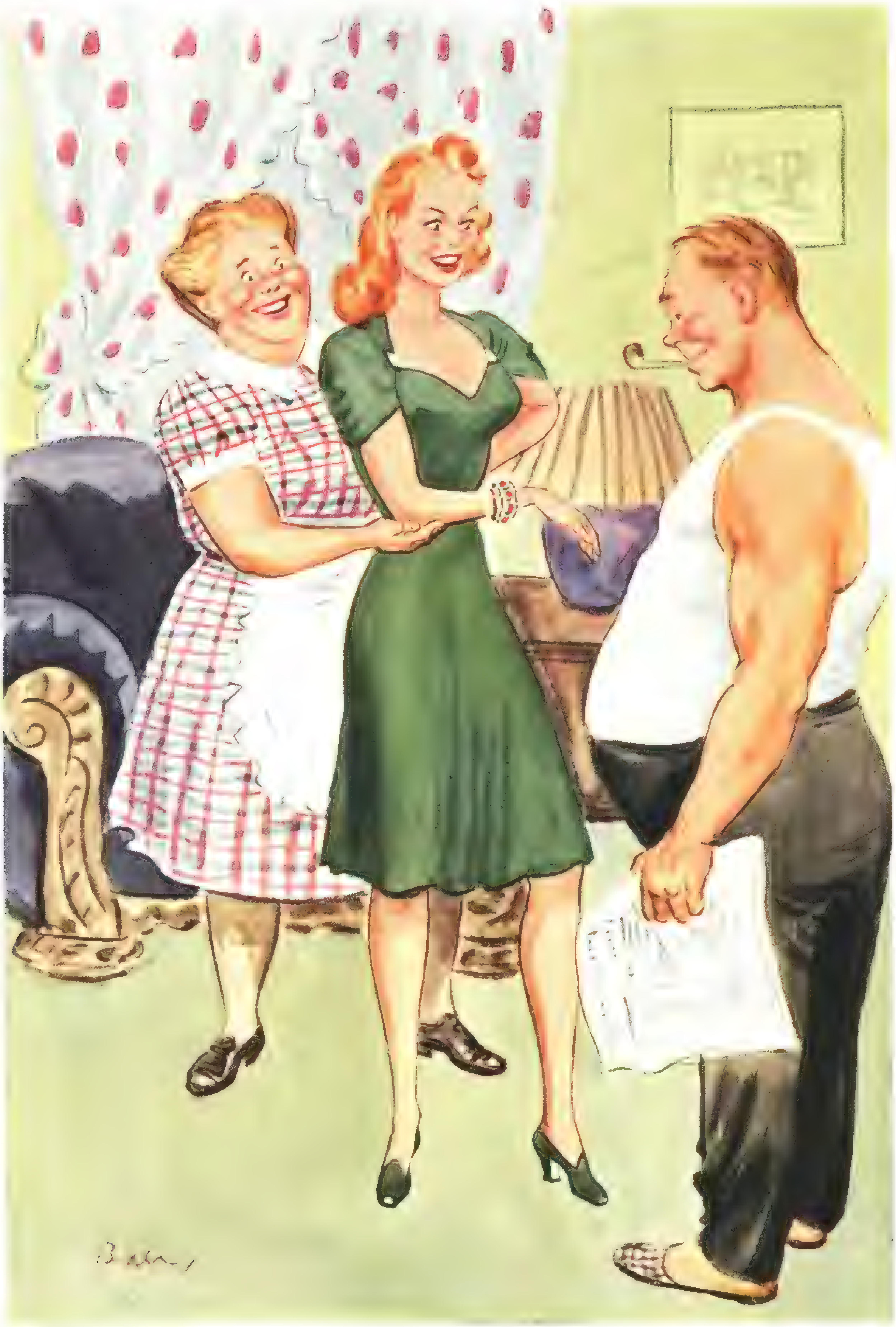

"Look what Jennie's boss did just so he wouldn't have to pay a surplus profits tax!"

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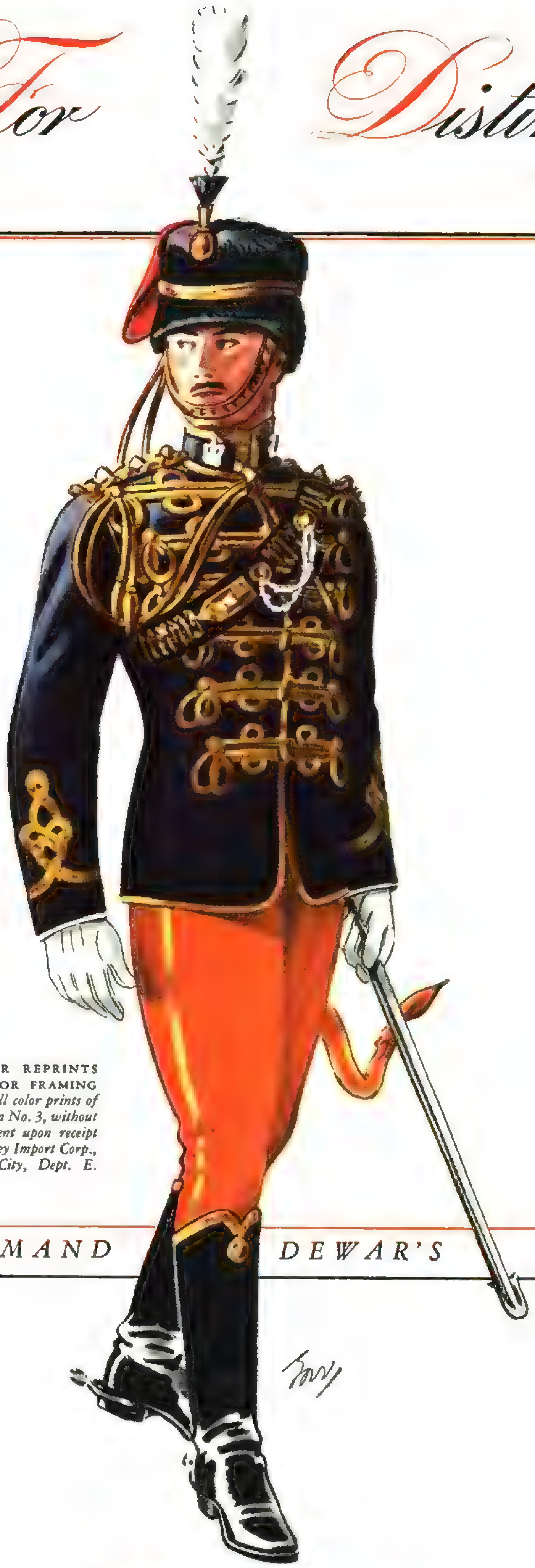

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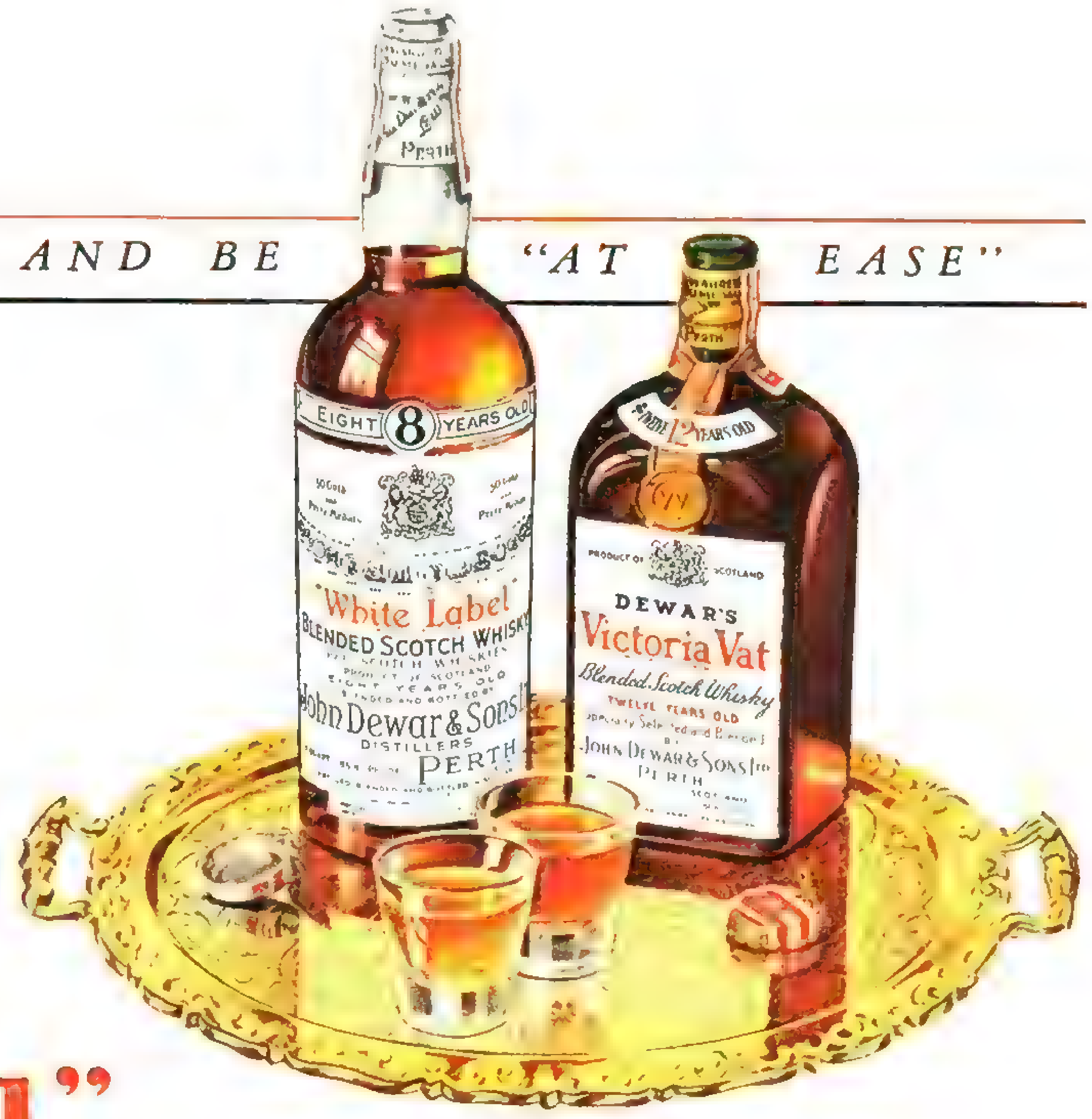
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Casuals of Our Peace

Continued from page 43

their folly? Can caution be legislated into the skulls of people who resist safety education?

Probably not; people cannot be legislated into doing anything contrary to their natures. We have enough people with reckless natures to require, in the name of the national well-being, a thorough study of the situation. The loss of life is hideous, but the cost of this carelessness is a national danger. Accidents in 1939 cost the country an economic loss of $3,330,000,000; just a little less than the bullion value of that gold hoard at Fort Knox. This includes wages lost, medical expenses, the overhead costs of insurance and property damage in motor vehicle accidents and fires. Who cares? It's just a row of figures on paper, unless your proud new home collapsed into the basement last night because some pitch-pine sparks went up the fireplace chimney and set fire to your shingled roof. In that case you might figure out what percentage of this loss is yours. Then visualize hundreds of thousands of other people with losses like yours, who make up the rest of the list. Each entry is an individual tragedy. Collectively, they are a national disgrace.

Constitutional safeguards of personal liberty do not mean we have a right to jeopardize the national welfare by our carelessness. When I was in the Army, years ago, I saw a quarrelsome soldier put a period to a debate with a Quaker stable-sergeant by popping him in the nose. The sergeant said: "Brother, your personal liberty ends where my nose begins." The soldier was a hospital case.

Better supervision of traffic, together with organized safety campaigns, saved seven thousand lives last year over the record of the year before. Slowly, public opinion is forcing an acceptance of safety as a permanent creed. It is showing gains in schools, factories, highways, everywhere that organized inspection can reach. Those seven thousand people still alive today represent a noticeable gain in the public regard for safety, because automobiles traveled more miles than ever before and industry showed a decided upturn. But the death rate dropped 5 per cent to an all-time low.

Next year it may be lower, because vigilant state troopers are watching; highway engineers are conquering one cause of death after another, and there is a countrywide effort to make highways safer.

So far, nothing on a comparative scale has appeared to demand that our homes and public buildings be safer. Such a demand must appear voluntarily from the citizens themselves, before the necessary supervision and inspection will be tolerated.

Education must be specific. In teaching highway safety, one insurance company is educating motorists in a simplified new conception of what momentum is, explaining that it is the car's stored energy, not its speed, which makes it climb telephone poles and leap from curves. The company has introduced a scale to measure energy in terms of street-widths which are easily visualized and remembered. The plan quickly showed a definite promise of succeeding where other campaigns had failed, simply because it gave the motorist a specific explanation of what was happening. Motorists who have read the booklet embark on motor trips with those paragraphs in their minds, and with the conscious thought that they are going to be careful and remember that the laws of nature grant no exceptions.

If such a program, backed by community vigilance, could be devised for teaching safety in the home, there would be no further excuse for the mounting death rate. It's a matter of urgent national concern. If any contagious disease continued to increase like this, year after year, causing thirty-two thousand deaths and millions of expensive injuries in a single year, there would be a loud editorial outcry from coast to coast.

Deaths from other forms of accidents are generally on the decrease. There were six hundred and fifty fewer drownings last year; transport accidents on bus lines, railroads and airlines are down; healthy fear of infection has slashed the mortality from cuts and ice-pick stabs in butcher shops and stores. Only in our homes are we threatened with less security than anywhere else.

If you don't care whether you get killed or not, please observe these few simple rules. If you blow up your house with gasoline in a washing-machine, please see that the old folks are out of the house in plenty of time. If you like to run downstairs in the dark, make sure that when you take a header down the cellar stairs you don't land on the baby. If you think the quickest way to hang pictures is to put a stepladder on a rickety card table please ask your wife to hand you the hammer just as you start climbing, not after you're up there and ready to fall squarely on top of her. If you must boil lye on the kitchen stove, do it while the children are safely in school.

The fool-killer likes to spare innocent victims. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

the theatre is different, and so everybody accepts it."

What is so hard about it? It may require knowledge to be an authority on Shakespeare and Euripides but it surely doesn't require any to be one on such shows as *Hellzapoppin*. If it does, then the hundreds of thousands of people who have seen the Olsen and Johnson show and have stated firmly that it is one of the funniest ones they have ever seen are all profound scholars. (Incidentally and by the way, isn't Shakespeare himself full of *Hellzapoppin* material: clowns, stuffed clubs, comic drunks, low puns, hilarious throwing about of articles, absurd disguises, audience stooges (at least in modern theatrical presentation, *vide* Christopher Sly), falling on rears, etc.?

And how come the notion that in book reviewing the same man isn't supposed to judge a novel by Sinclair Lewis and a history of the Italian Renaissance? Mr. Raphaelson apparently isn't up on his book reviews. Our regular book reviewers like Harry Hansen, Joseph Henry Jackson, John Chamberlain, Ralph Thompson, Lewis Gannett, Clifton Fadiman, and so on, do that very thing, and do it pretty well.

Not only that, but they periodically also pass judgment on Shakespeare and Euripides and, on the side and just for the fun of it, on *Hellzapoppin*, and it doesn't strain them in the least.

V

I don't know why actresses who are cast in sentimental roles and have piano legs so frequently persist in wearing short skirts. To get an audience's proper reaction in such circumstances you'd have to distract it with a hundred-piece orchestra playing Chopin, free distribution of jeroboams of absinthe, and maybe some good hard socks on the head with a shillelagh.

VI

Then there is the actor's arbitrary prejudice against small roles. I wouldn't know why. Give the average actor the choice between a role of sixty-sides, however putrid, and one of eight or ten, however good, and it takes no Gallup poll of him to inform you which he will pick. Yet very small roles have made many an actor, as long roles have unmade many more. Jameson Lee Finney was given a great boost by a small role in *The Deep Purple*. Porter Hall captured the town in an even smaller one in *Night Hostess*. Arthur Hunnicutt more recently got two other jobs in quick succession after his praised appearance in a minor role in *Love's Old Sweet Song*. Amelia Romano got the best notices of *Plumes In The Dust* in a microscopic part, and Doris Dudley in a secondary role stole the show in *The Season Changes*. Joseph Buloff in small roles ran away with the honors in both *Call Me Ziggy* and *To Quito And Back*, and small roles helped to make Morris Carnovsky, to say nothing, in a way, of Butterfly McQueen. And what of Hiram Sherman, Edgar Stehli, Henry Travers, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Mildred Natwick, Romney Brent, Sam Levene, Richard Whorf, Humphrey Bogart, Henry Daniell, the *Dead End* kids, Joseph Sweeney, Arnold Korff, Leon Ames (especially in *The Male Animal*), Beulah Bondi, Leo G. Carroll, Percy Kilbride, Donald Meek, Josephine Hull, Joseph Spurin-Calleia, Rex O'Malley, and all kinds of others?

Take, on the other hand, some of the persistent older big role hounds. Where in the high, blue skies today are such as Blanche Yurka, Lenore Ulric, Edith Barrett, Donald Brian, Constance Cummings, Glenn Hunter, Jacob Ben-Ami, Elsie Ferguson, Constance Collier, Elissa Landi, Francine Larrimore, Ruth Chatterton, Eva Le Gallienne, Kenneth Mackenna, Mary Morris, Nance O'Neil, Aline MacMahon, Rollo Peters, Gale Sondergaard, Robert Warwick, Mary Nash, Tom Powers, Thais Lawton, and their like?

VII

It is also beyond me why some of my critical colleagues go to such extreme lengths proving that William Saroyan doesn't know what he is talking about and that his plays are meaningless. The infinite pains which they take to prove it only indicate their own possible doubts in the matter. People don't waste time elaborately proving that a blockhead is a blockhead or a zero a zero.

VIII

Our sex playwrights like Jack Kirkland, Mae West, Wilson Collison, Henry Rosendahl, William Grew and Mark Linder have encountered the vociferous critical objection that they are vulgar purely for vulgarity's sake and that those of them who haven't already been suppressed should be. I don't know whether the critics are right, but if they are I want to add another playwright to the list. In his exhibits I find a deliberate, shameless and objectional commercial vulgarity merchanted by such words and phrases as the following: whore, fleshmonger, she pooped him, let me be gelded like a spaniel, calves' guts, bastard, fairies, eunuch, bottoms, croak, backside, stewed prune, quivering thigh, bums, buttocks, virgin, virginity, rough pash, cuckoo, Jesus!, lousy, swag-belly, hell!, bed-presser, chamber-pot, louse, you bull's pizzle!, you cheese!, out, dunghill!, weak shrimp, stunk their feet, Polack, nut, the town bull, lug the guts into the neighbor room!, my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills, wagtail, bitch, puke-stocking, smell him stinking, fat-guts, it does stink, God damn me!, piece of cheese, urinals, boil, embossed carbuncle, bellyful, sow, swine-drunk, slut, you filthy bung, goose, sweet sewer, belch, lecher,

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 82-143

soused, slop, all wet, incest, harlot, dunghill curs!, lay, foul-tainted flesh, shift a shirt!, loathsomest scab, damned cur, wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, you pole-cat, *some* love, etc.

You're right—Shakespeare, old Bill himself, the dirty lowlife. And please forgive me for indulging in the equivalent of that cheap, stale, juvenile trick of shyster lawyers when, in a similar argument, they quote from the Bible.

IX

I couldn't tell you why it is that a dramatic actress this side of forty-five in a purple dress so often seems to take at least twenty minutes longer to win her audience than one clad in another color. It's silly, but somehow, save in comedy or character roles, that has been my puzzled observation over a period of many years.

X

I have mentioned Saroyan. Someone is always mentioning Saroyan. I have also mentioned his critics. Someone, chiefly Saroyan, is always mentioning Saroyan's critics. There is, however, one point about the latter I do not comprehend. Why is it necessary, to understand fully what, if anything, he is driving at in his plays? As Stokowski once said, "It is not necessary to understand music; it is only necessary that one enjoy it." Understanding is not always essential to enjoyment. I, like some others, sometimes do not know exactly what Saroyan thinks he means, but that doesn't interfere with my enjoyment of a number of his plays. In the same way I, like even many more others, do not know exactly the meaning of such plays as Ibsen's *The Lady From The Sea*, *Little Eyolf* and *When We Dead Awaken*, Hauptmann's *And Pippa Dances* and *The Sunken Bell*, Maeterlinck's *The Blind*, and Strindberg's *Dream Play*, but the fact does not materially interfere with my appreciation of them.

XI

I do not know why the theatre, as the years pass, is so often inclined to give sole credit for plays to authors deeply indebted to others. These others quickly pass from memory, if they are at all known, indeed, and full honor is accorded playwrights who actually deserve only part of it.

These are a few illustrations: Margaret Mayo, hailed for the originality of *Baby Mine*, derived the plot of the play from a newspaper story of a case in Chicago. A. E. Thomas' *The Rainbow*, for which he got entire credit, bore a close resemblance to a French play called *Mon Père*. Avery Hopwood's *Borrowed Souls* was a paraphrase of a German play by Wilhelm von Scholz, as his *The Alarm Clock*, *Naughty Cinderella* and *The Garden of Eden* were merely adaptations of foreign plays. Earl Derr Biggers' *Three's A Crowd* was culled from a story by Christopher Morley. David Belasco got his inspiration for *The Return Of Peter Grimm* from, of all people, Cecil B. De Mille. Richard Mansfield deserved at least half the credit for Clyde Fitch's *Beau Brummell*.

The idea for the leading character in *Dulcy* was derived by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly from Franklin P. Adams; the scheme of their *Beggar On Horseback* from a German play; and it is too often forgotten that, if Roark Bradford hadn't been born, Connelly would not have been able to write *The Green Pastures*. Sidney Howard is remembered as the author of *Yellow Jack* and *The Late Christopher Bean* and the considerable debt of the plays to Paul de Kruif and René Fauchois largely overlooked. John Wexley got the idea for *The Last Mile* from a prisoner in a Texas jail; Lillian Hellman that for *The Children's Hour* from a celebrated Scottish scandal suit; and Mae West's *Diamond Lil* was a liberal rewrite of a play by Mark Linder. John Balderston had much help in writing *Berkeley Square* from John Squire, quondam editor of the *London Mercury*. Albert Bein's *Let Freedom Ring* was based on a novel by Grace Lumpkin; Winchell Smith's and Victor Mapes' *The Boomerang* bore a strange thematic similarity to a *Smart Set* magazine story called *D. S. L.;* and the leading character in Smith's and Frank Bacon's celebrated *Lightnin'* was modeled on the leading character in the old *Tennessee's Pardner*.

There are many other such remissions and oversights.

XII

I wonder why it is that so many of the scenes that linger in one's memory have figured in otherwise poor plays? I think, for example, of the scene in William Gillette's *Clarice* wherein the man, knowing that the girl he loves is better off for none of him, cruelly tears up before her eyes the drawings she has been fondly working on, lies to her that they are worthless, and sends her from him. (Maybe it is because Marie Doro played the girl.) I think also of the scene at the conclusion of Tom Barry's *The Upstart*, with the curtain abruptly cutting off the voluble hero's harangue, and the scene in which the little Turkish—or was it Arabian?—girl crawls under the hedges into the English garden of Marcus Ordeyne in *The Morals Of*

Continued at top of page 146

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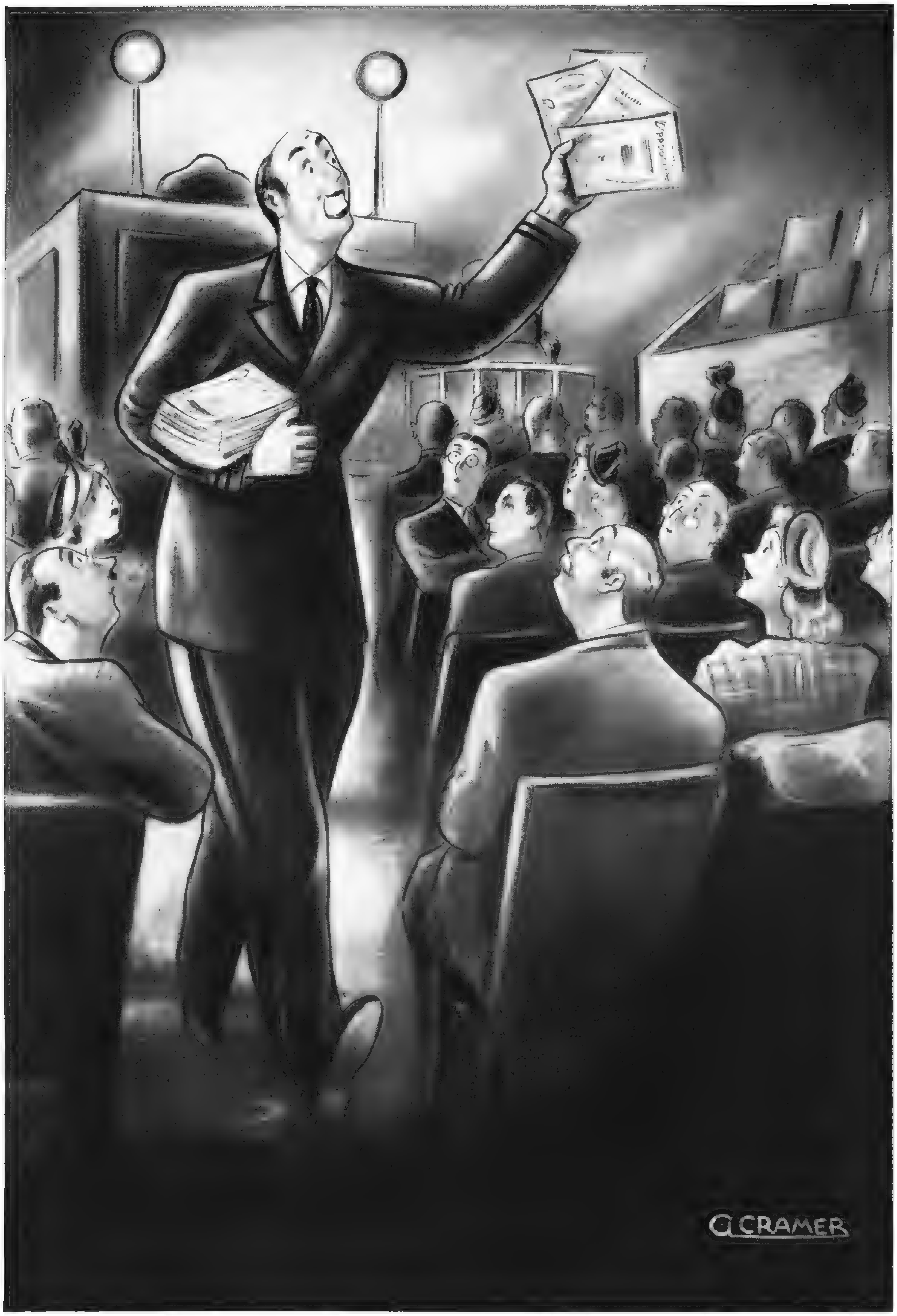

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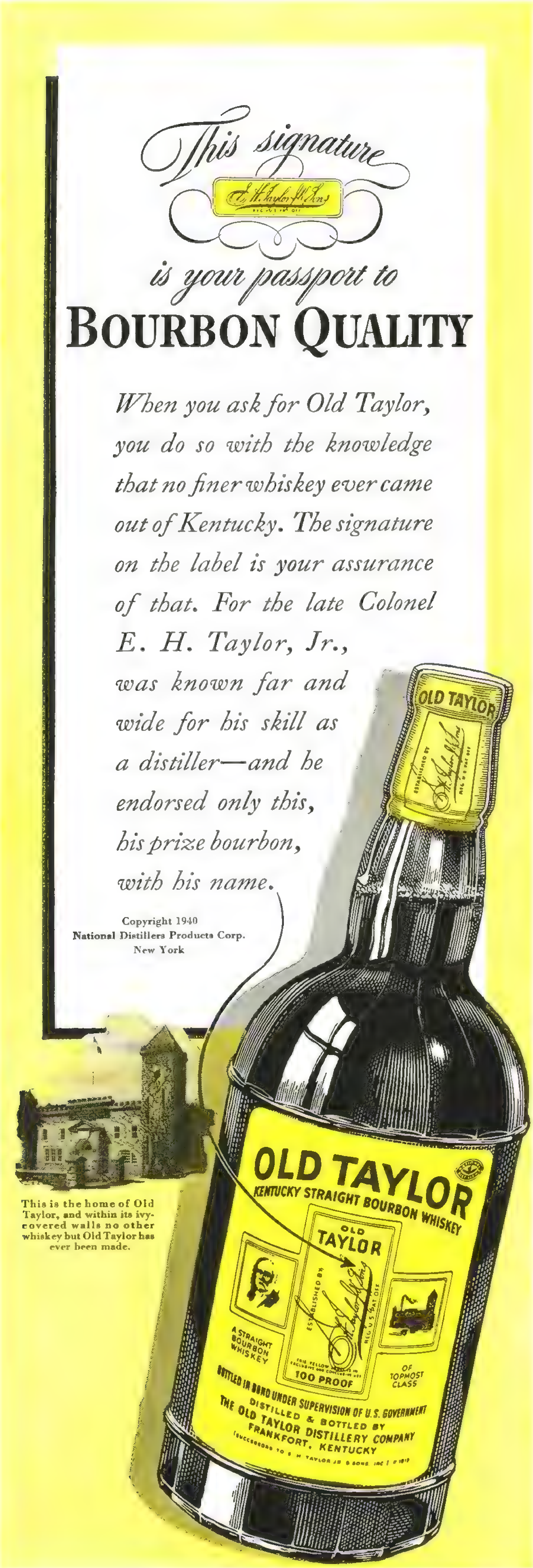

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 82-143-144

Marcus. (Maybe it is because Marie Doro also played that one).

The scene of the small girl child's passionate evangelical address to the audience in Gribble's *Revolt*, which had another very good scene in it, sticks in the recollection, as does the one in the Hecht-Fowler comedy, *The Great Magoo*, wherein the hussy's lover crawls toward the bed on the floor lest her flag-pole-sitter husband, watching the room through the window with a pair of binoculars from his distant perch, detect him. The scene in Jerome K. Jerome's *The Great Gamble* wherein the oldsters returning to Heidelberg hear again from afar the romantic sounds of another day also persists in my memory, as does the one in the Kaufman-Dayton *First Lady* in which the aging husband gently tells his splenetic wife, who animadverts on his autumnal physiology, that she too is not so young as she once was. The love scene between the boy and girl in Kenyon Nicholson's *Dance Night;* the restaurant scene between the married woman and the other man in the otherwise trashy *Life's Too Short;* and the Negro revival scene in the *Roseanne* of a dozen or more years ago also cling.

Some others are the torture scene in Thomas Dixon's *The Clansman*, that dose of rubbish; the vaudeville actor-guests at meal time in Joe Cook's late lamented *Off To Buffalo;* the scene in *The Bachelor's Baby* wherein Francis Wilson was left alone with a doorstep baby and tried to figure out how to maneuver it; and that one in which the young girl takes final leave of the young Andrew Jackson in the Anderson-Stallings *First Flight.* Nor passed from recollection are the comical trick mirror scene in Du Souchet's farce, *My Friend From India;* the restaurant mirror scene in Capus' *The Two Schools*, and the scene wherein, in his *A Castle In Spain*, Sacha Guitry with a brush that reached almost across the stage busied himself painting the stage setting for a play itself called *A Castle In Spain.* #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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seem to be superior to (some) college professors, research scholars, military leaders; they recognize superiority and defeat with less jealousy and venom.

If you really want to know what has been going on in Germany since 1933 (apart from military preparations), you should read a new book called *Refugee.* The author does not dare to give her name, because, although after almost incredible hardships, she and her husband are safe in the United States, they have relatives in Germany. The book is translated from the German by the admirable Clara Leiser of New York, who wrote such a fine biography of Jean de Reszké. This is a day-by-day narrative, not a novel; it describes cruelty in the concentration camps and elsewhere so abominable that I should not recommend anyone to read the book, except that it is history and we should know the truth. The attempts to escape are as thrilling as any melodrama. It is curious, isn't it? that in the U. S. A., when we have "undesirable" citizens, communists, revolutionists and what not, we threaten them with deportation, we want to get rid of them; on their part, they are more afraid of deportation than of any other punishment, for they cannot bear to leave the comforts of the country they are trying to destroy. Whereas, in Germany, Russia, Italy, the government refuses to allow those persons whom they dislike to leave; thus inflicting the worst of all punishments.

Although I live within a few minutes' walk of one of the greatest libraries in the world—that of Yale University—I almost never go thither for a reference book; for in my house I have a vast variety of dictionaries, concordances, atlases, etc. And here comes another work, a set of six volumes called *Dictionary of American History:* James Truslow Adams is Editor in Chief, R. V. Colman is Managing Editor, and among the seventeen scholars on the Advisory Council are Douglas Freeman, Allan Nevins and other well-known men. One will find in this Dictionary articles on Equality, Erie Canal, Essex Wildcat Bank, Espionage Act, Eucharistic Congress, Exchange of Prisoners, Executive and Congress, Explorers, Extradition, Export Taxes, just to name a few under the letter E. I got a mild shock from one called "Era of Good Feelings," (plural). I remember from earliest boyhood reading about this fortunate era, and remembering it was in the administration of President Monroe, characterized also by a doctrine that may lead us in the near future into war; but all I remember is it was called Era of Good *Feeling.*

A contemporary novelist deservedly and rapidly rising in favor is Nevil Shute. In *Kindling* he showed how one man brought back a whole town from unemployment to prosperity; and went to prison for it. In *Ordeal* he wrote one year before it happened what is now taking place in England: in *An Old Captivity* (and for the life of me I can't place the title) he produced an original novel of an air journey from Oxford to Greenland taken by an Oxford research professor, his aggressive daughter and a remarkable young pilot. Now appears *Landfall*, surely one of the best novels of 1940. The time is the present—Great Britain in the war; the place is the English Channel, the seaports and the sky; the two leading characters are an offi-

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cer in the air service and a barmaid. But the others are also sharply individualized; and the love story is charming. Mr. Shute combines in his novels excitement, wit, humor, analysis of character, originality in plot and language, with literary distinction.

Often when a best-seller rises above the flood of new books it produces parodies—sure proof of popularity. Falstaff said he was not only witty in himself, he was the cause of wit in other men. That showed originality, because with books it is usually those that are not witty that produce wit in other books. One of the best-sellers of 1940, discussed at length in this department, was *How to Read a Book.* A diverting parody is *How to Read Two Books*, ostensibly written by Erasmus G. Addlepate. If you ask what G. stands for, I think it stands for a great deal. Usually parodies begin well and become less funny as they proceed; but this one gets funnier and funnier, assisted nobly by the illustrations coming from Carl Rose. I recommend this little compendium of wit and humor to those who have heard of its begetter. I am honored by the fact that the author has a little fun with me as well as with Dr. Adler and President Hutchins. Speaking of Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, he calls it "probably the most widely unread book in the English language. Written largely at Kilcolman Castle (and not at New Haven as some Phelpsians may think) it has the bulk, obscurity and tedium which make it the ideal college textbook." A moment or two later he alludes to the "F. Q. Society," which pleasantly refers to my organization some ten years ago of the F. Q., consisting of persons who had read the whole work. Well, this remark shows his honesty but it destroys his description of the poem as "the most widely unread." That may have been true in 1922, but after I founded that famous society, F. Q. stock took a tremendous rise and the poem itself almost became a best-seller. I do not advise everyone to read it; but with all its Sargasso Seas, I would read it through again rather than Karl Marx's *Capital* or almost any of the works on economics, sociology, philosophy mentioned in the list at the end of *How to Read a Book*, and so, I suspect, would Friend Addlepate.

Although the twentieth century is more uncivilized than some of its predecessors, I wonder if the time will ever come when elders will regard contemporary manners, morals, and literature without despair. Here is an extract from a Chaldean record, 6000 years old:

> Eventually, the world is coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents: everybody wants to write a book: it is clear the world is coming to an end.

On the other hand, in the eighteenth century the standard required of servants was higher than it is today, or was it?

The following is a "want-ad" from the Farmers Museum, 1796.

WANTED for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayers, look after the horses and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at 7 in the morning and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands; if he can dress hair, sing psalms and play cribbage, the more agreeable. He must not be familiar with the maid servants, lest the flesh rebel against the spirit and he should be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked. Wages 15 guineas a year.

My hatred for mathematics, expressed many times, had the happy result of a friend's sending me the following lines from Walter Bayes's *Turner: a Speculation.*

L'arithméti-que
Est un petit bonhomme
d'élasti-que
Qui donne colique
Aux catholiques,
Et le mal aux dents
Aux protestants.

In a preceding number of this magazine I mentioned Agatha Christie's *Sad Cypress;* I add that it is her masterpiece. Of all her murder stories beginning with *Roger Ackroyd* up to now, and I have read every one, *Sad Cypress* is the best. The story is continuously exciting, Poirot is at his best, and the characters would be worth knowing even if nobody were murdered; but as beautiful young women are the exception rather than the rule, I was sorry to see this one eliminated. I wonder if any persons can remember a game played in the streets many years ago. The title *Sad Cypress* is taken from a song in *Twelfth Night:*

> Come away, come away, death,
> And in sad cypress let me be laid.

The word "away" in this song means "here, or hither": "come away" is simply "come here."

When I was a small boy in Connecticut, we used to play a game that required no apparatus: one boy stood in the middle of the street, the rest of us on the sidewalk. When he shouted, "Come away!" we rushed toward him endeavoring to pass him without being tagged and reach the other side of the street. Well, there is no doubt, although none of us knew it, that "Come away!" meant "Come here!" and what I should like to know is this: was that an old game that came down from Elizabethan times?

Another good new murder-story is *Made Up to Kill*, by Kelley Roos, far above the average; also *The Balcony*, by Elizabeth Disney, remarkable for its strange and sinister family characters; and Anthony Morton once more delights me with his latest adventures of Blue Mask called *Blue Mask Victorious;* but I warn any who may first make their acquaintance with Mr. Morton and The Blue Mask in this book, that contrary to his usual custom, the first half of the story is not swift; its slowness is more than atoned for by the rapid fire of incidents in the second half; but in the previous adventures of this gentleman-thief, the excitement has begun on the first page. So don't blame me if you are not instantly caught.

As this January number will appear on December 15, let me recommend another superb Christmas present which costs six dollars and is worth it. This new book, *Audubon's America: the Narratives and Experiences of John James Audubon*, is edited by Donald Culross Peattie, and illustrated with facsimiles of Audubon's prints and paintings. It is a stunning volume, coming into my sheltered life like an explosion of radiance. I do not need to be told that books can be exciting; I have known that since I was five years old. But here is one of those sudden shining miracles—as if the door of my library opened and in came . . . I'll leave it at that.

There is something mysterious, something almost mystical about Audubon. This adventurous traveler, always roaming with a hungry heart, interested in the cities of Europe and in the virgin forests of America, an accurate, realistic, scientific naturalist, had an incandescent personality. No American is surer of immortality. He may or may not have known Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, containing the words, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," but his whole career illustrated them. It was said of him that his first aim was Fidelity, his second Beauty. Many think of him simply in connection with the Audubon societies, even as—God save the mark!—many used to think of Browning in connection with the Browning societies. *The Dictionary of American Biography*, in its article (written by the editor of this new book and Eleanor Dobson), gathers up in one sentence the common impression: "has so long been a figure of sentiment and idealism, and as a man and a scientist has suffered so from the touching up of enthusiastic biographers, that it has been difficult to divorce the romance of fiction from that of truth in what was in any case a most colorful and adventurous life."

The sentimental point of view, representing him as from early youth a protector of birds, won't do. He shot hundreds of them, for eating and for sport. Emerson's famous line

> "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

does not fit Audubon. But I am certain that those who buy and read this new beautiful book will learn almost as much from it as I have. Here, through his diaries of travel, his explorations from Texas to Labrador, we come into intimate contact with the man. He was a naturalist, an adventurous pioneer, a painter, a writer, with many other sides to his extraordinary personality.

The reproductions of paintings are excellent. One in particular filled me with fascination and with a renewed longing that will probably never be satisfied. I have seen all the woodpeckers except the two I most want to see—the Pileated and the Ivory-billed. These enormous woodpeckers are as if a robin suddenly became as big as a crow. I once heard a Pileated in the Adirondacks; but he did not wait for my approach. Thus the beautiful colored illustration by Audubon in this volume not only renews my longing but Audubon's written description says that in every part of the U. S. he has seen this "hardy inhabitant." And when so many other birds were becoming rare, the Pileated was "everywhere to be found in the wild woods." The woods used to be more interesting than the cities; just the opposite of the present.

After my ecstatic praise of this book, let me remind my readers that when they go South to play golf, they will see the gorgeous cardinals; every year I am reminded of the correspondence that took place between the niece in Georgia and her prim aunt in Connecticut:

"Auntie, you must come south, the cardinals are splendid!"

"I have always hated the Roman Catholics, and do not wish to hear anything about them."

"But this cardinal is a bird."

"I am not interested in his social irregularities."

Well, if you think of Audubon only as a bird-man, you would be as far off as Auntie; in his journals here printed, we see him as a traveler and explorer, and we learn what every American ought to learn, the history of our country.

And the reason these journals give us actual history is because they are journals. As our editor, after saying that Audubon was not a literary genius like Thoreau or Emerson, writes:

> I am asserting only that while Cooper went to England while he wrote *The Prairie*, Audubon was *on* the prairies. That where Emerson knew his Carlyle, Audubon knew his Mississippi squatters, that while Thoreau was traveling around Concord, Audubon was traveling around North America. While Parkman was writing history, Audubon was making and witnessing it.

The only dependable documents for history are letters, diaries, and records contemporary with the events; histories and biographies descriptive of the past or of the dead are invariably colored by the personality of the writers. Last night in bed I was reading the *Private Papers of Boswell* (hitherto unpublished). I came across this remarkable passage, when, on March 24, 1772, he was conversing with Sir John Pringle:

> He said he was now come to give little faith to history, because he knew for certain that the Princess Dowager of Wales had for these many years taken no share in politicks, and never

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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had any improper connection with Lord Bute; and yet she would go down to posterity as having managed all the affairs of this nation till her death, and been concerned in a criminal intercourse with Lord Bute. He said it would not be proper for him to mention them; but that his situation about the Royal Family gave him an opportunity of knowing circumstances that made it certain that the Princess was altogether free of both these concerns. He said that when it was imagined there would be a long minority, the late King (George II) being very old and his Grandson very young, a party of the great people about court, apprehending that Lord Bute's intimacy with Frederick Prince of Wales might give him a great ascendancy over this King, formed the plan to raise a report of scandal between the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute, and he would do Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, the justice to say that he alone struck out against it. It was however put in execution, and was asserted with such effrontery that many, who had occasion to know better, believed it. He therefore could not regard history farther than just as Chronology and relating certain facts which could admit of no falsifying, such as that a King reigned so long, a battle was fought, or such things. But as to accounts of characters, or the secret springs and motives of actions and events, he could not credit historians.

I am quite certain that if Queen Elizabeth and Essex could return to earth for an hour and read Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*, they would hardly be able to recognize themselves in his biography of them; and I have a red-hot review of a new book on the Virgin Queen for next month. Sir John Pringle was right.

If people's stomachs were as receptively gullible as their minds, there would be no food left in the world. Thousands of Americans in 1916-1920 believed Woodrow Wilson kept mistresses when he was President of Princeton, Governor of New Jersey, and President of the U. S.

During the year 1940, among the losses to letters and the arts were the deaths of Lord Tweedsmuir, John Finley, Edwin Markham, John Manly, Thomas Beer, Richard Burton, and Sir Donald Tovey. The most splendid spectacle I saw was happily on Washington's Birthday: the five planets all in a line (nearly perpendicular) in the western sky shortly after sunset—Mars, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury. This spectacle will not happen again for more than a hundred years. The best new play I saw in 1940 is Mr. Sherwood's impressive drama, *There Shall Be No Night;* and when I went back after the performance to congratulate Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, there was Noel Coward! Like the brave man he is, he was preparing to leave for England, though he did not say so. The most terrible thing of the year is the War, and the most sublime the courage of the British; unconsciously illustrating once more the truth of Kant's saying that the two most wonderful things in the universe are the starry heavens without and the moral law within.

A Happy New Year! 1941 could hardly be worse than 1940, so let us hope it will be better.

Technique of the Night Club Fight

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the number of cases probably less than half, other adults will prevent further idiocy or someone will even holler copper. But if you managed to get yourself in a spot where you had to hit or get hit, the occasion may develop into one where you'll have to go the entire bare-knuckle route.

If you must fight to a finish, and there's a breeze in your entrails because you've hitherto scorned the art, realize this. Man-to-man combat is as deep in your bones as any instinct you were born with. It's not as though someone had suddenly mounted you on a charger and put a lance in your hand, or forced you into a duel with pistols when you'd never fired a gun in your life. Even when tooth and nail were claw and fang, the clenched hand was the primary line of personal defense. So when the need arises you're likely to find you can strike a rude buffet.

But before you venture into range of your opponent's artillery, keep this one factor in mind and the others that arise from it. You're fighting with the bare hand! Although gloves came into use for the same reasons of sport that produced the button on the end of the fencing foil, you can probably hit harder with the pillows and hurt more. Gloves protect the hand more than the face. The delicate frontal bones are easily fractured, the knuckles and fingers very little less so. When you fight with the maulies unpadded, remember that a broken paw will prove awkward, even though you use it for nothing more strenuous than pushing a pen.

Close it as tight as you can! Fold the thumb across the second joint of your first two fingers.

Never swing! Always punch straight and land with the back knuckles. The bones and muscles of the hand can support the shock of a straight blow, conducting it up the arm to the shoulder. The effect of a swing must be borne by the hand and wrist alone. Without gloves, you're more likely to hurt yourself, landing a roundhouse, than the opposition.

While you're on the do's and don'ts, here are two more to make four. Never blink your eyes. That fraction of a second blackout will suffice to get you knocked flatter than an Eastchester Bay flounder.

Set your teeth tightly or a cuff on the chin will break your jaw.

All right?

"A fight! It's a fight!"

The word is up the street before you and the competition have piled through the swinging door. A hundred coat-holders congregate to witness the free exhibition. You shed your raiment and hand it to one of these gentry. You ready yourself to square off. For the benefit of your partisans, if any, you assume what you hope is a fighting face and advance in the direction of the foe.

As you come to meet the other guy, you look like the real McCoy. That's the movies for you. You've never scrapped before but you've seen celluloid slugfests without number. Your imitation could play the Palace. The stance is as scientific as one could wish. Your left foot points toward your opponent, your right foot is back and at an angle. Your left hand is extended slightly less than full length, your right is held back at the starboard hinge of your jaw. You even have a hazy notion of the purpose of this posture. It presents you bow-on instead of broadside. You think you know what you're doing. You're feeling cocky because you took the opening round. Actually, you have the same chance as a steer on its way to Chicago. But we're going to let you alone. You're the sort who can only learn by experience.

"What now, chump?"

You stick out your left hand according to Spalding but you don't get your connection. The other guy won't hold still, the fool. His head keeps bobbing around like an apple in a tub. We know we told you to lead with the left before and to the face. That advice was only for the opening stage of the dispute. Your sparring partner had his coat on, and his head was your best target. Your left was effective because of surprise. To put it a little more coarsely, the opposing team wasn't ready. Out here it's different. But we won't butt in just yet. We're letting you discover things for yourself. Sure we're tough. Like the football coach who scrimmaged his boys between the halves.

You attack. Meaning that you continue to prod nervously with your left like an old maid poking at something that's got into the ice-box drain. You carry your right along strictly for the ride. Occasionally, for stage effect, you do a rubber-legged version of the bobbing and weaving the pros employ to render themselves hard to hit.

And what's the other bloat up to while you fashion these prayerful antics? He's not so fancy-dancy. He inspects you with interest as you stumble around him. Your blows annoy him about as much as a swarm of butterflies. All of a sudden he closes his eyes, cranks up and lets fly with a haymaker. You don't see the wallop any more than its dispatcher sees you. But the sock crashes horribly upon your battle-frown and you sit out the rest of the conflict on the cold, cold ground.

Now don't get sore. Don't rub your jaw and start looking for a rock to heave at us. Remain on the shiny seat of those trousers of yours and watch while we run the film backward. We're not going to make fun of scientific boxing. Quite the contrary. We want to show that the poses you aped have no virtue in themselves. They imply a further knowledge of which you were as innocent as a *crèche* full of cretins. You were a high-school girl doing a take-off on the strip teaser's bump. However, your shenanigans have provided us with a beautiful straw man. Instead of simply burning this dummy, we will dispose of him according to the George Jean Nathan recipe, using the ambush, the Chinese water torture, and the garotte. Then we'll tell you what you really should have done.

When you extended your left hand in the "approved" fashion, you put yourself in the comic position of engaging in a duelling match when you'd never fenced before in your life. The technique of the stand-up system of boxing, based on the straight left, is directly out of sword play. The left hand is the foil, used to attack and parry. The right is the dagger, used to parry and apply the finisher. While the classic stylist can keep his man on the receiving end of a stiff straight left, he's safe.

But ah—the execution of that left jab is something else again. You must be able to judge distance to a hair. You must be able to hit a moving target with the whole weight of your body behind the blow and without overbalancing. You must know how to bring yourself into range, advancing your left foot so it touches the ground at the same instant your punch finds its mark. If the foot lands first, you'll have jumped into reach of the other guy's guns without a delivery. If the punch lands first, you'll merely be pushing. The other guy will walk through shoves like that and murder you.

Sounds complicated, we hope. Makes you feel a bit of a fool. Oh no? You're still unconvinced? Well here are a few more items—fundamentals, mind you—which you should have mastered before you dared raise your dukes in the stand-up tradition.

From the point of view of of-

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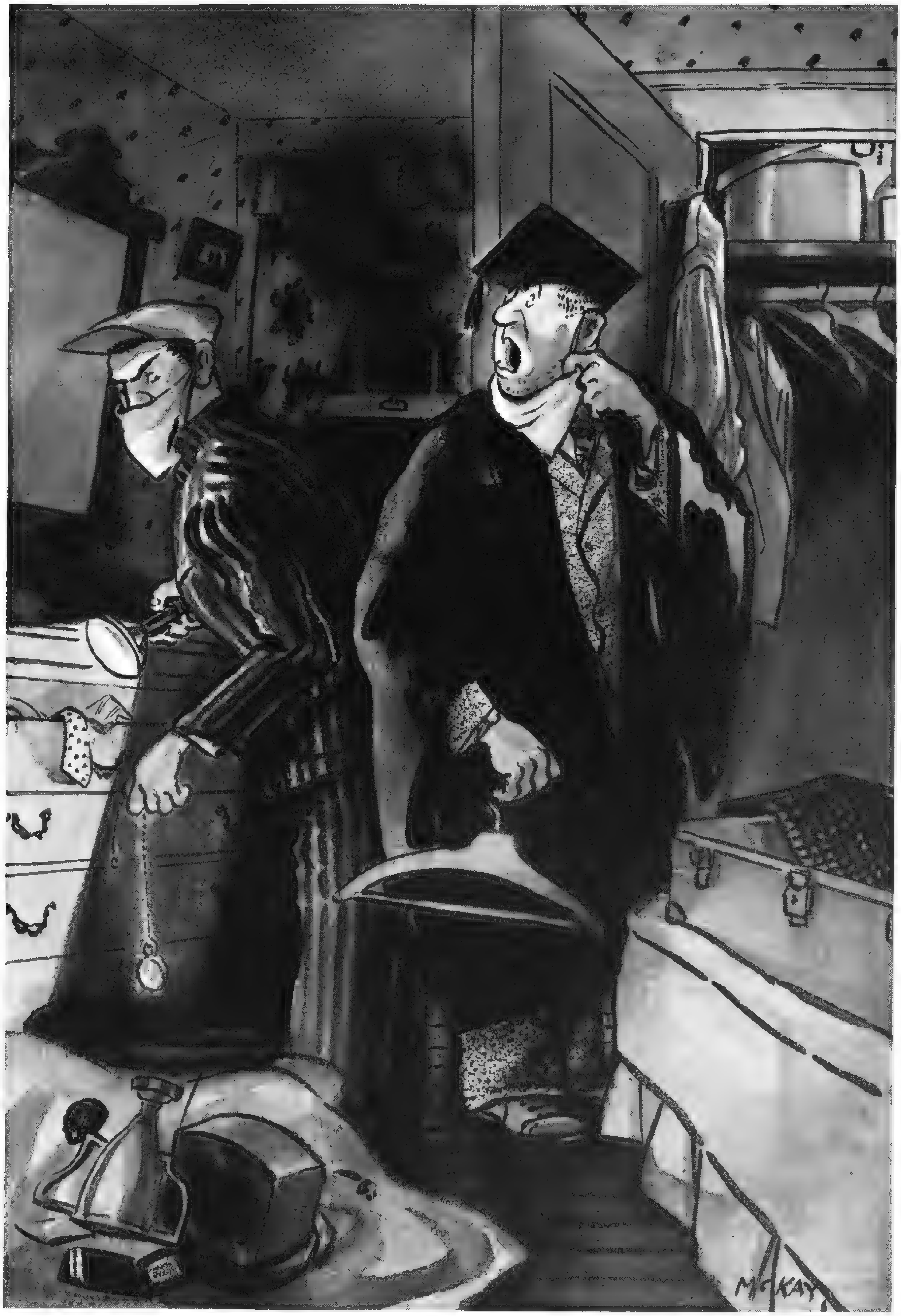

"Why can't I keep it? This is sumpin' I've always dreamed about"

Technique of the Night Club Fight

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fense, the straight left is the primus operation in the "attack by maneuver." It is used to lure the enemy into positions where he'll be at a disadvantage, to feint him, worry him, trick him off balance, wear him down, breach his defenses for right hand blows. When both brawlers favor the same style, you'll have the sort of stalemate that even the street-corner loafers won't watch. The set-to will consist of nothing more than an exchange of left jabs unless better generalship or superior condition enables one of the scrappers to try other weapons in his armament.

Don't stop us. We want to make sure you're impressed this time. To attack by maneuver, you must be able to avoid: duck, parry, guard, stem, block. You must be able to counter when you've made the other guy miss. And to do all this, you must have spent months and even years in the gymnasium with punching bags, sparring partners, and expert tutors. A well-known fight manager recently opined it took a man three years even to learn to *see* in the ring—to spot an opening and instantly utilize it.

So you're finally convinced the "approved" system is not for novices. Well, all right. Now pay attention and get a load of our "unapproved" manner of mauling. It depends less on science and more on something which, unless you're reading this in a noddle hatch, you should have in as great a degree as the next fellow. We mean INSTINCT. You won't have to be a fencer to guard yourself. You won't need a West Point commission to fashion an effective attack.

You're an infighter! Get it? You're Dempsey. See? You're Harry Greb. You're Mickey Walker. You're Henry Armstrong.

You crouch. You sink your chin into your chest, covering your vulnerable jaw. Your weight is well forward. The stooping position protects your stomach. Your hands are held high, defending the head.

You have a strategic object and it isn't that the other guy's mother will call him in for supper. You're going to imitate a torpedo. You're going to wait your chance, launch yourself in close, and EXPLODE!

Don't rush. Never rush. The man who charges is the easiest of prey. He's so intent on attack he forgets to defend. He dashes into stiff left hands held in his path and knocks himself out. So unless you desire this sort of hara-kiri, take it easy. Bob crabwise to the right, ever away from the other guy's menacing right hand. If he manages to reach you with it, he'll hit you going away and the blow won't sting. Keep moving while you're sizing him up. Maybe the stuff he's been drinking will start to cut his wind. That is if it doesn't affect yours first. Make him stay on his toes so he can't set flatfooted to hit. Don't let him range you. Vary the pace of your movements. Let him smack the top of your head if he's venturesome with the jabs, especially if your origin is African.

Now you're ready. You've seen enough. You want to mix it. All right. Wait for him to jab with that busy south paw. Out it flicks. Under you duck and you're inside. Simple? Just observe this one precaution. Always come in behind your own left to the body. If he tries to uppercut you as you move to him, you'll nullify the blow by landing first.

When you're in close, PUNCH. You can't possibly miss him. Batter with both hands to the brisket and don't stop for anything less than a Supreme Court injunction. Jam your noggin against his shoulder and with elbows close to your ribs, arms inside his, hammer his pantry with hands driving like pistons. He'll try to grab you and hold. But if you keep your shoulders forward, feet wide and flat, hands highballing like an orange freight, you'll be as unpleasant to embrace as a spinster with psoriasis. Watch his feet. With your head down, that's all you'll be able to see anyway. When those dogs start going backward, the fellow is your meat. To hit, he has to stop, stand, and recover. But you're not going to let him, Pasqual! You're going to follow him like a school of loan sharks, punching relentlessly. Push him into whatever obstacle bounds the arena: crowd, building wall or fence. Pin him there and make him wish he never "asked you into it," as they say on the West Side. And confine your attentions to the stomach, the breadbasket, the gow.

The body is a big, soft, almost stationary target. It cannot be moved easily as the head and it won't injure the bare hands as will a blow to the jaw. Even Young Griffo, the original artful dodger, could be hit in the body though he could go twenty-five rounds without being struck twice on the old apple. So keep your sights set on the torso. The other guy can't take it down there. Nobody can. For long, at any rate. That's not a fight-fan's proverb or a generalization we're going to allow to remain feeble. There are reasons and reasons. Four of them . . . the heart, the liver, the spleen, and the solar plexus. Of the five vital targets, and we mean above the belt, of course, four are in the body and it takes a perfectly placed blow on the fifth, the jaw, to send a man down for the count.

If the other guy lowers his guard to come to the rescue of that sore and aching tummy, shift your attack momentarily to the jaw. Be careful, however, to land with the back knuckles and don't hook or uppercut. Punch straight. He'll soon raise his defenses and you can return your attentions to the preferred regions below.

Now we wouldn't kid you and try to make out a one-sided case for the system we have just recommended. Even if you follow our advice, a lot of awful things can happen to you in a fight. You've doubtless heard the venerable Winchellism about the other guy having the same number of fists. But if you do keep what we have told you in mind, you'll have a fair chance against most fellows, even though it's your maiden effort.

We have refrained until now from giving the technique outlined its official designation because we wanted you to think it as simple and natural as nudity. It's called "the direct frontal attack." In the prize ring, it has actually proved superior to the "attack by maneuver." If you're able to maintain this furious head-on assault, the average boxer will have great trouble beating you off and the cruder performer will jump right out of his pants.

"Well how's the battle going to end?" you ask. "Suppose I don't knock him out or he doesn't chill me?"

Like the girl in the song, the unrefereed brawl is funny that way. You'll not be able to appreciate it until it happens to you. You may doubt it altogether. But here it is.

The first blows you and the other chump exchange, you're both as mad as Ophelia with rabies. But after the initial buffets, all animus, oddly, vanishes. You love each other like brothers. Only you don't want to stop fighting because of the crowd. S'helpus. They aren't paying for it. It's a private fight. But the moment you take your differences out on a street-corner, you're made to feel you're a public entertainer and the show must go on.

Ignore the bloodthirsty onlookers. They'd never shed their gore to please you. When you see your opponent's honor is satisfied and his efforts are becoming more and more half-hearted, offer to shake hands and quit. If the spectators want to see a fight, let them pay for it. There's a boxing show in your town at least once a month.

Here are a few words of valedictory. When a barkeep plays peacemaker, give heed, pally, give heed. He just doesn't want you to fight in his place. He has his license to think about. If you prove difficult, he'll score you with a pipe.

Avoid taverns that are referred to affectionately by habitués as The Bucket o' Blood *et similiter.* There's generally a good reason for such appellations.

Avoid hangouts where first generation Americans assemble. Most of these fellows haven't been here long enough to absorb our ideas of fair play. Where they come from, soccer is *the* game. To phrase it in Brooklynese, when they fight they make with the foot.

Man the Kitchenette

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pending new year's first hour.

In some countries the golden-brown roasted little pig makes its appearance on the table, on a large china or silver tray with a lemon in its open mouth; then, just when the dish is being served (often it is delayed until the clock strikes twelve midnight), its live counterparts are let in from the kitchen to carouse around the diners' legs under the table, screeching in falsetto. Whoever catches one is sure to be lucky all the year round, but at any rate the pig must be touched, and if possible a few bristles pulled from the back.

It takes an hour or an hour and a half to broil a suckling pig, and the skin, as I said, must be golden-brown and very brittle. The skin crunches under your teeth, and the delicious tender meat complements the brittle hardness of the skin—a perfect combination. However, there are several other ways besides roasting and broiling to prepare young pig; for instance the Russians made a stew out of it, and sometimes had the patience to wait until it cooled and the sauce became a "gelée" during a cold snowy winter night. There used to be a famous dish in France called *Cochon de Lait étoffé à l'Occitane*, which meant that the suckling pig was stuffed like this:

First it was opened and cleaned very thoroughly, and the bones removed, excepting the very small ones. Then it was salted and peppered, brandy poured over it, and left to stand this way for a few hours. The liver, the heart, some veal liver, chopped onion, chopped hard-boiled eggs, carrots, and garlic were broiled together with white dry wine and more brandy into a *ragoût*, and this was put into the suckling pig and then it was sewed up; and then it was put in a pickle composed of olive oil, brandy, carrots, onions, parsley, garlic and thyme. After six hours' soaking in the pickle the suckling pig was finally broiled, and it was a dish worthy of the gods. An Astomare would have lived not two hundred but a thousand years from one whiff of it.

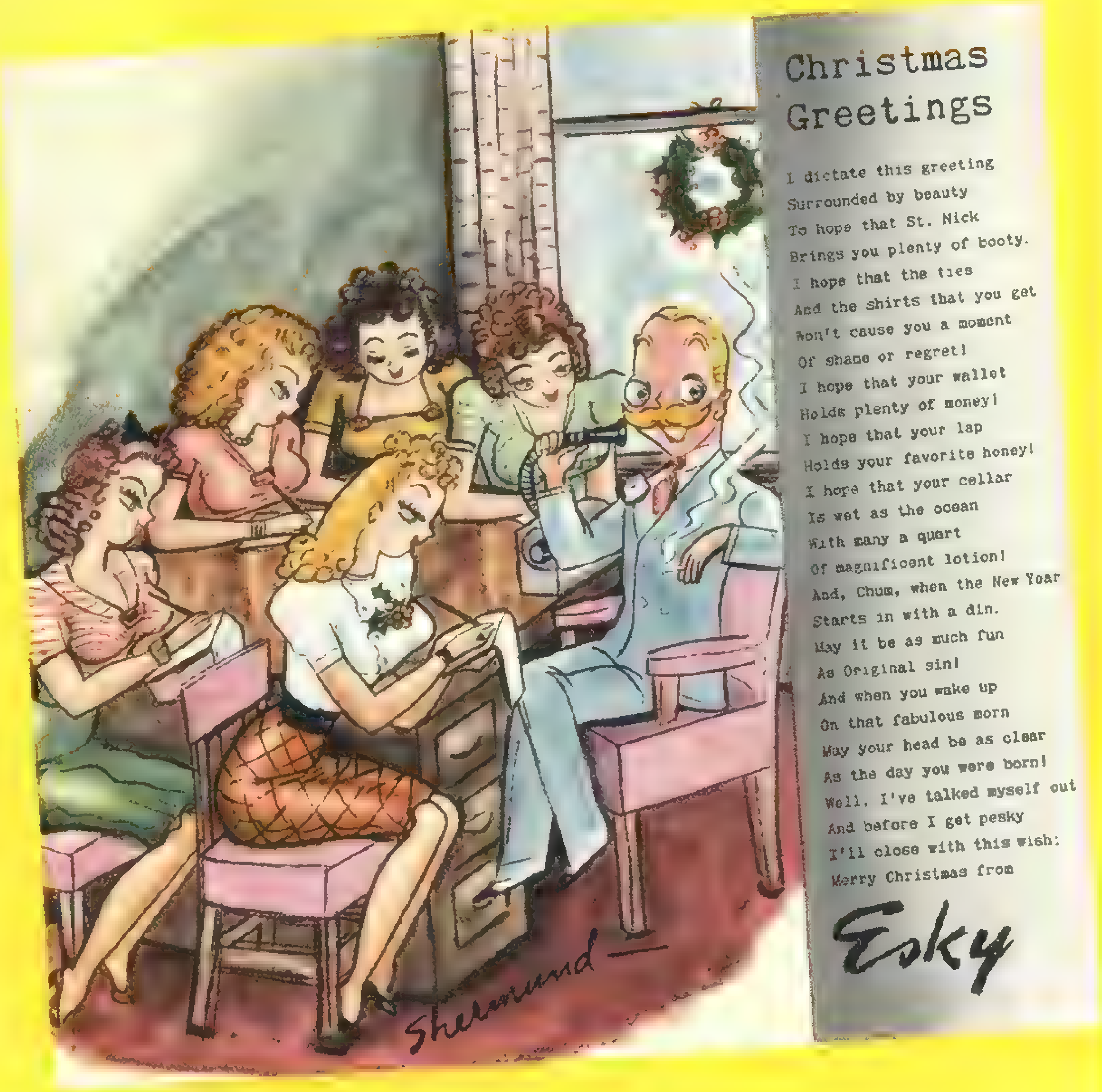
I cannot refrain from inserting a paragraph at this point from *Lorna Doone*, because it mentions a suckling pig and also shows the abundance of an impromptu supper in good old bygone times when the chief pleasures were those of the table: "Tom Faggus—he stopped to sup that night with us, and took a little of everything: a few oysters first, and then dried

Continued at top of page 155

"Take a Bombshell, Miss Brown"...

There is no more flattering gift for a man at Christmas time than a full year's subscription to Esquire, the exciting and lavish Magazine for Men...and no offer more sensational than Esquire's 1940 Christmas Gift plan! Yes, Esquire can solve any last minute masculine gift problem for you in an economical, easy way that will be remembered throughout the entire coming year.

This year, as a special Christmas gift announcement card to be sent to each and every friend or relative to whom you present a year's subscription to Esquire as your gift, the popular Esquire cartoonist, Shermund, has prepared a typically Esquire (and, therefore, typically masculine) water color. If you'll look carefully to the immediate right on this page, you'll get a rough idea of what we mean.



Christmas Greetings

I dictate this greeting
Surrounded by beauty
To hope that St. Nick
Brings you plenty of booty.
I hope that the ties
And the shirts that you get
Won't cause you a moment
Of shame or regret!
I hope that your wallet
Holds plenty of money!
I hope that your lap
Holds your favorite honey!
I hope that your cellar
Is wet as the ocean
With many a quart
Of magnificent lotion!
And, Chum, when the New Year
Starts in with a din,
May it be as much fun
As Original sin!
And when you wake up
On that fabulous morn
May your head be as clear
As the day you were born!
Well, I've talked myself out
And before I get pesky
I'll close with this wish:
Merry Christmas from
Esky

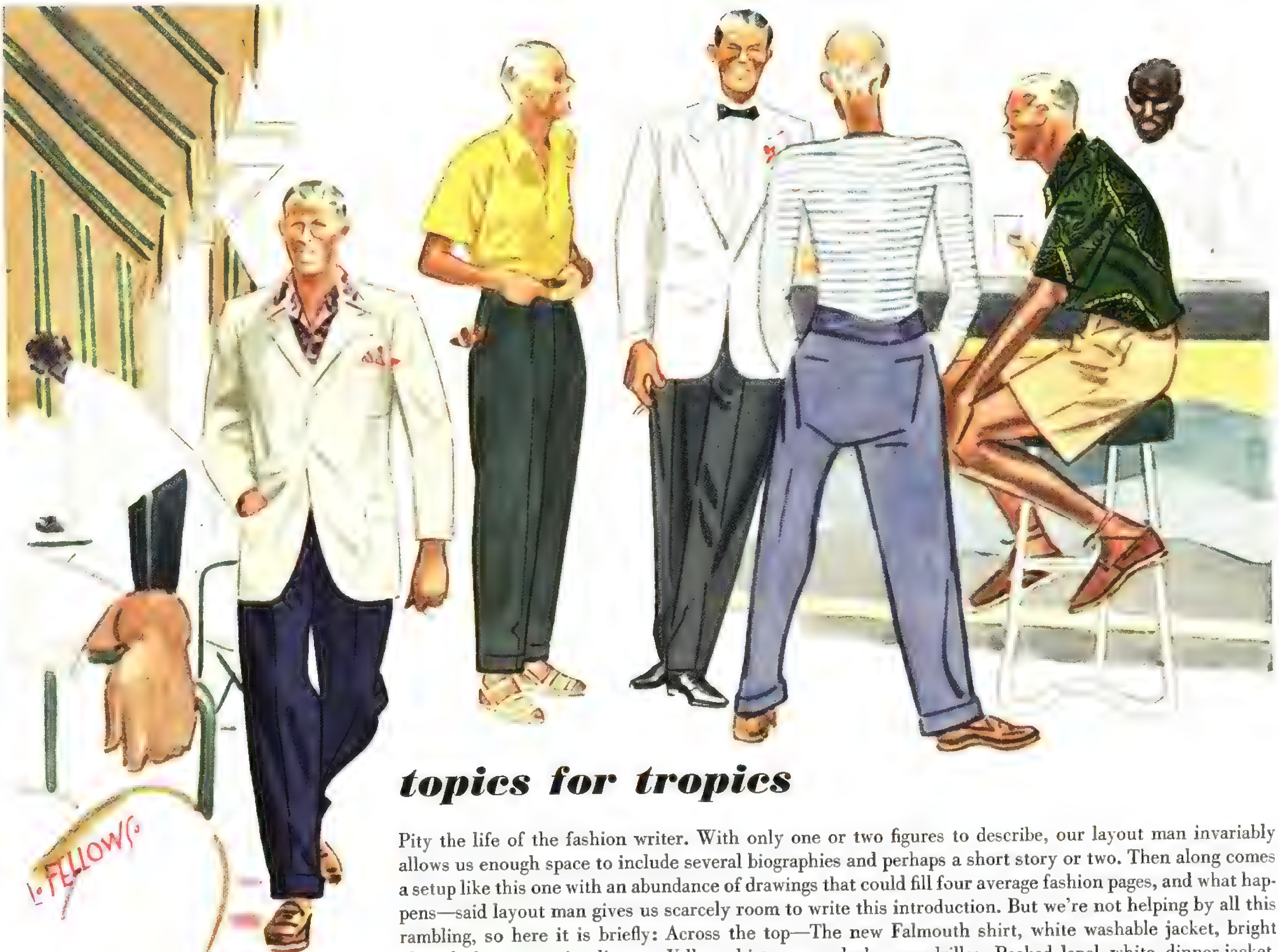
Lavishly printed on extra fine grade paper... colorful...with Phil Stack's inimitable humorous verse... this card will be mailed to reach your friends' or relatives' homes just at Christmas time. Thus will be announced a 12-time gift that will add immeasurably to their leisure hours for 1941.

Use the gift order envelope bound in this issue to place your Esquire gift order. And better do it now, before you forget!

Esquire's New Christmas Gift Rates:

1 subscription, one year	$ 5 (regular rate)
2 subscriptions, one year each	$ 8 (you save $2)
3 subscriptions, one year each	$10 (you save $5)
additional one year subscriptions, each	$ 3 (save an extra $2)

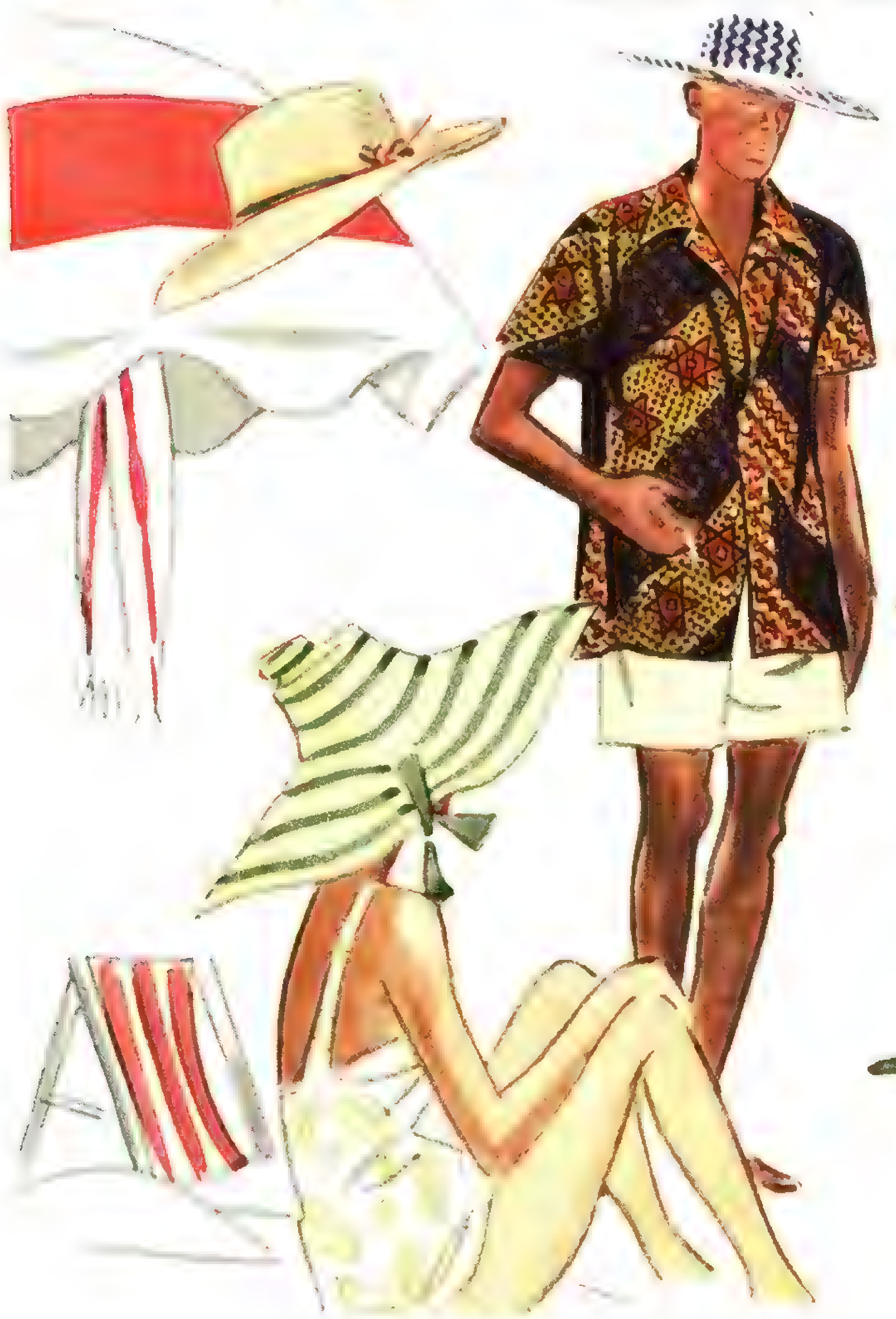
For foreign subscriptions, add $2.50 per year; 50c per year for Canada.

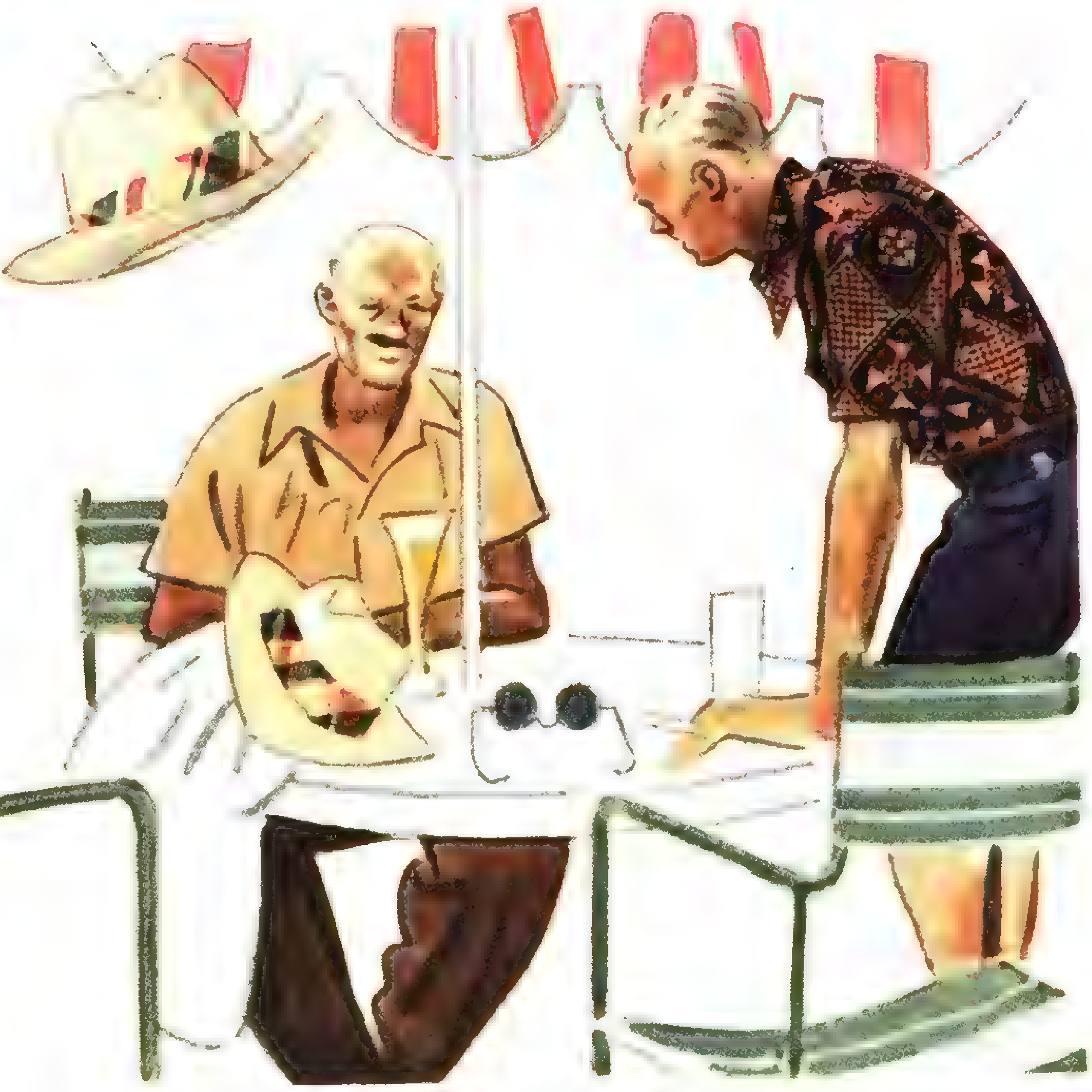


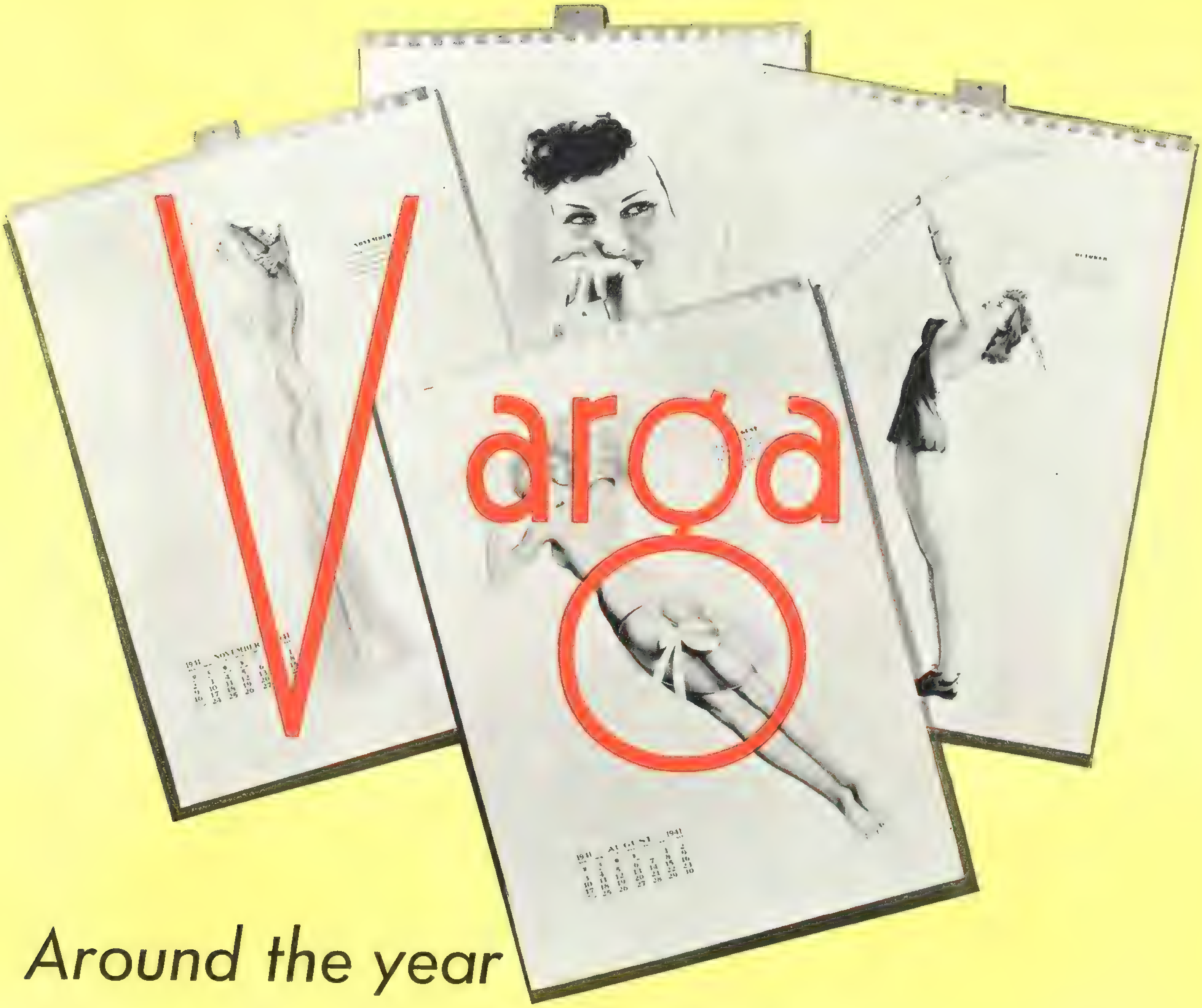
topics for tropics

Pity the life of the fashion writer. With only one or two figures to describe, our layout man invariably allows us enough space to include several biographies and perhaps a short story or two. Then along comes a setup like this one with an abundance of drawings that could fill four average fashion pages, and what happens—said layout man gives us scarcely room to write this introduction. But we're not helping by all this rambling, so here it is briefly: Across the top—The new Falmouth shirt, white washable jacket, bright blue slacks, moccasin slippers. Yellow shirt, green slacks, espadrilles. Peaked lapel white dinner-jacket, midnight-blue trousers. Knitted lisle shirt, faded blue slacks, moccasins. Green and yellow Falmouth shirt, tan cotton gabardine shorts, brown espadrilles. At left on umbrella—The new Montego straw hat with native vegetable fiber of low crown, wide brim, and colorful raffia band. At the left standing—Falmouth shirt, coarse straw beach hat. Next—the big shaped planters' hat which features a sports plaid muslin band. Last two figures—Tan shirt and brown slacks. Falmouth shirt and blue shorts.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)







Around the year with the Varga girl for 25 cents

Even if we staged a one-cent sale of Earl Carroll Girls we couldn't offer you a bigger bonanza than a harem of your own for two bits.

And here, gentlemen of the Jockey Club, is just that. Order it, look at it, touch it, feel it quiver; set it to the music of a slow drum. We offer you a collection of Circassian tid-bits with no long sleeves to deceive you; and what scant veils there are will be lifted at and for your pleasure.

With this wonder-working garden of *houris*, you, with your mind's eye can always be two leaps ahead of the Rajah of Cawnpore, the Maharajah of Jodhpur, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the salty Sultan of Sikkim. For all the pleasure groves and treasure coves of Paladin himself, couldn't match the lightning deftness of your own mind's eye, appropriately stirred.

The Varga Calendar, festooned with girls faultless in limb and shaping, girls curved with strange magics, girls of eggshell smoothness and the warmth of monsoons, has been printed in the full, lush colors of life—to bring you pulsing dreams throughout each siesta and vigil of the passing year.

And more: Like McGuffey's reader, but with illustrations in modern dress, or the reverse, this subtle marker of time will bring you a daily ration of philosophy and homely wisdom. For its heartening message, spelled with the turn of a thigh or the lift of a hip, is a constant reminder that the greatest pleasures are the simple pleasures, that two and two make four, and that come what may—split the atom and confound lightning—the more the world changes, the more it is the same thing.

But not only is the Varga Calendar a hypodermic for living: it doubles as well as a passport in hypnotic gallantry. As credentials, it will give you preference in Venus' sanctum, while wild oafs wait; it will admit you to the best fires and entitle you to extinguish them; it will spur sister to take up arms against sister—and make even the Great Stone Face cry "*Hic, haec, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus!*"

Clip or Tear Off and Mail Today to ESQUIRE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

O.K., Esquire, there's a place on my wall for your 12-page, full size and full color Varga Girl Calendar. Rush me my plastic-bound copy today. Enclosed is 25c for postage and handling. (40c in Canada; 50c elsewhere)

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City.. *State*..............................

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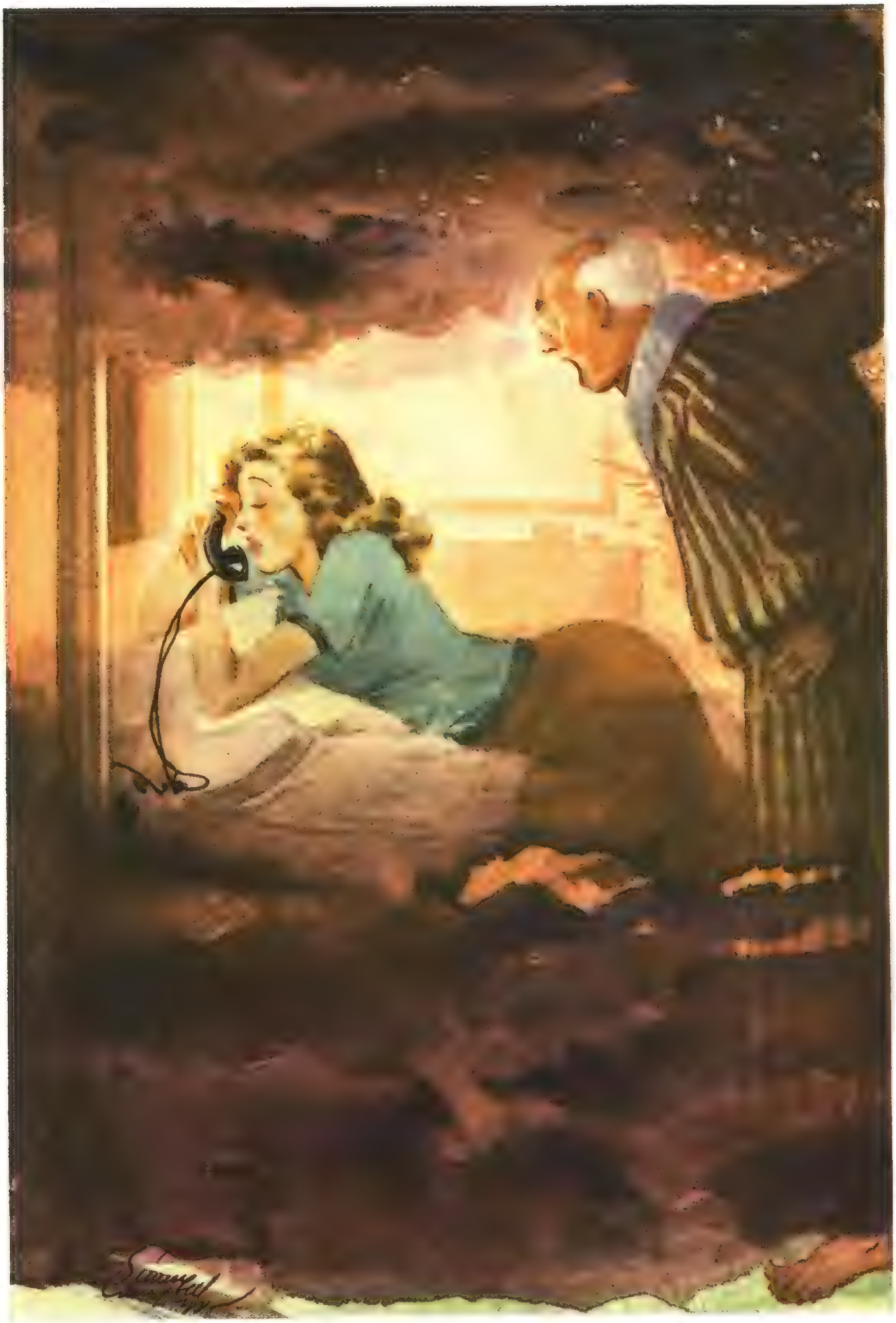

"I'll have to say goodbye now, darling. Father ***insists*** *on using the phone!"*

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 93-150

salmon, and then ham and eggs done in small curled rashers, and then a few collops of venison toasted, and next to that a little cold roasted pig, and a woodcock on toast to finish with, before the Schiedam and hot water. He seemed to be in fair appetite and praised Annie's cooking mightily."

All this and much more and even more wonderful food used to be eaten by people of very small means in a certain small restaurant near the Hofburg in Vienna. Why? It came from the emperor's table.

Rivers of ink have been written about the fact that Emperor Franz Joseph ate unbelievably fast, and that since the serving stopped as soon as the emperor had finished his guests always went away hungry.

But few know what happened to the immense amount of food and drinks that went back untouched to the royal kitchens.

Well, the victuals, the culinary wonders of the Hofburg, were auctioned off on the spot. The wives of high civil and palace servants took their cooks and maids and bid in the palace kitchens for a suckling pig, or a St. Martin's goose, a truffle-stuffed turkey, meant originally for an emperor's stomach. Much of the food was bought for little money by a young guardsman whose father kept the restaurant near the palace, and the second court supper started soon after the real one finished. But no tray went back from this second supper; the trays were taken away empty by the shirt-sleeved busboy from in front of the Viennese gourmets who were in the know. The *Liebfrauenmilch* gleamed with yellow-greenish sparkle in the Vienna epicures' glasses, the St. Julien glistened like rubies, and the Tokay glittered golden-yellow. The price of the supper including wine was one florin, or forty cents in America.

In winter time the *krampampuli* cost extra. This oddly-titled drink was the Eggnog of the Europeans. It was especially a New Year's drink. It was pleasurable and interesting to look into its bluish flame as the rum, sugar, the fruits and spices burned in the stoneware vessel placed in the middle of the table. In the exhilarated atmosphere of Sylvester, which is the name of the New Year over there, men and women were hoping for some sign of a better future as they stared into the whirling, swaying, reeling glow.

There are dried figs in it, diced; dates, from which the stones have been removed; raisins, candied orange and lemon peel, plums with nuts in place of stones, St. John's bread; all this goes into the bowl, and then a grate is placed on top, and a two-pound sugar loaf broken into pieces, on which a pint of brandy is poured. The sugar is then lit and as it melts it drops into the bowl. When this process is over two quarts of hot boiled spiced white wine go in; one quart of hot tea, the juice of two oranges and two lemons. Now it can be served in punch glasses after having been well stirred. It's a divine drink, and knocks you for a loop.

If this drink of celebration does not sound sufficiently exotic, why not try *Hypocras*, or *Vin des Dieux*, the favorite punch of Louis XIV? He drank it daily until it caused his historic fistula. It was made of white wine, sugar, pepper, mace, cinnamon, lemon, nutmeg, milk and ambergris, and filtered several times through flannel.

I find myself trespassing again; but it is difficult to divorce eating from drinking. So I will tell you about *Coq au Vin*, which happens to be also a festive dish, and not at all difficult to make; it can even be done in a kitchenette. Below I give a recipe for it that has been used for many years in the famous old Lafayette Restaurant in New York.

Coq au Vin
(for four people)

Take about four pounds of broilers if two broilers are used; cut into quarers, and season with salt and pepper.

Place a quarter-pound of butter in a casserole, allow the butter to melt, and when this is very hot, place the chicken in the casserole and cook on hot fire. When the chicken is well browned, add to it some chopped onions, and some mushrooms cut in two. Let this cook five minutes, and then add one tablespoon of flour and a glass of red Burgundy wine. Allow this to cook for ten minutes. Season to taste.

Cut some bacon into rectangles, and sauté it in a pan, but do not crisp. Add the bacon to the chicken before serving. If the sauce is too thick, add some consommé.

Here, like *P.M.*, I must file a protest concerning fowl in New York; only my remonstrance is about the feeding of fowl that comes to market in the city—the birds, turkey, ducks, chicken, etc., are fed artificially, or rather mechanically and uniformly. Consequently their flavor too is uniform and uninteresting as a rule. I appeal to the poultry farms to make the diet of the fowl more varied; they should let the birds peck in the garbage, because no matter how unhygienic it sounds, the taste of the fowl depends greatly on whether they are allowed to select their favorite food among the swill. Why do you think a rooster is always pictured on top of a dust-heap, ruling it supremely, while the hens have to be content with the foothills of the heap? You can rest assured that the best picking to be had is where the rooster is. In Europe they let the fowl roam and eat what they will—except the birds for the Christmas and New Year's holidays, which are forcibly fed, starting early in December.

The holiday birds eat corn and walnuts. The latter are just smashed once and forced down the throat of the gaping turkey, shell and all. When I first saw this procedure as a child, I was terribly afraid that the turkey would not live through it. But it did, because the gizzard of this bird is very strong, able to digest almost anything but iron. Some turkeys are fed with grape seeds, and this is an outrage to a gastronome; the flesh of such turkeys has a poor color, the white meat is brownish, its taste oily, and yet these stuffed birds sometimes usurp the place of honor at a festive meal!

Once on a New Year's I went to the famous Belle Aurore in Paris; an Englishman I used to know rented the whole place for his party, and insisted on a buffet supper, for he had been in America, and was familiar with the custom. The well-known Belle Aurore hors d'oeuvres were all there, caviar and salmon, oysters, anchovies, ten kinds of herring, as many sardines, twenty different kinds of sausages, *paté de foie gras*, and all the salads, and there were a few warm dishes too; I remember eating a wonderful *Potage Santé*, one of my favorite soups, and bass *à la Bonne Femme*, some delicious frankfurters with lentils, and a *Baba au Rum*. I made a trip to the Lafayette for the recipes for you, because it would be useless to go for them to the spot where the Belle Aurore once stood in the Rue de Gamboust.

However, I advise everyone who can do it to have suckling pig on his New Year's table.

Potage Santé (6 Portions)

Mince three leeks and brown them slightly in butter.

Then add one and a half quarts of broth, four finely sliced potatoes and some sliced sorrel.

Cook thirty minutes and thicken with four ounces of cream and the yolks of two eggs just before serving.

Filet of Striped Bass
Bonne Femme

Take a flat sauce pan and butter it well. Place in it some chopped shallots and parsley and then lay the fish in the saucepan. Season with salt and pepper and add some sliced mushrooms. Sprinkle some cooking wine sauce and fish broth over the filet of bass. Bake ten minutes. Place the fish on the serving dish and pour over it the sauce of the cooking pan after it has been thickened with the yolks of three eggs and a little butter. Serve very hot.

Baba au Rum

Take sixteen ounces of flour, nine ounces of butter, a quarter-ounce of sugar, seven whole eggs. Mix these together, and then add two ounces of baking powder. Stir briskly and add one ounce of current raisins. Place the batter immediately in special molds which are well buttered both on the bottom and on the sides.

Fill the molds only to three-quarters of their capacity, place the molds in a warm place for an hour so as to allow the Baba to ferment. Cook twenty-five minutes in the oven at three hundred and fifty degrees.

Syrup for the Baba: Take one pint of water, add fifteen ounces of sugar, boil for two minutes. Soak the Baba in the syrup for two minutes. Perfume it with the zest of half a lemon, pour some rum on the Babas and let them cool a short while. When ready to serve, add some apricot sauce on the top of the Babas.

For Savarin the preparations are exactly the same, the mold only being of different shape.

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 97

machine-like precision and a tone above reproach for a three months' old orchestra. Their master stroked them as Homer did his lyre, and they gave their all. As sound effects, it was dazzling. But music is a way of life, not sound effects, and Bach's *Choralvorspiel* was never intended to suggest a sex orgy in the red light district. Stokowski, decadent though vital, and more sensuous than ever, has this to learn.

In polo shirt, slacks, and sport shoes, he cut his three-disc condensation of *Tristan and Isolde* and a taut version of Sibelius' Seventh in Columbia's Liederkranz Hall, a beer-stube noted for its acoustics. It took a dozen handkerchiefs to get him through the Love Music, and when he took "five," as the youngsters put it, a bass, piano and fiddle from the orchestra did a jam bit on *Honeysuckle Rose*, which stopped abruptly as the maestro emerged from the control room.

CAUGHT ON THE RUN:

Record sales have quintupled since the slash in prices, increases being heaviest, proportionally, in rural districts and thinly populated areas.

RCA Victor will shortly release the *Beggar's Opera* if it moves the masters safely out of England.

Columbia University's Choir sings Palestrina's *Exaltabo Te, Domine*, Lotti's *Crucifixus* and *To My Humble Supplication*, a melody from the Genevan Psalter.

Your children will enjoy Milton Cross telling *The Story of Cinderella* (Royale 8344), *Little Red Riding Hood* (Royale 8345) and *The Sleeping Beauty* (Royale 8346).

Decca has two volumes of rare Christmas songs, good if you like Frank Luther.

Should you want medieval songs, hear Yves Tinayre's new album.

Columbia has been requested to put Nelson Eddy's picture on labels of his records. His fans want to watch their idol spin while he sings.

The Lord's Prayer and *Lost Chord* are his latest.

For music lovers who like their music pure: Josef Szigeti plays Bach's *D Minor Concerto*, accompanied by the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music.

Charles O'Connell's *Heart of the Symphony* was a record salesman's idea. It is breaking records.

Want to hear a bassoon? Victor has it (Album 704) played by Fernand Oubradous, one of the globe's few bassoon-ticklers.

Two touring ballet companies

Continued on page 156

sportsmen know... the
PENDLETON robe
that accents outdoor freedom
with indoor ease

No anti-climax to an active outdoor day is the ease and comfort of an evening in a full-fitting virgin wool Pendleton Robe. Ski waxers, gun cleaners, and reel winders are particular about the performance of their favorite sports equipment. For these prideful persons Pendleton Robes are styled and quality tailored in exclusive ombres, herringbones, overplaids, plain shades and stripings. A perfect gift and a prized possession is Pendleton's "indoor robe for the outdoor man."

Pendleton Robes are sized small, medium and large. For wide selection see your local apparel store. Write for folder—name of nearest dealer—today.

Pendleton Robes from $10 to $15

Ombre stripe robe in drawing

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PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS
Portland, Oregon

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 97-155

make *Gaîté Parisienne* a best seller.

For Lily Pons, the Metropolitan Opera is reviving and broadcasting on the afternoon of December 28th Donizetti's *La Fille du Regiment.* Miss Pons joined the Metropolitan ten years ago January second.

Don't bother with "Cosy" José Iturbi's recording of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony. It is not worth it.

Buy the Cleveland Orchestra's album of Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben.* It's tops.

The National Committee for Music Appreciation, currently plugging opera condensations at reduced prices, advertises world-famous artists. The *Herald-Tribune* lists the casts: *Carmen*, Joan Peebles; *Don José*, Raoul Jobin; *Escamilio*, Leonard Warren. *Faust*, Armand Tokatyan; *Marguerite*, Eleanor Steber, winner of the last Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air; *Mephistopheles*, Norman Cordon. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Wilfred Pelletier conducting. "World-famous" is a slight exaggeration, but the emphasis is where it should be: on the music. *Aïda* is the best of the early releases.

* * *

To everyone's surprise but mine, requests for serious recorded music at the RCA Exhibit of the New York's World's Fair far exceeded those for swing and jazz. Mr. and Mrs. America showed their preference for the "classics."

More than 100,000 requests were registered and tabulated and 20,000 filled. Broken down into serious and popular groups, 81.5 per cent of them were for serious music while 18.5 per cent were for transient tunes. By some fanciful exercise of the imagination, the new crop of patriotic songs was tabulated with the serious music group. Of them, Paul Robeson's recording of *Ballad for Americans* is No. 1.

Competitors among the classics were Ravel's *Bolero* as recorded by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Tschaikowsky's *Symphony No. 5 in E minor* recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, also recorded by Stokowski and the Philadelphians. Most frequent piano requests were for Debussy's *Claire de Lune*, Chopin's *Concerto No. 1 in E Minor*, Tschaikowsky's *B Flat Minor Concerto.* Most popular fiddle concerti were those of Tschaikowsky and Mendelssohn. Retranscriptions of old Caruso discs had a run, most requests being for *Pagliacci* and *Celeste Aïda.*

Early in the Fair it was discovered that Music Lounge visitors would not take their music mixed. When swing was alternated with "classics," there was a riot. Young people make more requests for strictly classical music than their elders, and the most often requested hit tunes were the revamped versions of old masterpieces.

This, whether you like it or not, seems to be the state of musical taste in our United States at the beginning of the fifth decade, Twentieth Century.

ORCHESTRA LEADERS' CHOICE

Asked for a selection of favorites from among their own recordings, these band leaders named the following discs:

WOODY HERMAN

1—*Woodchoppers Ball*	Decca 2440
2—*Blue Prelude*	Decca 3017
3—*Get Your Boots Laced*	Decca 3187
4—*Frenesi*	Decca 3427
5—*Rhumboogie*	Decca 3396

GLENN MILLER

1—*Moonlight Serenade*	Bluebird 10214
2—*In the Mood*	Bluebird 10416
3—*Tuxedo Junction*	Bluebird 10612
4—*Pennsylvania Six Five-Thousand*	Bluebird 10754
5—*Handful of Stars*	Bluebird 10754

THE ANDREWS SISTERS

1—*Beer Barrel Polka; Well All Right*	Decca 2462
2—*Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*	Decca 1562
3—*Rhumboogie*	Decca 3097
4—*Ciri Biri Bin; Yodelin' Jive* (with Bing Crosby)	Decca 2800
5—*Hold Tight*	Decca 2214

GRAY GORDON

1—*Dancing On a Dime*	Bluebird 10873
2—*Wally Malone*	Bluebird 10861
3—*Looking for Yesterday*	Bluebird 10828
4—*Ferry Boat Serenade*	Bluebird 10891
5—*I Am an American*	Bluebird 10783

HAL KEMP

1—*The Bride Comes Home*	Victor 26615
2—*Love for Sale*	Victor 26278
3—*Powerhouse*	Victor 25718
4—*Would 'Ja Mind*	Victor 26663
5—*In an 18th Century Drawing Room*	Victor 26605

BOBBY BYRNE

1—*Stop Pretending*	Decca 3278
2—*Only Forever*—Jimmy Palmer	Decca 3313
3—*Trade Winds*	Decca 3325
4—*Maybe; One Look At You*	Decca 3392
5—*The Right Time*	Decca 3398

BEST SELLERS

Permanent — **Transient**

R. H. Macy & Company, New York City

Permanent

- *Concerto in B-flat minor* (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rubinstein. Victor M-180
- *Scheherazade* (Rimsky-Korsakov); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-269
- *Symphony No. 2 in D Major* (Brahms): John Barbirolli & Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Columbia 412
- *Blue Danube Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods;* (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425
- *Finlandia* (Sibelius); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 7412

Transient

- *Only Forever; When the Moon Comes Over Madison Square;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3300
- *I'll Never Smile Again; Marcheta;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26628
- *All This and Heaven Too; If I Forget You;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3259
- *The Nearness of You; Mister Meadowlark;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10745
- *Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind; I Found a Million Dollar Baby;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3321
- *Ferry Boat Serenade; Now I Lay Me Down to Dream;* Leo Reisman. Victor 26718
- *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; All This and Heaven Too;* Gene Krupa. Columbia 35520

Liberty Music Shops, New York City

Permanent

- *Program of Mexican Music* (Sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art); Carlos Chavez Conducting Orchestra of American and Mexican Musicians and Chorus of the National Music League. Columbia Masterworks Set 414
- *Symphony No. 6 in F Major* (Beethoven); Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia Set 401
- *Dido and Aeneas*—Act 3—"When I am laid in earth"—"Se Florindo E' Fedele"; Marian Anderson, Contralto with Kosti Vehanen. Victor 17257
- *Gaîté Parisienne*—Ballet (Offenbach) Efrem Kurtz Conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Set X-115

Transient

- *I Have a Song; I Want Romance;* Emile Petti & Savoy-Plaza Orchestra. Decca 23518
- *The World Is in My Arms; Don't Let It Get You Down;* Emile Petti & Savoy-Plaza Orchestra. Decca 23159
- *Collection of Eddie Duchin Piano Records.* Columbia Album C-32
- *Cat's Serenade*—Conga; *Almendra*—Danzon; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26752
- *The Wrong Idea*—"Sing and Sweat with Charlie Barnet"; *Friendship*—T. Dorsey Family (Mountain Branch). Bluebird 10804

Haynes-Griffin, New York City

Permanent

- *Symphony No. 4* (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-676
- *Brahms' Second Symphony;* John Barbirolli & Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-412
- *Sonata 28 in A Major* (Beethoven); Walter Gieseking. Columbia X-172
- *Program of Mexican Music;* Carlos Chavez. Columbia M-414
- *The Heart of the Symphony;* Charles O'Connell & Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor G-15
- *Lily Pons Operatic Selections;* Victor M-702

Transient

- *Maybe;* Bing Crosby. Decca 2874
- *I'll Never Smile Again; Marcheta;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26628
- *Trade Winds;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26666
- *Only Forever; When the Moon Comes Over Madison Square;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3300
- *Our Love Affair;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26736
- *Don't Let It Get You Down;* Leo Reisman. Victor 26732
- *Ferry Boat Serenade;* Andrews Sisters. Decca 3328
- *God Bless America;* Kate Smith. Decca 26198

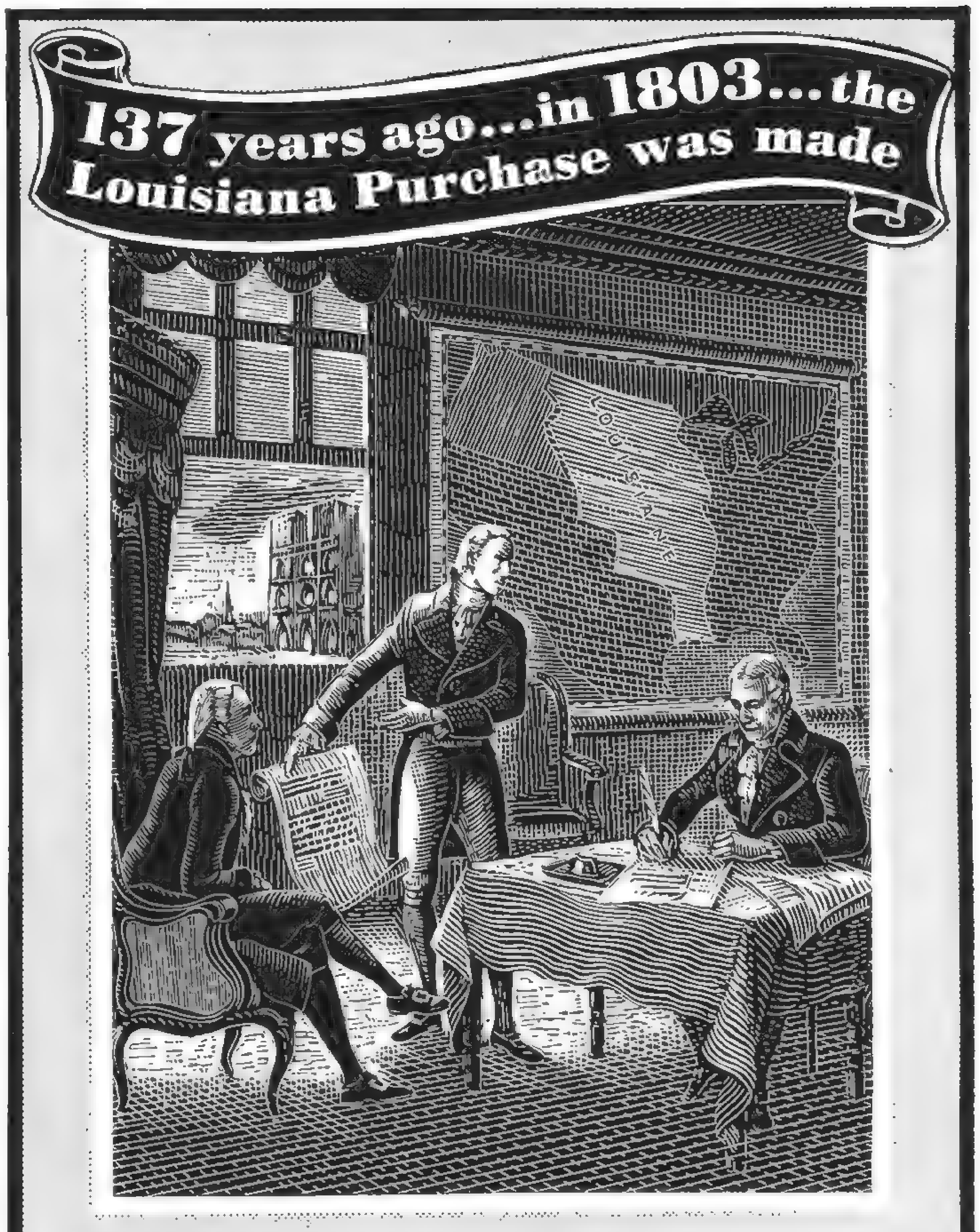
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland Ohio

Permanent

- *Finlandia* (Sibelius); Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia 11178-D
- *Ballad for Americans;* Paul Robeson. Victor P-20
- *Blue Danube Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods* (J. Strauss); Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425
- *Concerto in B-flat minor* (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rubenstein. Victor M-180
- *Scheherazade* (Rimsky-Korsakoff); Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-398

Transient

- *We Three;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26747
- *Pompton Turnpike;* Charlie Barnet. Bluebird 10825
- *Beat Me Daddy;* Will Bradley. Columbia 35530
- *Our Love Affair;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10845
- *Only Forever;* Bing Crosby. Decca 3300
- *Rhumboogie;* Bob Chester. Bluebird 10800
- *That's for Me;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26736
- *On the Trail;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3395
- *Zombie;* Xavier Cugat. Victor 26735



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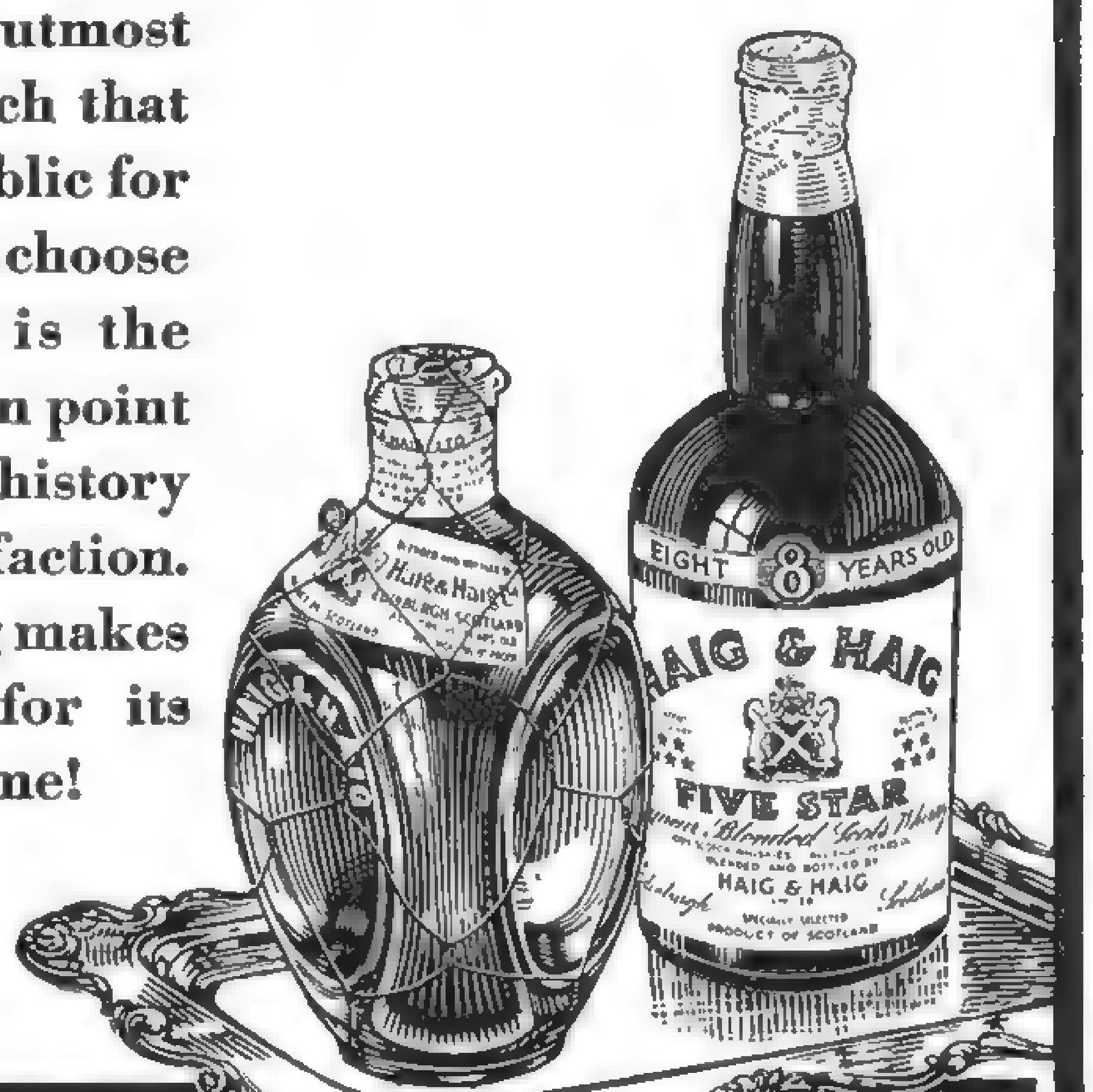

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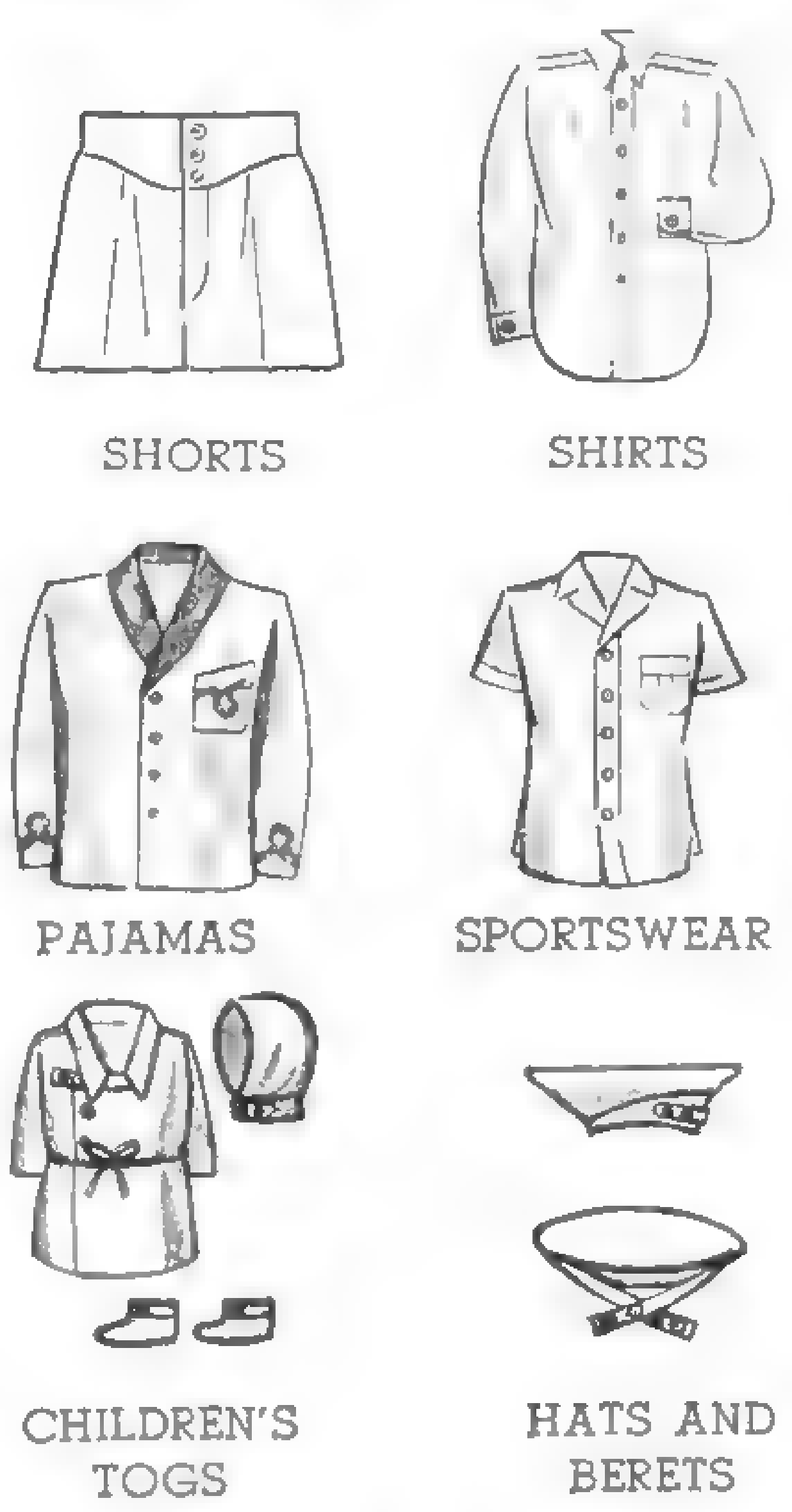

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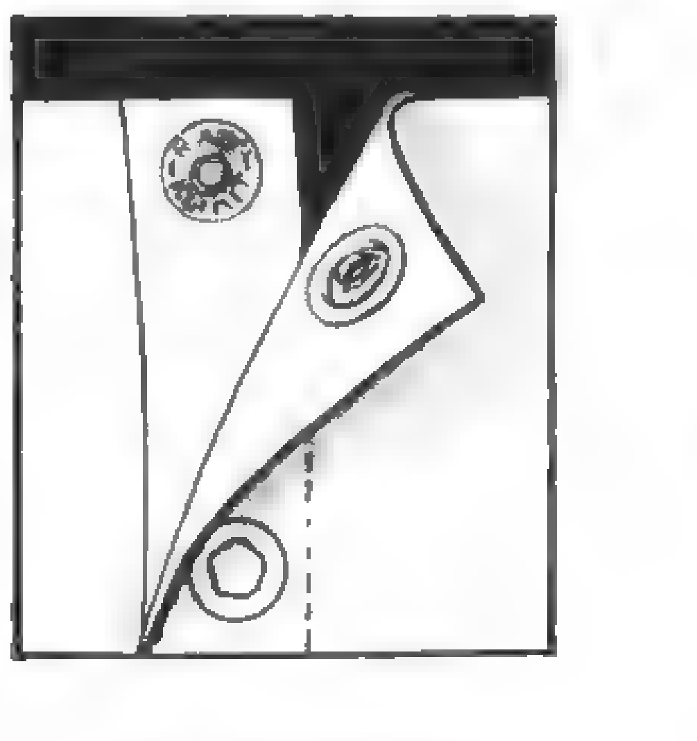

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Us and the Old Coot

Continued from page 50

alive. Hell, no. She would have given him what for. She ruled the roost and, by God, he knew it, too. He wouldn't have dared. No, this is his *wife*. Sure he married again. Last year.

Oh, hell, no, we had nothing to do with it. Of course he was lonesome. I say it's habit, you know. But we'd stuck up, the whole family, and got him the biggest enlargement of a picture of my mother that you ever saw. Oh, yeah, I know what you mean. But remember the old man is seventy-two. He was seventy-one when they got married. I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised at nothing. But I guess there's some things a man don't understand even about his own father. Seventy-two. I don't see what he gets out of it.

She's nice. Sure she's nice. Why shouldn't she be nice? We ain't done *her* any wrong. It's kind of hard to call her Ma, but we do that to please him. No, we didn't know anything about his plans to get married. Hell, maybe if we knew we'd taken steps, you know what I mean. Although you only got to talk to the old man to know that he knows what he's doing. But we didn't know. We didn't even know he was seeing her. We thought the old coot was drinking his beer, going to the movies and minding his P's and Q's. It goes to show you can't even swear for your own father.

Well, he *says* that's where he met her. At the movies. He went to see *Rebecca* or something, at a matinee and after it was over he saw her standing in the lobby. She was still crying from the show and he was touched and he went up and talked to her. Imagine it! My old man that's seventy-one going up to a woman and picking her up! Course she's a good-looker and they do make a handsome old pair.

You know, I will say that for my father that when he's all dressed up he really shines. She didn't go wrong talking to him in the lobby. Oh, I guess she's all right at that. It's only, you know, we sort of look suspicious at her, and can you blame us? Well, we didn't know. The old man went courtin' her for weeks and we didn't know. Not a peep. How could we? He always wanted to go on living by himself in the old house and we sort of thought it was sentiment, you know. Besides, we ain't none of us got much place for him. An old man's got to be looked after, and you know when they get on in years they're like babies, some of them. Well, so while we thought he was living quietly, he goes courtin'. I guess he hadn't forgotten how.

Then one day I was in the garage greasing a guy's Buick when a Western Union messenger comes in and hands me a telegram. I opened it, and you could have knocked me down with a squish of oil. Says: Have eloped. Will be back in two weeks. All our love. Ma and Pa.

That Sunday we held a war meeting at Charlie's house. Funny, Ginger Blue was the one that was most sore. Says she'll take all his money and then he'll come to sponge offa us. Ginger Blue was fit to be tied. She was even for having the old man put away in the crazy house. It took quite a while before we could cool her down. I said, What the hell, the old coot's having himself a little fun, I don't blame him. Course, my brother Charlie, he's no dope. Says: I don't like it. A guy that's been married for thirty years once and he gets free he knows what it's like. He shouldn't pick up and go get hisself harnessed all over again. Then he thought a while. Says: Well, maybe the old man feels he ain't got much more to go and he wants to have somebody near him in his last days. We can't take time off from work to be by his bedside. Maybe he's doing right. She'll nurse him, sort of.

We talked it all over and decided to wait and see. Ginger Blue was sore aplenty but, hell, she got enough out of the old man, always running to him with pains and saying she didn't think she could go through with it this time unless he paid for it. I guess she'd have torn the old man apart but he didn't come back. Was three weeks before they come back, the newlyweds.

We gave them a big spread when they got in. They'd been to Niagara Falls, just like kids getting hitched the first time. They had pictures taken and he wore her ring and she wore his. Yeah, she'd been married before, twice before, and had grown kids somewhere in the East. So we give them that spread. We had the old man's house all fixed up. Ginger Blue wanted to leave the picture of my mother hanging in the living room. Says: Let him try and look her in the eye. But I said, What the hell, why spoil his fun? So we took the picture down to the basement. I'll put it up in my house as soon as my wife gets over having mirrors on every wall. Then we had a big cake for them, roast turkey and fixings, and candles and even wedding presents. We thought we'd show the old man we didn't hold it against him.

He smiled and looked ten years younger. Honest. It was worth it just to see how happy he looked. Ginger Blue said he looked silly but I said, You're just a sorehead. His wife—Ma—she was nice to us too. She'd brought all of us presents. Didn't forget a single one of the kids or the grownups. But the way the old man looked at her when she talked I knew this wasn't just, you know, a case of hot flash. That's not what I wanted to say, but hell, you know what I mean. He was gone on her. The real stuff.

Then it started. I guess when her family of kids heard about her getting married they didn't like it much either. Any more than we did. Her oldest son is a lawyer and he came over to see them and tried to talk them out of it. When he couldn't do that he came to see us. Of course then we just had to stick up for the old coot and say that anything he did was all right with us. After all he wasn't a minor or anything like that. Well, I guess her family they pretty near disowned her, or whatever you'd call it in a case like that. Anyway they wouldn't have any more to do with her if she stayed married. I guess in their position they felt it made people talk. Well, it made people talk about us too, only we ain't got no position, if you know what I mean. I really felt sorry for the old lady then. But the more her kids tried to keep after her the closer she and the old man got. I guess that's the way it always happens.

It was then we noticed a difference in the old man, the way he acted. For a long time after they were hitched he was the same old guy. Anything you wanted you could get. Same fellow, good-hearted. Then I guess someone of her kids tried to get a court order to annul the marriage and there was a whole fuss. Well, the old man got a lawyer, too, and he won. They stayed married all right, but from then on he was a changed guy all right.

First I knew of it Ginger Blue she come around crying that he wouldn't pay no attention to her. Of course we wouldn't pay no attention to her either. I got my own troubles and she's old enough to know what's what. Then we noticed that the old man didn't come around so often to us either and that when the kids came over to their place he wouldn't shell out no dollar bills like he used to. Sometimes he wouldn't even give them a dime. In a lot of other ways you could tell, too. He got those new teeth. He hadn't had any teeth since he was about fifty, but he didn't seem to miss them. He ate and hell, we never had no time to keep after him to go to a dentist. But I guess his new wife, she did all right by him. She got him to go and he got new teeth all right.

Then he began to spruce himself up and he began to wear a clean shirt every time he went anywhere and a tie. Why, he even began to shave every day. Went and got an electric razor. Well, that was all right, too. But then I noticed he became hard. You ask him for a favor and he wouldn't reach down into his pocket no more like he used to. He'd say he had to think about it and when you asked him again he'd say he didn't have the money. Honest. Sometimes he'd even make a crack like say: Hell, ain't it time you supported yourselves, or something else like that. Course we never got sore at him, but it didn't make you feel too good to have him throw a crack like that at you. Especially when he'd never before done anything like that.

One night there was a bunch of us over to his place. She was talking to the girls, I guess she knit them all sweaters, and we were sitting on the porch and drinking beer out of cans. I don't know what started it, but Charlie asked him for something and the old man gave him one of those around-the-corner answers. Charlie snorts. Says, Say Pa, do you think you are going to take it all with you? He sits there quiet, takes a drink out of a can and clunks it down on the porch. Says, Heck, no, Charlie, can't take a dime with me. Then he was mum the rest of the evening.

My wife says that's what started it and it was Charlie's fault. I say No, there's never been no flies on the old man. He's been doing a hell of a lot of thinking lately. Maybe getting married again made him realize he had responsibilities again, something he'd long forgotten about. Since my mother died, my real mother, he'd not had any honest-to-goodness worries. Anyway, here he got the money for the paid-up insurance policy. He could have left it with the company, I guess, but he decided to take the cash. Maybe he needed it now that he had someone to support, I don't know. But next thing we knew he was cashing in all his policies, selling all his bonds. He wasn't making no secret about it either.

Somebody had to talk to him. I was elected. I didn't like it but I was elected. I went to see him one day on my way to the garage. Says, Geewhillikers, Pa!

He said, Nuts! That's exactly what he said, Nuts, I've worked all my life and what did I get for it? Well, what could I say? He still had us, his children, but I didn't want to say that.

I said, Pa, the way you're spending that dough suppose something happens? You know I couldn't come right out and say it. I didn't want him to think that I was waiting for him to kick off or anything like that, but just the same suppose something did happen. There'd be expenses, wouldn't there?

He looked at me quiet and clicked his new teeth. Says, Nuts, I've worked all my life, and by God, before I kick off I'm going to have me a high old time.

And boy is he having it! The new car, the combination radio and victrola, an electric razor, a new coat for her, even some new furniture. Then last summer they pick themselves up just like that and they're off on a trip to the Grand Canyon. Two old coots. Honest. By themselves. They could have taken some of the children, or maybe somebody would have gone along and shared the gas and oil with them. My wife said she'd have been glad to go. But, no, they went off by themselves just like a couple of kids without a worry in their heads. Had *one* postcard from them before they came back, and it didn't even say, Wish you were here.

Now they're living back in the house again. But the last time I

Continued at top of page 160

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Us and the Old Coot

Continued from pages 50-159

was over they had a bunch of road maps spread out on the floor of the living room and I wouldn't be surprised if they were off again somewheres. Oh, we don't know where. Hell, that'd be too much to ask. We'll know when they get there.

But I don't know, in a way I can't be sore at him. After all, he is my father and it's pretty hard to stay sore at your own father. Hell, how do I know what I'll be doing if I ever live to be his age and have a few bucks laid by? Besides, I think it's *her* fault a whole lot. She ought to see to it that he don't forget his own flesh and blood. But then she's got children, too, and look how they've treated her.

And as my wife says, maybe we're lucky and don't know it. Just think if they were suddenly to have a baby or something. Boy, then there would be something to talk about. And what could we do about it without breaking off with them altogether? Sure, they're a couple of old coots and he's seventy-two, but I wouldn't be surprised at nothin no more. Look what they've already done. I'm telling you—My old man. T'hell with everything, that's what he says. He's going to have himself a high old time. ⧺

Piggy of Purdue

Continued from page 55

probably could be shot for a field goal. A tremendous amount of his success has been due to the fact that he always has made such good use of little men.

Ward Lambert moved from South Dakota to Indiana when he was two years old. He settled, as much as he ever settled, in Crawfordsville, which he says is basketball's Hoosier birthplace. One of Dr. James Naismith's charter members on the Springfield Y. M. C. A. team, basketball's first, came to Crawfordsville around '98 to lay the foundation for as basketball-balmy a community as you'll find anywhere in the world. They call it the valley of champions for in Montgomery, Boone and Tippecanoe, three connecting counties, the first seven Indiana high school basketball championship crowns found shelf room.

The best basketball played there was in a city league composed of the Y. M. C. A. team, Crawfordsville high school, Wabash college, and the business college boys. Piggy would hide in the balcony of the Y. M. C. A. in the afternoon, forgetting all about supper for the express purpose of escaping any box-office formality for the night's game. Beginning in 1904 the Wabash college quintet started a victorious march that took them through four years of competition without a loss to another college team. They were a road show more than half the time and they made a show of most of their opposition. They did lose two games, but those were lost to the Crawfordsville high school team. Basketball fans east and west will remember some of the boys who played on that remarkable high school team, which did what college teams throughout the nation failed to do. They included Dud Molony, Pete Vaughn, Stony Yount and Emmett Poston. Poston afterwards captained Illinois, Molony and Vaughn were Notre Dame captains. Our boy Piggy was a sub on the '07 high school team.

The Wabash college team that established that great record and probably should go down in history as the original wonder five, included Freeman and Walters, forwards; Sprowl, center; and Stump and Wicks, guards. Incidentally, it was the Wabash college team one night, the Crawfordsville Y.M.C.A. team the next.

Our hero's first important basketball duties date back to a job he performed during college and high school practice sessions, when he was only a look-in. He held the big stick that was used to knock the ball up out of the nets. Every spare moment he had was spent around the Y. M. C. A. All day Saturday he played basketball. He won a rifle once for getting the most new members into the Y. At the age of fifteen, Ralph Jones, his first coach, told him to take charge of the Y Intermediates. That was the beginning of a coaching career that is decorated with more titles and crowns than Europe has lost in the last decade.

In the Western Conference, presumably as tough a league as you'll find in any section, Purdue under Piggy has won or shared at least eleven titles with four seconds for support. Seven of every ten games played in the Big Ten his teams have won, three of every four in and out of that league. Don't sit back and say, "It's that Hoosier material. . . . That's a fertile field of basketball talent," for then someone will surely remind you that Indiana University, another Big Ten school, has yet to win an undisputed crown.

It wasn't Piggy's hogging of basketball crowns that caused the name Piggy to be thrust upon him. That name was originally Pigtail. It started back in his sled-coasting days when he wore a stocking cap that had a little tassel on it. Later when he failed to grow up they changed it to Piggy. Playing on the grade school intermediates and practicing against the girls' high school team taught Piggy to take punishment. In the old Y. M. C. A. hall where most games were played there was plenty of opportunity for rough stuff, and Piggy never will forget the shoving around he took from one Sadie Sellers. One of the baskets in this hall was attached to the wall and the boys used to climb up the wall to put the ball in the basket. Sadie picked them off as they came down.

It may be that all sport has toned down some but it is definitely certain that basketball now is a parlor pastime compared to its pioneer days. Teams played in all kinds of places, public halls, church basements, dirt courts, etc.

It was pretty dangerous to win games away from home in those days. One night Piggy, who was an expert at drawing fouls, stood at the free-throw line and dropped in twenty-two points. Then he began to worry about victory. He realized he was away from home. The boys traveled by interurban in those days. The fans, too, journeyed from one town to another, following their favorites. A Lebanon-Lafayette series was always good for a stone's throw through the interurban windows.

It was customary to take one official with you, but one night at Fairmount when Piggy took his boys out on the floor a tall gentleman with a large hat strolled out and said, "Son, we been having a little trouble hereabouts in these games of late. Looks like I better do all the refereeing. I'm the sheriff here." He did it, too.

Piggy learned his basketball fundamentals from Ralph Jones, who coached the Crawfordsville Y and Wabash college team for sixty dollars a month. Jones later went to Illinois and Purdue and had championship teams at both places. The jockey-sized general of Purdue's basketball forces, now preparing for another title-defending campaign, laughs when people ask him where this new one-handed basket shooting started. They think it's a strictly modern development but Piggy remembers a Terre Haute Y. M. C. A. team of thirty years ago that shot one-handed almost all the time. The two-handed shooting came along when coaches began to be more than fellows who went along to watch clothes while the team played a game. Piggy believes that the two-handed underhand shot is the most accurate but he doesn't agree at all with the East's notion that one-handed shooting is unorthodox.

One of Piggy's keenest regrets is that he never made the first team in high school. Coach Jones was afraid of Piggy's size on defense and rebounding. Piggy never forgot this and resolved to do all he could to instill confidence in boys—especially little guys. Jones kept promising he'd start him some time but he never did. He had Piggy believing he was too small. It was in his sophomore year at Wabash that Piggy convinced himself Jones was wrong. Deke Walters encouraged him and Jones finally let him start a game. He failed to score in the first half and thought that would end his varsity career but Jones decided to stick with him and in the second half he dropped the ball in seven times from the field. Then he went on to lead the Little Giants in scoring that season.

I'll never forget, nor will many another Notre Dame student, the Wabash—Notre Dame game played on the old dirt floor in the Irish fieldhouse, where baskets stuck out from cement walls 100 feet apart. Skeet Lambert, Piggy's slender brother, and Al Feeney, then Notre Dame's husky backguard and now Sheriff of Marion county (that's Indianapolis), exchanged broken noses in one of those Irish—Little-Giant battles. They were bloody wars, matinee engagements at that, played after school.

Skeet, you may recall, is the fellow whose long forward passing out of bounds, a play he used instead of a punt, caused the Football Rules Committee to change the rule on such a play. Skeet was a quarterback. Piggy didn't play football then but when Wabash had a game with Purdue in Skeet's freshman year, Coach Jesse Harper asked Piggy to come out for football because Purdue could not permit Skeet to play as a freshman. Piggy reported on Monday and played against Purdue the following Saturday. He received the kicks, playing defensive halfback. When his team punted he went to end. Wabash won the game, 18 to 17. Part of the time Piggy was out of his head but he called the plays perfectly and seemed destined for the heights.

That summer, however, he was off to the wars again—the baseball wars—for baseball, you know, is Piggy's first love. He coached it for twenty years at Purdue and is sorry now he retired from this job. In the independent league out in South Dakota Piggy received 150 dollars a month. His chemistry professor advised him not to sign his eligibility blank which the authorities asked for when he returned to school the next fall. Some university had complained. He isn't sure what unversity it was and doesn't care now but the move did keep him out of amateur competition the remainder of his college career. Majoring in chemistry, he received a teaching fellowship in the University of Minnesota where he went to work on his master's degree, having no intention of continuing the coaching he had done at Crawfordsville High in 1911 and Wabash in 1912. But the bottom dropped out of the Lambert finances, so Piggy took a job teaching chemistry and physics—the kind of a job Rockne took at Notre Dame—at Lebanon High School, and on the side he coached the basketball team for four years.

"Get those pictures out, Grayce," said Piggy to the lady of the house, who had just remarked that Piggy might have had a big job with the Duponts if he had stayed with chemistry and escaped basketball. "But he might not have had as much fun," she added, as she brought in the first batch of pictures of teams her husband has coached. Piggy intends to decorate one of the rooms in his summer home on the Tippecanoe river with pictures of all the teams he has coached. He is work-

Continued on page 162

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Piggy of Purdue

Continued from pages 55-161

ing now on his thirtieth basketball team. The other twenty-nine groups are framed and if you'll take a stroll around the cottage with Piggy he'll explain this man's greatness, that man's humor, each team's courage, all teams' loyalty. Loyalty seems to run high in the Lambert bloodstream.

Not too many years ago Piggy had a team that wasn't much of a comfort to coach. As the papers said when the American Legion went to Paris for a convention, "Boys will be boys and Paris will be Paris." Piggy had that kind of a team.

His best friends tried to tell him it was a waste of time for him to try to make a team from those little rascals. He agreed but went right ahead. The team had ability but it had more individuality. It was composed partially of boys who had a remarkable memory for forgetting themselves. Because of their escapades, night turned into day on more than one occasion without Piggy getting a wink of sleep. But the boys eventually became champions, and gentlemen, too. Piggy didn't say, "I told you so."

Being an ambitious and exceedingly restless young fellow, abounding in energy, Piggy was almost a cinch to make a few mistakes. Two of these stand out in his career, as far as he is concerned. He had attended the Illinois coaching school, where he assisted George Huff in baseball and Ralph Jones in basketball. Huff recommended him to the Philadelphia Athletics, telling the A's scout that Piggy was the best base runner and fielder he ever saw. Now, Huff once managed Boston and was a scout for the Cubs, Athletics and Cardinals. On Huff's recommendation, Connie Mack wrote Piggy and told him to come to Chicago as soon as the Athletics came out that way. The next time the A's got to Chicago, Piggy was busy at Purdue and just skipped it. Mistake No. 1.

During the World War he was athletic officer at Camp Taylor. He was receiving $350 a month as civilian director. He didn't like that, so he joined the army to get out of it. They sent him to an artillery school and on to a second artillery school. Then they sent him back to the same job he held as a civilian. This time he received $140 a month. Mistake No. 2.

The other mistakes may be trivial. I know he has made some because he used to referee the games in the Indiana high school basketball tournament. But even as an official he always was a discerning young man. One time when he was working in the finals at Indianapolis and an Anderson high school team seemed to be a little off from the first few minutes of the game, Piggy walked over to the press bench during a time out.

"There is something radically wrong with this Anderson team," he said. "Boys make mistakes but they don't display any such ball-handling as they're showing now. Do you know what's wrong?" The boys along press row had no idea. Anderson lost the game after playing faulty basketball from start to finish. Later it was learned that the entire team was suffering from pink eye and that the boys could hardly see in the peculiar morning light that was shining in the cow barn.

Termed a sort of Rockne of basketball, it is rather odd that Ward Lambert has worked as a basketball instructor in coaching schools all over the country with almost every prominent football coach except Rock. He has traveled here and there to teach his sound fundamentals with Gil Dobie, Bob Zuppke, Dana Bible, Howard Jones, Bernie Bierman, Frank Thomas, Francis Schmidt, Ray Morrison, Mal Elward, Harry Kipke, Lynn Waldorf, Dick Hanley, Doc Spears, Stub Allison, Jimmy Kitts, Matty Bell, Harry Mehre, Potsy Clark and many others.

To be at the top of your profession for more than twenty years calls for something more than a plan based on the terse remark, "Here's the ball and there's the basket." In the Lambert plan a great deal is left to the boy but the boy has been fortified with a knowledge of what to expect and how to react. Scouts say Piggy's teams do not know what they're going to do themselves, but that's why they're scouts and not Piggy Lamberts. True enough, it would be difficult to draw about four or five pictures and call that the Purdue offense, but if you'll observe how well Lambert fits his men against the opposition and how his offense varies according to the avowed plans of the opponents, you'll come to the startling conclusion that there must be a touch of design somewhere in the Purdue package.

Sometimes his team will adopt a come-and-get-it attitude but in so doing they keep the ball moving and no one ever thought to consider it a delayed offense. It is there, however, if you care to look for it. Most of the time Purdue plays on a defense, here-we-come basis. One of the things that never seems to bother Lambert is the rule book. He prefers that those who play the game play according to the rules, but he is not particularly interested in having this rule or that one changed. As long as the officials call fouls on the great big fellows who are picking on his little Piggies and on the little scamps who hang on Piggy's Stretch Murphys (6.8 and a foot wide) everything is all right. Once when he was asked to express his opinion on the terrible rule changes that had taken place, he looked up into the eyes of the irate reporter and said, "Well, they still have a basket at each end of the floor, don't they?" ##

Champions Have Better Tools

Continued from page 44

have been added at the insistence of the sales force in this desperately competitive age. But the bat itself!

It's the bat of a champion, made for you, Mr. Smith. You have in your hands a better instrument than the Champion of 1915 used. One hesitates to think what Maurie McLoughlin, or what those masters Tony Wilding and Norman Brookes would do with this modern racquet to the Messrs. Riggs, McNeill & Co. This 1941 racquet instead of the club they actually handled would make such a test mass murder.

American ingenuity, patience and research have produced this bat. Modern machinery has grinders that can fashion an iron club to one five-thousandth of an inch, and a weighing machine that can weigh clubs to one sixty-fourth of an ounce. There are whacking machines which hold a driver and smack it so hard the steel shaft bends. That's just six times as hard as you, Mr. Smith, can hit it. The test is repeated 200 times in succession. After which, with some justice, the makers reason that if the club is still whole, it will stand up for you. No wonder shafts break so seldom nowadays.

At one side you'll see a kind of a gun which can strike a ball against a club with terrific force, first on one side of the club face and then on another place. This uncovers any weakness. There is a special impact machine for trying out the sturdiness of the golf ball. It is struck by a kind of hammer hundreds and hundreds of times. Is the paint marred or scratched? The specialists go to work immediately. There's even a contraption which throws a burning light on the surface of the ball hour after hour to see what effect the sun will have.

Now the sporting goods business isn't like, say, the steel business. It uses not one but hundreds of different products from all over the world: metals from South America, silk from Japan, horsehide from France and Belgium. To fashion a tennis bat some fifteen different materials are necessary. In much the same way, many branches of science have assisted in the perfection of sports equipment. Chemistry and physics, ballistics and dynamics, engineering and photography have all played a part.

Research workers of the Spalding firm maintain that photography has been their greatest aid recently. Especially the new multiple flash pictures taken at a speed of one hundred-thousandth of a second. These pictures snapped under stroboscopic light, a device invented by Dr. Harold Edgerton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have, they believe, revolutionized their job. Up to this time the action and reaction which took place when the ball was hit by a bat, club or racquet was entirely a matter of guesswork. When Don Budge cracked a smash with a speed of 80 miles an hour, what happened at the moment of impact? Nobody knew. Because no photograph could show it up.

Thanks to the multiple flash picture all this has changed. Now the sporting goods industry has accurate information about the result on balls and clubs at the second of impact. Incidentally, the actual facts have blasted a lot of old-fashioned theories. Why? Simply because strains were found to come at points no one imagined possible before.

You see the benefits from this kind of research. A tennis bat can be strengthened at the exact points where the stress falls. By shaping the head of a club with an almost imperceptible curve, the maker can reduce the margin of error on a 150-yard drive by as much as 40 per cent. They don't speculate or guess on this. They've tried it out in tests and have practical results to show they are right. Photography has enabled this company to gather factual data which have improved equipment in every branch of athletics.

Sometimes improvements in sports stuff have come along naturally. The old lacing in the basketball was long suspected as throwing the bounce out of true. So the modern laceless ball with seams cemented much like the seams of a tennis ball was constructed. Under tests it was discovered that the old-fashioned ball did not bounce truly once out of five times. It struck on the lacing which threw it off center. The new laceless ball has the same bounce no matter how it happens to hit the floor.

Champions have better tools. Sure, so do the rest of us. And all this improvement in equipment, in tennis balls and tennis bats, in golf clubs and golf balls and so on in every sport, has done three things.

First, it's made possible the breaking of records in every sport all along the line. Next, it has raised general standards of play. Your boy and girl play better golf and tennis than you did at their age. There are thousands more really good players in every branch of athletics than there were twenty-five years ago. Most important of all, the improvement in equipment by increasing our proficiency at games has made sport easier. And therefore more fun for the dub.

When you have fun from sport you are likely to play well. When you play well and enjoy it, you'll probably play more frequently. That's a pretty valuable thing, more people playing games more often. Certainly it's more fun to play a game well than badly. This the modern sports equipment helps us to do. But at the risk of repeating myself, let me sign off with this thought. As a competitive nation, we sometimes forget that it is much more important to play badly than not at all. ##

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BEAU BRUMMELL TIES, INC., CINCINNATI

The Wake of the Ribald Armenian

Continued from page 47

packed in the fur of their coats, their faces frozen. There were at least thirty of them. They had to be quartered in the house.

The household went into action. All the beds were made up; pillows, sheets, and covers were spread on all the divans; oak logs were crackling in the fireplaces; the cook massacred a flock of turkeys in the kitchen.

Because the children and the grandchildren had to be fed too. And since the widow was a splendid hostess, the dinner would be sumptuous. The house, the facade of which was hung with black cloth, was permeated with the scent of Armenian spices. Why take down the draperies of mourning, when they would only have to put them up again tomorrow?

The cook was quarreling with the maids. "Where is the mortar? —Where is the vanilla?" Grease was hissing in the *palacsinta* pans; bacon-spiked turkeys and chestnut-filled capons were blushing in the skillets. In a huge cauldron strong wine was boiling, cinnamon-spiced and sweetened. The widow decided she would have to drench the family with boiled wine at dinner; let the children get warmed up inside too, after their long winter journey!

The mourning kinsfolk had brought life with them effervescent and boisterous. They all felt sad about poor old Grampa. But they didn't feel so sad that they couldn't rejoice in each other's company. There never had been any event in the long history of the clan which had brought all the relatives together in this manner, all at the same time. Among the younger generation there were many who had hardly known Grampa. They had seen him a few days after they were born as he leaned over their cradles to inspect them. The old Armenian never missed a baptism, since these were always celebrated by gargantuan eating, drinking, and general revelry. Then they would see him at the most, every fifth year. They couldn't be entirely overcome by sorrow for the deceased.

In vain did they wear black crepe on their sleeves: with the selfishness of youth they had time only for one another. They scrutinized one another curiously. According to the awakening sympathies, little groups and separate parties took shape among them. Between a black-eyed girl and a just as black-eyed boy sympathy reached such a high temperature and so quickly that three hours after they had met, with the avowed purpose of washing their hands they disappeared in the bathroom, where they did everything but wash their hands. Why not? They were cousins.

The mourning widow, with her tearful but very attentive brooding-hen's eyes, quickly noticed this love budding between her grandchildren. She didn't mind. Yes, they were first cousins, but sometimes such matches go off with a bang. One-half of her little old moth's heart was all sorrow, the other all shining light. She was mourning and jubilant at the same time, seeing the glow of happiness falling on two of her chicks. And at dinner she seated the miscreants next to each other.

Dinner somehow just didn't want to end. It began with a spicy, thick noodle soup and continued with eight kinds of meat and five kinds of dessert. It lasted so long that it was past midnight when the cheese and apples were put on the table, followed by poison-strong black Turkish coffee.

After midnight the young folks scattered over the big house, teamed up in couples, and hid away giggling. They blew out the candles; they didn't need the light. The women sat aside to gossip. The men stayed around the table, in the thick tobacco smoke. They talked about business. Toward daybreak, when the fumes of boiled wine had filled their skulls, they began telling stories about the ribald escapades of the deceased head of the clan. One of the brothers-in-law reminded them how fond the deceased had been of singing. He had a favorite song. They began to hum it, and then their voices broke into a thundering crescendo. They were all drunk by this time and the fact that they were singing the favorite song of the deceased appeared a sufficient excuse.

The corpse had arrived at three o'clock in the morning. They lifted the coffin from the *fourgon*, and unseen they carried it into the house, upstairs, into the bedroom. They placed it on the catafalque among the laurel wreaths and chrysanthemums. The widow did not tell anybody. Why spoil their fun? With her own hand she lighted the candles in the candelabra. Then she sat down on the bed and gazed at the gold-lettered black coffin. In it was her whole life. All her happiness and all her suffering. The birth of her children, their sicknesses, beautiful summers, and the tortures of jealousy. The little moth had always been desperately in love with her hot-blooded, merry husband. And now she still felt this great love, which had become rarified and aerial, like the scent of drying lavender.

From the dining room she could hear the ribald singing. For a second it occurred to the widow that for the sake of appearances she ought to stop the revelry and send the family to bed.

Then . . . she didn't do it. She had always known exactly what sort of man her husband had been; she had always sensed each one of his thoughts. A sad smile crossed her face, and she muttered in a low voice, just to herself, stroking the hard black coffin with her old hand:

"Let them enjoy themselves! I know, this is the way you like it too, my only one . . ." ⌗

The Eighty-Yard Run

Continued from page 23

hair, wonderfully cool behind his ears and at the nape of his neck.

Louise was waiting for him at the road, in her car. The top was down and he noticed all over again, as he always did when he saw her, how pretty she was, the rough blonde hair and the large, inquiring eyes and the bright mouth, smiling now.

She threw the door open. "Were you good today?" she asked.

"Pretty good," he said. He climbed in, sank luxuriously into the soft leather, stretched his legs far out. He smiled, thinking of the eighty yards. "Pretty damn good."

She looked at him seriously for a moment, then scrambled around, like a little girl, kneeling on the seat next to him, grabbed him, her hands along his ears, and kissed him as he sprawled, head back, on the seat cushion. She let go of him, but kept her head close to his, over his. Darling reached up slowly and rubbed the back of his hand against her cheek, lit softly by a streetlamp a hundred feet away. They looked at each other, smiling.

Louise drove down to the lake and they sat there silently, watching the moon rise behind the hills on the other side. Finally he reached over, pulled her gently to him, kissed her. Her lips grew soft, her body sank into his, tears formed slowly in her eyes. He knew, for the first time, that he could do whatever he wanted with her.

"Tonight," he said. "I'll call for you at seven-thirty. Can you get out?"

She looked at him. She was smiling, but the tears were still full in her eyes. "All right," she said. "I'll get out. How about you? Won't the coach raise hell?"

Darling grinned. "I got the coach in the palm of my hand," he said. "Can you wait till seven-thirty?"

She grinned back at him. "No," she said.

They kissed and she started the car and they went back to town for dinner. He sang on the way home.

* * *

Christian Darling, thirty-five years old, sat on the frail spring grass, greener now than it ever would be again on the practice field, looked thoughtfully up at the stadium, a deserted ruin in the twilight. He had started on the first team that Saturday and every Saturday after that for the next two years, but it had never been as satisfactory as it should have been. He never had broken away, the longest run he'd ever made was thirty-five yards, and that in a game that was already won, and then that kid had come up from the third team, Diederich, a blank-faced German kid from Wisconsin, who ran like a bull, ripping lines to pieces Saturday after Saturday, plowing through, never getting hurt, never changing his expression, scoring more points, gaining more ground than all the rest of the team put together, making everybody's All-American, carrying the ball three times out of four, keeping everybody else out of the headlines. Darling was a good blocker and he spent his Saturday afternoons working on the big Swedes and Polacks who played tackle and end for Michigan, Illinois, Purdue, hurling into huge pile-ups, bobbing his head wildly to elude the great raw hands swinging like meat-cleavers at him as he went charging in to open up holes for Diederich coming through like a locomotive behind him. Still, it wasn't so bad. Everybody liked him and he did his job and he was pointed out on the campus and boys always felt important when they introduced their girls to him at their proms, and Louise loved him and watched him faithfully in the games, even in the mud, when your own mother wouldn't know you, and drove him around in her car keeping the top down because she was proud of him and wanted to show everybody that she was Christian Darling's girl. She bought him crazy presents because her father was rich, watches, pipes, humidors, an icebox for beer for his room, curtains, wallets, a fifty-dollar dictionary.

"You'll spend every cent your old man owns," Darling protested once when she showed up at his rooms with seven different packages in her arms and tossed them onto the couch.

"Kiss me," Louise said, "and shut up."

"Do you want to break your poor old man?"

"I don't mind. I want to buy you presents."

"Why?"

"It makes me feel good. Kiss me. I don't know why. Did you know that you're an important figure?"

"Yes," Darling said gravely.

"When I was waiting for you at the library yesterday two girls saw you coming and one of them said to the other, 'That's Christian Darling. He's an important figure.'"

"You're a liar."

"I'm in love with an important figure."

"Still, why the hell did you have to give me a forty-pound dictionary?"

"I wanted to make sure," Louise said, "that you had a token of my esteem. I want to smother you in tokens of my esteem."

Fifteen years ago.

They'd married when they got out of college. There'd been other women for him, but all casual and secret, more for curiosity's sake, and vanity, women who'd thrown themselves at him and flattered him, a pretty mother at a summer camp for boys, an old girl from his home town who'd suddenly blossomed into a coquette, a friend of Louise's who had dogged him grimly for six months and had taken advantage of the two weeks when Louise went home when her mother died. Perhaps Louise had known, but she'd kept quiet, loving him completely, filling his rooms with presents, religiously watching him battling with the big Swedes and Polacks on the line of scrimmage on Saturday afternoons, making plans for marrying him and living with him in New York and going with him there to the nightclubs, the theatres, the good restaurants, being proud of him in advance, tall, white-teethed, smiling, large, yet moving lightly, with an athlete's grace, dressed in evening clothes, approvingly eyed by magnificently dressed and famous women in theatre lobbies, with Louise adoringly at his side.

Her father, who manufactured inks, set up a New York office for Darling to manage and presented him with three hundred accounts and they lived on Beekman Place with a view of the river with fifteen thousand dollars a year between them, because everybody was buying everything in those days, including ink. They saw all the shows and went to all the speakeasies and spent their fifteen thousand dollars a year and in the afternoons Louise went to the art galleries and the matinees of the more serious plays that Darling didn't like to sit through and Darling slept with a girl who danced in the chorus of *Rosalie* and with the wife of a man who owned three copper mines. Darling played squash three times a week and remained as solid as a stone barn and Louise never took her eyes off him when they were in the same room together, watching him with a secret, miser's smile, with a trick of coming over to him in the middle of a crowded room and saying gravely, in a low voice, "You're the handsomest man I've ever seen in my whole life. Want a drink?"

Nineteen twenty-nine came to Darling and to his wife and father-in-law, the maker of inks, just as it came to everyone else. The father-in-law waited until 1933 and then blew his brains out and when Darling went to Chicago to see what the books of the firm looked like he found out all that was left were debts and three or four gallons of unbought ink.

"Please, Christian," Louise said, sitting in their neat Beekman Place apartment, with a view of the river and prints of paintings by Dufy and Braque and Picasso on the wall, "please, why do you want to start drinking at two o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I have nothing else to do," Darling said, putting down his glass, emptied of its fourth drink. "Please pass the whiskey."

Louise filled his glass. "Come take a walk with me," she said. "We'll walk along the river."

"I don't want to walk along the river," Darling said, squinting intensely at the prints of paintings by Dufy, Braque and Picasso.

"We'll walk along Fifth Avenue."

"I don't want to walk along Fifth Avenue."

"Maybe," Louise said gently, "you'd like to come with me to some art galleries. There's an exhibition by a man named Klee—"

"I don't want to go to any art galleries. I want to sit here and drink Scotch whiskey," Darling said. "Who the hell hung those goddam pictures up in the wall?"

"I did," Louise said.

"I hate them."

"I'll take them down," Louise said.

"Leave them there. It gives me something to do in the afternoon. I can hate them." Darling took a long swallow. "Is that the way people paint these days?"

"Yes, Christian. Please don't drink any more."

"Do you like painting like that?"

"Yes, dear."

"Really?"

"Really."

Darling looked carefully at the prints once more. "Little Louise Tucker. The middle-western beauty. I like pictures with horses in them. Why should you like pictures like that?"

"I just happen to have gone to a lot of galleries in the last few years . . ."

"Is that what you do in the afternoon?"

"That's what I do in the afternoon," Louise said.

"I drink in the afternoon."

Louise kissed him lightly on the top of his head as he sat there squinting at the pictures on the wall, the glass of whiskey held firmly in his hand. She put on her coat and went out without saying another word. When she came back in the early evening, she had a job on a woman's fashion magazine.

They moved downtown and Louise went out to work every morning and Darling sat home and drank and Louise paid the bills as they came up. She made believe she was going to quit work as soon as Darling found a job, even though she was taking over more responsibility day by day at the magazine, interviewing authors, picking painters for the illustrations and covers, getting actresses to pose for pictures, going out for drinks with the right people, making a thousand new friends whom she loyally introduced to Darling.

"I don't like your hat," Darling said, once, when she came in in the evening and kissed him, her breath rich with Martinis.

"What's the matter with my hat, Baby?" she asked, running her fingers through his hair. "Everybody says it's very smart."

"It's too damned smart," he said. "It's not for you. It's for a rich, sophisticated woman of thirty-five with admirers."

Louise laughed. "I'm practicing to be a rich, sophisticated woman of thirty-five with admirers," she said. He stared soberly at her. "Now, don't look so grim, Baby. It's still the same simple little wife under the hat." She took the hat off, threw it into a corner, sat on his lap. "See? Homebody Number One."

"Your breath could run a train," Darling said, not wanting to be mean, but talking out of boredom, and sudden shock at seeing his wife curiously a stranger in a new hat, with a new expression in her eyes under the little brim, secret, confident, knowing.

Louise tucked her head under his chin so he couldn't smell her breath. "I had to take an author out for cocktails," she said. "He's a boy from the Ozark mountains and he drinks like a fish. He's a Communist."

"What the hell is a Communist from the Ozarks doing writing for a woman's fashion magazine?"

Louise chuckled. "The magazine business is getting all mixed up these days. The publishers want to have a foot in every camp. And anyway, you can't find an author under seventy these days who isn't a Communist."

"I don't think I like you to associate with all those people, Louise," Darling said. "Drinking with them."

"He's a very nice, gentle boy," Louise said. "He reads Ernest Dobson."

"Who's Ernest Dobson?"

Louise patted his arm, stood up, fixed her hair. "He's an English poet."

Darling felt that somehow he had disappointed her. "Am I supposed to know who Ernest Dobson is?"

"No, dear. I'd better go in and take a bath."

After she had gone, Darling went over to the corner where the hat was lying and picked it up. It was nothing, a scrap of straw, a red flower, a veil, meaningless on his big hand, but on his wife's head a signal of something . . . big city, smart and knowing women drinking and dining with men other than their husbands, conversation about things a normal man wouldn't know much about, Frenchmen who painted as though they used their elbows instead of brushes, composers who wrote whole symphonies without a single melody in them, writers who knew all about politics and women who knew all about writers, the movement of the proletariat, Marx, somehow mixed up with five-dollar dinners and the best looking women in America and fairies who made them laugh and half-sentences immediately understood and secretly hilarious and wives who called their husbands, "Baby." He put the hat down, a scrap of straw and a red flower, and a little veil. He drank some whiskey straight and went into the bathroom where his wife was lying deep in her bath, singing to herself and smiling from time to time like a little girl, paddling the water gently with her hands, sending up a slight spicy fragrance from the bath-salts she used.

He stood over her, looking down at her. She smiled up at him, her eyes half closed, her body pink and shimmering in the warm, scented water. All over again, with all the old suddenness, he was hit deep inside him with the knowledge of how beautiful she was, how much he needed her.

"I came in here," he said, "to tell you I wish you wouldn't call me 'Baby.'"

She looked up at him from the

Continued on page 166

"I have reason to believe you men have been shirking hard work!"

The Eighty-Yard Run

Continued from pages 23-165

bath, her eyes quickly full of sorrow, half-understanding what he meant. He knelt and put his arms around her, his sleeves plunged heedlessly in the water, his shirt and jacket soaking wet as he clutched her wordlessly, holding her crazily tight, crushing her breath from her, kissing her desperately, searchingly, regretfully.

* * *

He got jobs after that, selling real estate and automobiles, but somehow, although he had a desk with his name on a wooden wedge on it, and he went to the office religiously at nine each morning, he never managed to sell anything and he never made any money.

Louise was made assistant editor and the house was always full of strange men and women who talked fast and got angry on abstract subjects like mural painting, novelists, labor unions. Negro short-story writers drank Louise's liquor, and a lot of Jews, and big solemn men with scarred faces and knotted hands who talked slowly but clearly about picket lines and battles with guns and leadpipe at mine-shaft-heads and in front of factory gates. And Louise moved among them all, confidently, knowing what they were talking about, with opinions that they listened to and argued about just as though she were a man. She knew everybody, condescended to no one, devoured books that Darling had never heard of, walked along the streets of the city, excited, at home, soaking in all the million tides of New York without fear, with constant wonder.

Her friends liked Darling and sometimes he found a man who wanted to get off in the corner and talk about the new boy who played fullback for Princeton, and the decline of the double wing-back, or even the state of the stock market, but for the most part he sat on the edge of things, solid and quiet in the high storm of words. "The dialectics of the situation . . . the theatre has been given over to expert jugglers . . . Picasso? What man has a right to paint old bones and collect ten thousand dollars for them? . . . I stand firmly behind Trotsky . . . Poe was the last American critic. When he died they put lilies on the grave of American criticism. I don't say this because they panned my last book, but . . ."

Once in a while he caught Louise looking soberly and consideringly at him through the cigarette smoke and the noise and he avoided her eyes and found an excuse to get up and go into the kitchen for more ice or to open another bottle.

* * *

"Come on," Cathal Flaherty was saying, standing at the door with a girl, "you've got to come down and see this. It's down on Fourteenth Street, in the old Civic Repertory, and you can only see it on Sunday nights and I guarantee you'll come out of the theatre singing." Flaherty was a big young Irishman with a broken nose who was the lawyer for a longshoreman's union, and he had been hanging around the house for six months on and off, roaring and shutting everybody else up when he got in an argument. "It's a new play, *Waiting for Lefty*, it's about taxi-drivers."

"Odets," the girl with Flaherty said. "It's by a guy named Odets."

"I never heard of him," Darling said.

"He's a new one," the girl said.

"It's like watching a bombardment," Flaherty said. "I saw it last Sunday night. You've got to see it."

"Come on, Baby," Louise said to Darling, excitement in her eyes already. "We've been sitting in the Sunday *Times* all day, this'll be a great change."

"I see enough taxi-drivers every day," Darling said, not because he meant that, but because he didn't like to be around Flaherty, who said things that made Louise laugh a lot and whose judgment she accepted on almost every subject. "Let's go to the movies."

"You've never seen anything like this before," Flaherty said. "He wrote this play with a baseball bat."

"Come on," Louise coaxed, "I bet it's wonderful."

"He has long hair," the girl with Flaherty said. "Odets. I met him at a party. He's an actor. He didn't say a goddam thing all night."

"I don't feel like going down to Fourteenth Street," Darling said, wishing Flaherty and his girl would get out. "It's gloomy."

"Oh, hell!" Louise said loudly. She looked coolly at Darling, as though she'd just been introduced to him and was making up her mind about him, and not very favorably. He saw her looking at him, knowing there was something new and dangerous in her face and he wanted to say something, but Flaherty was there and his damned girl, and anyway, he didn't know what to say.

"I'm going," Louise said, getting her coat. "I don't think Fourteenth Street is gloomy."

"I'm telling you," Flaherty was saying, helping her on with her coat, "it's the Battle of Gettysburg, in Brooklynese."

"Nobody could get a word out of him," Flaherty's girl was saying as they went through the door. "He just sat there all night."

The door closed. Louise hadn't said good-night to him. Darling walked around the room four times, then sprawled out on the sofa, on top of the Sunday *Times*. He lay there for five minutes looking at the ceiling, thinking of Flaherty walking down the street talking in that booming voice, between the girls, holding their arms.

Louise had looked wonderful. She'd washed her hair in the afternoon and it had been very soft and light and clung close to her head as she stood there angrily putting her coat on. Louise was getting prettier every year, partly because she knew by now how pretty she was, and made the most of it.

"Nuts," Darling said, standing up. "Oh, nuts."

He put on his coat and went down to the nearest bar and had five drinks off by himself in a corner before his money ran out.

* * *

The years since then had been foggy and downhill. Louise had been nice to him, and in a way, loving and kind, and they'd fought only once, when he said he was going to vote for Landon. ("Oh, Christ," she'd said, "doesn't *anything* happen inside your head? Don't you read the papers? The penniless Republican!") She'd been sorry later and apologized for hurting him, but apologized as she might to a child. He'd tried hard, had gone grimly to the art galleries, the concert halls, the bookshops, trying to gain on the trail of his wife, but it was no use. He was bored, and none of what he saw or heard or dutifully read made much sense to him and finally he gave it up. He had thought, many nights as he ate dinner alone, knowing that Louise would come home late and drop silently into bed without explanation, of getting a divorce, but he knew the loneliness, the hopelessness, of not seeing her again would be too much to take. So he was good, completely devoted, ready at all times to go anyplace with her, do anything she wanted. He even got a small job, in a broker's office and paid his own way, bought his own liquor.

Then he'd been offered the job of going from college to college as a tailor's representative. "We want a man," Mr. Rosenberg had said, "who as soon as you look at him, you say 'There's a university man.' " Rosenberg had looked approvingly at Darling's broad shoulders and well-kept waist, at his carefully brushed hair and his honest, wrinkle-less face. "Frankly, Mr. Darling, I am willing to make you a proposition. I have inquired about you, you are favorably known on your old campus, I understand you were in the backfield with Alfred Diederich."

Darling nodded. "Whatever happened to him?"

"He is walking around in a cast for seven years now. An iron brace. He played professional football and they broke his neck for him."

Darling smiled. That, at least, had turned out well.

"Our suits are an easy product to sell, Mr. Darling," Rosenberg said. "We have a handsome, custom-made garment. What has Brooks Brothers got that we haven't got? A name. No more."

"I can make fifty, sixty dollars a week," Darling said to Louise that night. "And expenses. I can save some money and then come back to New York and really get started here."

"Yes, Baby," Louise said.

"As it is," Darling said carefully, "I can make it back here once a month, and holidays and the summer. We can see each other often."

"Yes, Baby." He looked at her face, lovelier now at thirty-five than it had ever been before, but fogged over now as it had been for five years with a kind of patient, kindly, remote boredom.

"What do you say?" he asked. "Should I take it?" Deep within him he hoped fiercely, longingly, for her to say, "No, Baby, you stay right here," but she said, as he knew she'd say, "I think you'd better take it."

He nodded. He had to get up

"He's a detective she met at the police station the night she shot her husband"

and stand with his back to her, looking out the window, because there were things plain on his face that she had never seen in the fifteen years she'd known him. "Fifty dollars is a lot of money," he said. "I never thought I'd ever see fifty dollars again." He laughed. Louise laughed, too.

* * *

Christian Darling sat on the frail green grass of the practice field. The shadow of the stadium had reached out and covered him. In the distance the lights of the university shone a little mistily in the light haze of evening. Fifteen years. Flaherty even now was calling for his wife, buying her a drink, filling whatever bar they were in with that voice of his and that easy laugh. Darling half-closed his eyes, almost saw the boy fifteen years ago reach for the pass, slip the halfback, go skittering lightly down the field, his knees high and fast and graceful, smiling to himself because he knew he was going to get past the safety man. That was the high point, Darling thought, fifteen years ago, on an autumn afternoon, twenty years old and far from death, with the air coming easily into his lungs, and a deep feeling inside him that he could do anything, knock over anybody, outrun whatever had to be outrun. And the shower after and the three glasses of water and the cool night air on his damp head and Louise sitting hatless in the open car with a smile and the first kiss she ever really meant. The high point, an eighty-yard run in the practice, and a girl's kiss and everything after that a decline. Darling laughed. He had practiced the wrong thing, perhaps. He hadn't practiced for 1929 and New York City and a girl who would turn into a woman. Somewhere, he thought, there must have been a point where she moved up to me, was even with me for a moment, when I could have held her hand, if I'd known, held tight, gone with her. Well, he'd never known. Here he was on a playing field that was fifteen years away and his wife was in another city having dinner with another and better man, speaking with him a different, new language, a language nobody had ever taught him.

Darling stood up, smiled a little, because if he didn't smile he knew the tears would come. He looked around him. This was the spot. O'Connor's pass had come sliding out just to here . . . the high point. Darling put up his hands, felt all over again the flat slap of the ball. He shook his hips to throw off the halfback, cut back inside the center, picked his knees high as he ran gracefully over two men jumbled on the ground at the line of scrimmage, ran easily, gaining speed, for ten yards, holding the ball lightly in his two hands, swung away from the halfback diving at him, ran, swinging his hips in the almost girlish manner of a back in a broken field, tore into the safety man, his shoes drumming heavily on the turf, stiff-armed, elbow locked, pivoted, raced lightly and exultantly for the goal line.

It was only after he had sped over the goal-line and slowed to a trot that he saw the boy and girl sitting together on the turf, looking at him wonderingly.

He stopped short, dropping his arms. "I . . ." he said, gasping a little though his condition was fine and the run hadn't winded him, "I . . . Once I played here."

The boy and the girl said nothing. Darling laughed embarrassedly, looked hard at them sitting there, close to each other, shrugged, turned and went toward his hotel, the sweat breaking out on his face and running down into his collar. #

For the Love of Brass

Continued from page 41

laughed. "Pap made this out'n a rip-saw. It is all steel and fourteen inches wide. I'm taking the other hoe in case you can't stand this one." Thorny picked up three hoes.

"We're getting a late start," Thorny grumbled. "I'm always in the field at daylight. Like to work while it is cool."

"Any old time of day suits me," Bud smiled.

They walked down the path to the cornfield. The corn was still covered with dew.

"I'll take this bottom row," Thorny said. "You see I need help, don't you? Look how foul this corn's got on me."

"Looks like it ought to be snaked," Bud laughed.

"What do you mean by snaking corn?"

"Pap used to tell us when we's little boys back in the Kentucky mountains that when weeds got knee high in a corn patch, we ought to go through with a stick and shake the weeds and run the vipers, copperheads, rattlesnakes, and blacksnakes out. He said only lazy men had to snake their corn." And Bud laughed.

Thorny got in the bottom row. He bent over with his goose-neck hoe and tap-tapped, the grass fell and he raked the loose dirt from the plowed furrow across the balk to level the corn row. Bud took long swaths and he cut the grass, leveled the balk and drew loose dirt to the corn. He did it with ease.

"This is a good hoe," Bud said. "Never used one that suited me any better." And he played behind Thorny with ease. Thorny looked up at Bud standing half the time above him while he peck-pecked away, moving slowly with a row of corn through the crab grass, and devil-shoestrings vines.

"Let me have that bottom row," Bud requested. "You can't hoe corn. Who told you that you could hoe corn?"

A frown came over Thorny's face. "But you can't keep that up for long in this hot sun and you with that big hoe," Thorny cautioned.

"I'll keep it up all right," Bud smiled and showed his broken, discolored teeth.

"You are doing a better job than I am doing," Thorny said. "Not a weed left in the row."

"It's all in the slight of the hands and the body," Bud said. "No man can tell you just how." The sweat streamed from Thorny's face. His bull-neck was beet-red. Streams of sweat ran down his fence-post arms. His shirt was as wet with sweat as if he'd jumped in the river.

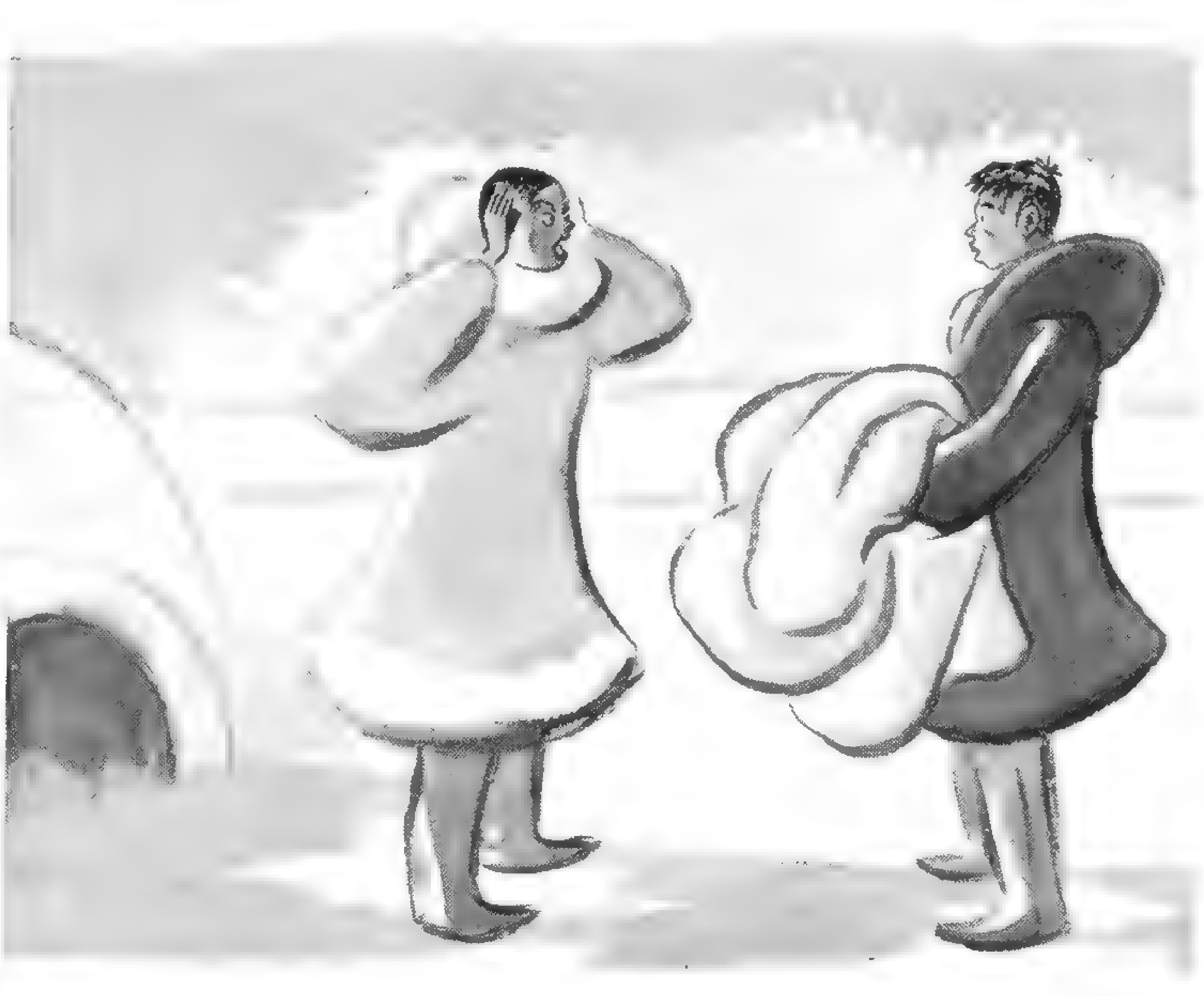
"Why do you stay so cool?" Thorny asked, looking at Bud and wiping the sweat from his eyes.

"I'm not working," Bud answered. "I sweat when I work just like you do. Give me the bottom row and I'll show you how to hoe corn. Turn me loose in these weeds."

"Here take my row," Thorny said. "It breaks me in two to let a man your size take the lower row on me. First time in my life this has happened." Bud stepped down to take Thorny's bottom row.

The May sun was beaming down. The wind did not stir. The heat glimmered over the field of corn. Bud took his big hoe and with all the ease in the world it seemed like, he left Thorny standing in his row. "Dog my cats," Thorny spoke to a hill of corn he was raking dirt around, "if I don't believe I'm dreaming. This can't be so. Yesterday I was the champion corn hoer in this country. Today I'm just a slow hand, the kind that used to aggravate me."

Thorny wiped the sweat from his eyes. He worked fast as he could. It was a long way around the bluff above the river. The corn was weedy. The crab grass, sourwood sprouts, cockleburrs, horseweeds and smartweeds were just about to take the corn. "I could go a lot faster," Bud said to a stalk of corn, "if I didn't have to stop and hunt for you in all these weeds. A lot of lazy men in this world. A lot of men lazier than old Bud." And the weeds and the sprouts flew. Bud was out of Thorny's sight. He had left Thorny far behind. "I can see daylight," Bud said. "Here's the other end of the field. I can get two more rows before noon. If Thorny can just get two rows!"



"Fur coats! Fur coats! All you ever bring me is fur coats!"

The sweat streamed down Bud's face now. Weeds fell before his big hoe. "Old hoe you are a good'n," he said to his hoe. "How do you like old Bud? Stay with me, old hoe, and I'll stay with you." And Bud was moving back to meet Thorny coming with his row. When Bud turned the bend of the hill, he saw Thorny coming with his row. Bud waved his hand to Thorny. "Stay with Bud, old pet," Bud whispered to his hoe. "Stay with Bud, my darling hoe."

Bud hurried and met Thorny. He stepped up in the row above. Bud went in his direction and Thorny kept plodding in his direction. "Bud, am I dreaming?" Thorny asked. "Am I in my right mind?"

"Is he, old hoe?" Bud asked his hoe and smiled. "My hoe says you are, Mr. Kirk. Good old hoe!" Bud bent over his corn row and worked that much harder. His bird neck wet with sweat and his little arms, no bigger than wagon-wheel spokes, moved like steam pistons. The big hoe fell on the loamy earth.

Bud stopped and looked at the sun. He put a dry wisp of crumbled tobacco leaves in his mouth with his little shriveled bird-claw hand. Bud met Thorny coming back on row number two.

"I'm about petered out," Thorny said. "You'll be petered out, if you take that row and keep it ahead of me when I get the other end of the field and start back on my fourth row; won't he, little hoe? The hoe says 'yes.'"

Bud dug into the earth. He soon

Continued on page 168

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For the Love of Brass

Continued from pages 41-167

stepped out with row number three. He stepped up into row number four. He cut the sprouts and weeds and leveled the dirt. He moved.

"Maybe I can make it to the other end without a drink," Thorny said as he dug into the earth. "I'll beat Bud out, or I'll strain every muscle. First man that ever beat me with a row of corn. Dad-durned my pictures if he hoes two rows of corn to my one. It's bad enough for him to beat old Thorny Kirk, once champion corn hoer."

"Lord, but you are hot, Thorny!"

"Hotter than a roasted tater," Thorny answered. "I'm about a goner. Let's get to the house."

"It's just barely eleven."

They threw their hoes down at the end of the corn rows. They walked up the hill, one was a bean pole of a man, the other was a mountain of a man. They looked like they had swum the river with their clothes on.

"Bring my dinner out to the barn," Bud said as he started walking past the house toward the barn.

"You just got to eat in the kitchen," Thorny answered. "A man that can work like you, Bud. You can't live in my barn like a horse." But Bud walked toward the barn. Thorny stood on the porch and watched Bud pass the smokehouse, woodyard, pigpen, into the barn lot.

"Lydia, that man out-hoed me this morning," Thorny said. "He hoed two rows of corn to my one. The best man with a hoe I ever saw in my life. Talks to his hoe like I talk to my horses. Beats anything I ever saw. Believe I got over-het down there this morning in that hot corn."

"Did he go to the barn?" Lydia asked.

"Struck out for the barn hard as he could go. Couldn't get him in the house. He won't eat in the house. Have to carry his grub to 'im at the barn. But, I believe he's teched a little in the head."

Thorny lit his pipe. He sat by the table and blew smoke across the heat-glimmering kitchen while Lydia fixed a lunch for Bud. "I'll take him his dinner before I eat," Thorny said. "When a man can do twice as much as I can do, he's got his beans a-coming to him first."

Thorny walked toward the barn with the basket on his arm. He walked into the barn lot. He heard two people talking in the barn. He slipped up and put his ear to a crack. "Now sheriff, old Bud ain't done nothing. What are you after me agin for? I didn't steal that brass. Ain't done a thing and I don't want to go back to the pen. No sir, old Bud ain't going back to no pen neither."

"Bud Logan," another voice said, "I'm after you this time. Seven years and one day. I got you, Bud. I watched you down there in the cornfield this morning. You down there a-showing off and trying to kill poor old Thorny Kirk. You know that big man can't hoe no corn. He didn't have no sleight of hand from God Almighty. I'm going to take you back home, back to the state pen."

Thorny ran around the corner of the barn with the basket of hot grub. He said as he turned the corner, "Sheriff you might be after Bud, but you quit talking about Thorny Kirk. I can hoe corn, too." Thorny Kirk did not see anyone but Bud sitting on the manger.

"Where's that sheriff!" Thorny asked Bud.

"I never saw any sheriff! Is there a sheriff here?" Bud looked wild from his eyes. He looked up at the hayloft and he jumped down and looked under the mangers. "I don't see no sheriff," he said looking wildly at Thorny Kirk.

"I heard two men talking or, I heard spirits in the air! Maybe I'm not right after getting so hot this morning. But it 'peared to me I heard two voices in this barn. You was talking to the sheriff. And the sheriff was talking to you. And the sheriff started talking about me."

"You never heard me!"

"Where is that sheriff? He called you Bud Logan. Dad-durned my hide if I didn't hear it or I ain't all here. I brought you your dinner."

Bud took the basket. He did not look at the food until Thorny left the barn. "Like a wild, timid brute," Thorny said to himself. "Durned it's got me all puzzled. I can't figure this thing out. I'll not work this afternoon. I'm about petered out, nohow."

Before Thorny had finished eating, he looked from the kitchen window and saw Bud sitting on the wood block.

"Bud's waiting for me" Thorny said. "Just tell him, Lydia, I'm sick this afternoon. Tell him I got overhet this morning in the field and that he can just go down there and work by himself."

Lydia went to the door, her red hair was flying in the May wind. "Bud, Thorny said for you to go ahead and work this afternoon by yourself."

Bud did not speak. He walked to the corner of the house, took the path down to the mountain bluff above the river.

The wind was smothery to breathe. It was a hot glimmering wind. "We can hoe six rows through here ourselves, can't we, little hoe?" Bud asked his hoe. "Glad you said yes, little hoe. Old Bud wants water, little hoe. Old Bud will go to the river and drink. Glad you said to go the river and drink, little hoe. Old Bud won't gorge on water like Mr. Kirk done. Old Bud knows how to drink water."

Bud left his row of corn long enough to go beside the river, to lie down flat on his stomach, brace his hands on the earth and drink water from the river. Bud pulled himself up with his hands, leaped to his feet, crumbled the dry tobacco leaves in his hand, put them in his mouth. He ran back up the hill like a rabbit. "Fresh as I was this morning when I started," Bud said to a stalk of corn. "Leave it to old Bud; he'll get you out'n the weeds. Old Bud can kill 'em all, little hoe, if you'll just stay with old Bud."

"Lydia, I'll slip down there and watch that man work a while," Thorny said. "Maybe I can catch his sleight of hand. I'll tell you the truth, Lydia, something funny about this whole thing. I don't guess I'm losing my strength and my mind, am I?"

"You are talking funny to say that."

"When I went out to the barn a while ago, I thought I heard the sheriff talking to Bud. Told him he was going to take him away. I thought I heard Bud talking to the sheriff and telling him Bud Logan was a good man and lot of stuff like that."

Thorny got up from his chair and left the room. Lydia watched him as he turned over the corn-bluff by the river. Thorny walked through the glimmering heat. He waded out among the wilted weeds at the edge of the field. He crouched down among them and waited to see Bud come toward the east end of the field.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, rows since noon," Thorny counted. "Much as we both done this morning. And it ain't four yet. It's all a dream and I'll wake up in the morning laughing about it all."

But it was not a dream. Thorny watched Bud lifting the big hoe. It was worn bright as a silver dollar now and when Bud lifted it into the sunlight, it hurt Thorny's eyes. "I'll get you out little corn," Bud whispered. "Bud wouldn't have you this weedy. Stay with me, little hoe."

Thorny remained in his hiding place and tears streamed from his eyes.

"Old Thorny was in Bud's way," Bud said to himself. "Can do more than both of us in the field, while I'm by myself. Stay with me, little hoe. This is row number seven. Want to get ten rows by five o'clock. Might be called back home pretty soon and all this corn in the weeds!"

"I'm not hoeing corn with a man like that," Thorny said to himself. "My reputation is ruint. I'm going to the house and tell Lydia I ain't the champion corn hoer of the hills anymore. I'm going to tell her my mind is all right. Bud talks to himself. Guess he was talking to himself in the barn and didn't know it."

Thorny slipped up through the wilted weeds to the house.

"Row number ten, little hoe," Bud said. "Stay with me, little hoe. This will be all today. Old Bud needs a little sleep but Bud will be with you tomorrow morning if the sun shines and the ground is dry."

At five o'clock when Thorny put the horses in their stalls, he found Bud in his stall. Bud's eyes watched every move Thorny made. "Do you want all that hay?" Bud asked.

"Yes, but I got more," Thorny said. "What do you want with it?"

"Want to sleep on it."

"Why don't you go to the house and sleep in a feather bed?"

"Feather beds ain't for old Bud."

Thorny threw a pitchfork of hay into Bud's manger. Thorny left the barn and went back to the house. When Thorny returned to feed the horses corn, he brought Bud's supper. He brought Bud two quilts to use over the hay. He fed Bud in his manger same as he fed the horses.

Thorny went to the barn after he ate his supper to see how Bud was getting along. Soon as he entered the barn lot he heard two men talking in the barn: "Now sheriff, what have you got again' old Bud? Ain't I always paid my debts? Ain't I always been a honest man? You can't take old Bud back home. He won't go! He likes this farm. He likes to hoe. Bud likes Thorny Kirk. Thorny is a good man. But, he's a little slow about his work. Old Bud just got here in time to save the corn. Let old Bud stay on this farm. This is Bud's new home."

"I'm going to take you Bud. You got that brass. Bud, you served your sentence. It was your third time. Now you'll have to go home. You'll have to serve more time. I hate to take you, Bud, but I'll have to."

"You can't have me, sheriff. I didn't get the brass this time. I just didn't do it. I'm going to stay here with Thorny. Poor old Thorny thinks he can hoe corn. Old Bud can hoe his corn out if he'll let Bud stay here. Bud don't like to be hemmed in. Bud is afraid of walls. Bud likes the open air in the cornfields. Bud ain't no bad man, sheriff. You know he never harmed no woman nor shot no man. Why do you just pick on old Bud. Let me stay, sheriff, I promise you, I'll do my best not to steal any more brass."

"There's two different voices there," Thorny said to himself. "I know Bud's voice. There's another voice, too. That sheriff is back after Bud. I like Bud and I aim to help him. I'll take care of that sheriff myself." Thorny ran inside the barn. Bud was by himself. He was sitting on the manger chewing tobacco and patting Tom's nose. Tom was chewing hay.

"I thought I heard two men talking in here!"

"Nobody in here!"

"Thought I heard a sheriff talking!"

"Lord, the sheriff!" Bud looked under the manger and up in the hay loft.

"Don't guess I did," Thorny said. Thorny went back to the house.

The next day Bud went to the field at daylight. "Mr. Kirk you stay here and get the weeds out'n your garden and do your ginwork," Bud said. "Just let old Bud take care of the corn." Thorny turned away with the tears streaming from his eyes. He wiped his

Continued on page 170

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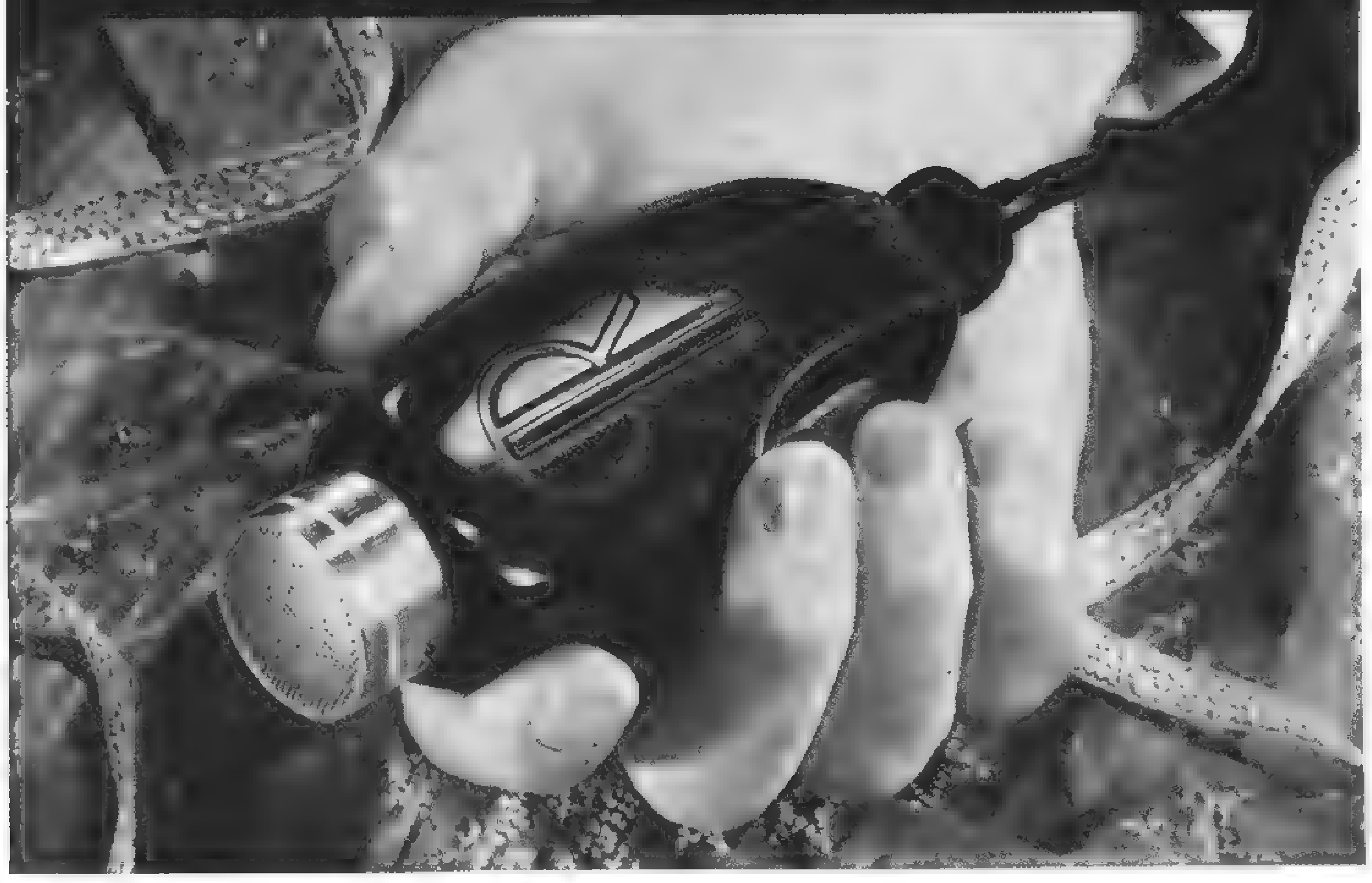

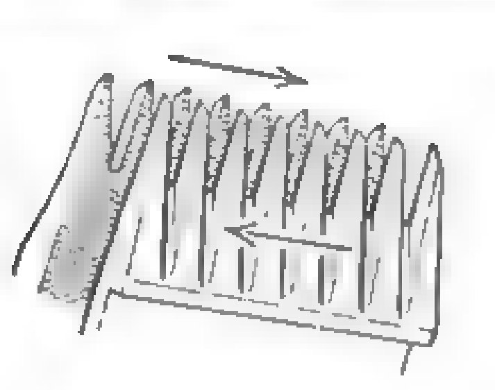

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For the Love of Brass

Continued from pages 41-167-169

eyes with his big rough hands.

"Alright Bud," he said. Bud went to the field. At twelve, he was back at the barn. Thorny took his noonday meal to him.

"Will be done by four this evening," Bud said. "Will have all the weeds out, Mr. Kirk. My little hoe has whipped the weeds. We got that field just a-shining. You won't have to snake your corn."

Bud returned to the field soon as he ate. No one saw him go. But when a wind rustled the corn, Bud stopped, looked and listened. When a wind shook a briar, Bud stopped and listened. He was afraid of the wind. His eyes watched everything. By four o'clock, Bud hoed around the bluff on the last row of corn. "I told you, little hoe. And you told old Bud what we'd do. Got the corn done, didn't we?" Bud put the big hoe across his shoulder and walked past the house toward the barn. He did not stop at the house. He took his hoe to his manger.

It was Saturday and Bud had been with Thorny all week. Thorny pulled out six one-dollar bills. "Here, Bud, is your pay for the past week. You have earned it. You have a home with me and work as long as you care to stay."

May came and passed. The corn was clean now. Bud lived in the barn. June came with growing rains falling on the fertile earth that made the corn shoot skyward. "That's the way I like to see corn grow," Bud said. "I like to see it shoot out'n the earth."

July came and Bud hoed the late potatoes. He rode the mowing machine and cut the hay. He hoed the melons. "I look after this farm for poor old Thorny. He's a good man but mighty slow." And July passed. August was here. The swallows gathered over the housetops.

"The brass rings are gone off my harness hames," Thorny said.

"The brass is gone off of my washboards," Lydia told Thorny. "It's funny that the brass around this place is gone."

Lydia went to the barn and tried to get Bud to come to the house. It was September and Bud had never been in the house. "Bud, come to the house and be our sib, you've not got anything in here but that old hoe and a fork to hang your clothes on, two quilts and hay to sleep on." Bud would not go. He rubbed Tom's nose all the time Lydia talked to him. Lydia left the barn. She said to Thorny, "Can't do a thing with him."

"Leave him alone," Thorny answered her. "Bud is satisfied in the barn with the horses. You can't make a house cat out'n Bud."

The corn began to ripen softly in the fields. "I'll get to help Mr. Kirk gather the crop now," Bud said to himself in his barn stall. "Good crop of everything. Fall time here. Old Bud likes the time when the leaves turn."

Thorny got the Claymore County Weekly from the postoffice. He put his glasses on and read the headlines. "BRASS STOLEN FROM ENGINE." He read where the thief was a small man. He was shot at. It was supposed that he was killed as he swam the river. The engine was one of the Old Line Special's engines. The paper stated that the little man ran like a fox to the river, the sheriff and a posse of men were after him. Said several took pot shots at him but he ducked in the tall horseweeds on the river bank until he threw a brass rain into the river."

"That wasn't Bud," Thorny said as he folded the paper. "That just couldn't be Bud."

There was a knock on Thorny's door. Thorny opened the door. A posse of men and officers were standing on his porch. A big officer with broad shoulders and a Winchester across his shoulders asked, "Is this man staying with you?" He showed Thorny Bud's picture. It read below the picture "Wanted for Robbery."

"Yes, he's with me," Thorny answered. "Bud is in my barn. He's the best worker I've ever had on this farm. He's like a son to me."

"This is Bud's fourth trip for stealing brass," the big officer with the Winchester said. "He's never done another thing but steal brass. He's bad after brass. You men surround the barn and don't shoot." They surrounded the barn. The sheriff and Thorny went into the barn. Bud was sitting on the manger rubbing Tom's nose.

"Don't take me, sheriff," Bud said. "I ain't done nothing. Old Bud just stole a little brass. I want to help Mr. Kirk get his crop gathered. I like it here. I don't like my old home. I like this one better. No fence nor walls."

"Got to take you, Bud. It is our duty."

Bud climbed down off the manger. He did not try to run.

"Sheriff you got me at last," he said.

Thorny turned his head. The tears ran down his sun-tanned cheeks in tiny streams. "No use of that, Mr. Kirk," Bud said. "I'll be back to help you with the work. Just ten years this time. Old Bud won't bother any more brass. If he does it'll be twenty-one years next time."

They took Bud away. He left the buff-colored corn. He left his stall beside the horses. "It was a good home, sheriff," Bud said. "Best home I've ever had. You've been mean to me, sheriff, you ought to let me a-stayed. That big brass rod is down there in the river. I can show you. I can get it for you."

Through the years of waiting Thorny often spoke of Bud. "Bud was the best worker that's ever been on this farm. If Bud could just have helped gather the big ears of corn he raised. I'm looking for old Bud back one of these days."

Bud did not come back. Eight

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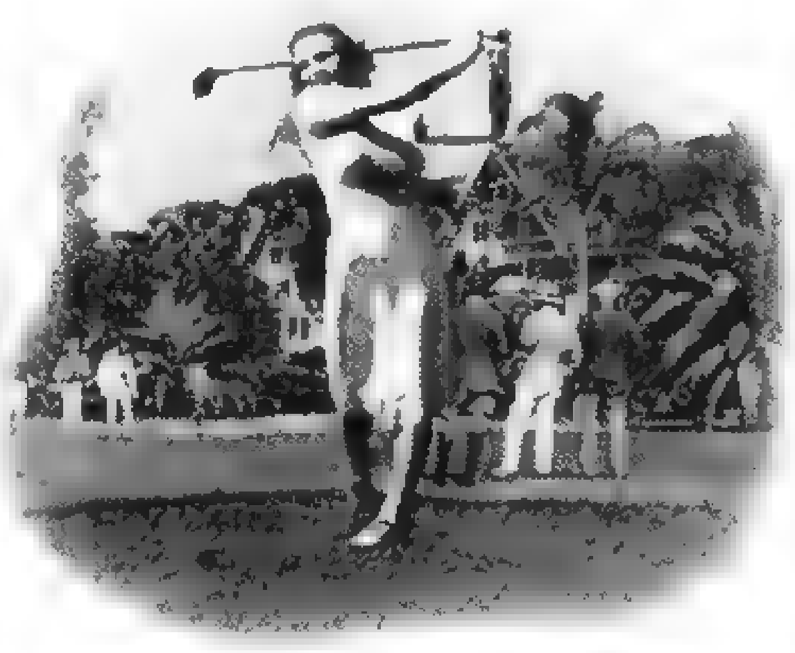

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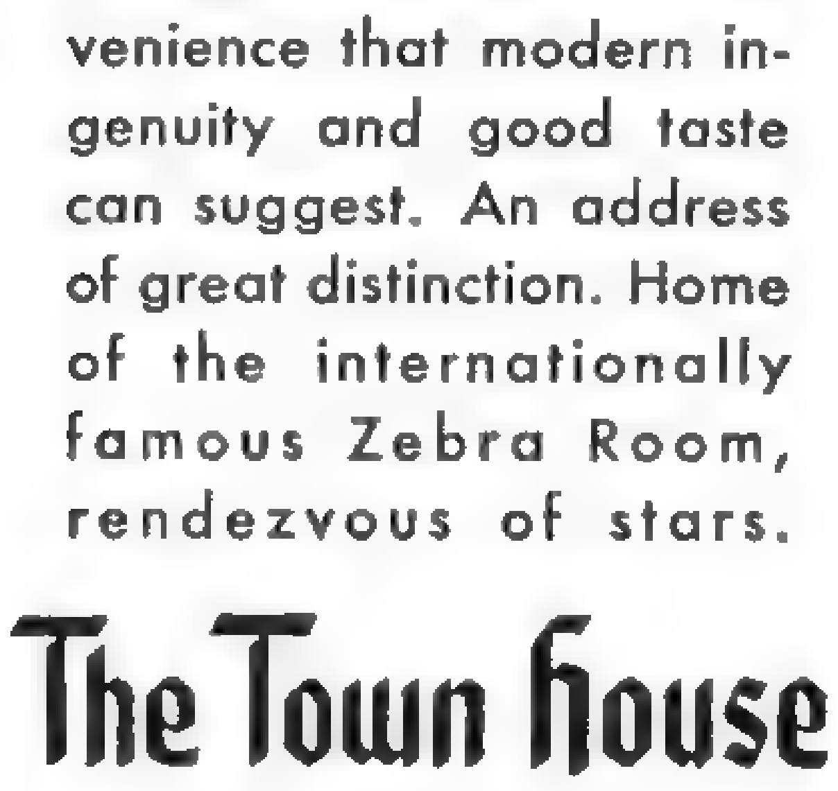

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years passed. Thorny got a package from the post-office one day. He opened the package. "Mr. Kirk, I'll not be back. Here are my clothes. I don't like my old home nigh as well as I liked my home with you. I won't need this home much longer. I am forty-two years old next month. I have spent twenty-one years of my forty-two here. It's all been for stealing brass. Take care of Tom and Kate and keep the farm going!"

The month of August came. Another message came from the state pen. "We were requested to inform you that Bud Logan is dead," it read. "He requested that we send you this message. He was buried here by the state. He died on August the sixth at two P.M." When Thorny read the letter, tears streamed from his eyes.

"Bud ought to have had a better life," Thorny wept. "Poor Bud, I loved him like a son. I can't help it if he did steal brass. I wish Bud was buried on this farm. No one can put even a bunch of corn blades on his grave." Thorny kept Bud's big hoe hanging in his manger in the barn. #

Why Kick Football?

Continued from page 65

seem to know—or to concede—that school authorities in all departments are more anxious than anyone else, except the players, to put varsity competition on a fairly competitive basis.

One of the powerful factors retarding any tendency toward undue commercialism of the players is, paradoxically, commercialism itself. The school that steps out of line in recruiting its players with cash deals has trouble getting on the schedules of varsities that generally have the largest gates, consequently the biggest payments to opposing teams.

Rarely, in the critiques of college football's commercialism, is there presented the picture of hundreds of thousands of youngsters eagerly welcoming the approach of autumn by taking the football out of its corner in the closet and going through the preliminaries they hope eventually will win them a varsity letter. Seldom do you read—or hear—of the bale of college athletic department mail received from youngsters who aspire to a perfectly honest and normal combination of football competition and higher education. Considering the appealing character of this correspondence, one of the impressive backstage revelations of college football management is its resistance to the commercial importunities of the boys. It's not easy for a varsity football coach to turn down the earnest appeal of a boy who needs more financial help than is legitimately permitted to varsity squad members and the general student body on a non-discriminatory basis.

One phase of the alleged commercialism of collegiate football that its commercial critics have overlooked is that of the coaches' character. I have the good fortune to be well acquainted with scores of major and minor college gridiron coaches and I cannot call to mind a successful one of them who isn't primarily and genuinely interested in those he calls his "kids." As a strictly commercial citation of the nature of that interest let me mention the steady increase in costs of medical and surgical supervision of the players. Coaches and trainers learned that the youngsters were lying to minimize their injuries. Although rules and the coaches' caution and experience have reduced varsity football injuries to an amazingly low extent, reduction to the absolute minimum is one of the gravest concerns of the athletic department. Hence, no chance is taken with the youngster who is suspected by vigilant coaches and trainers of attempting to conceal his injuries.

The varsity football squad member is certain to get promptly, and free, the most expert medical attention procurable. The protection of the youngster in competition has made a fine art and science of the manufacture of football protective equipment, and constantly engages the attention of the rules makers and their advisors. From intimate experience I am aware that the purchase of varsity athletic equipment rates as the first factor the protection of the youngsters.

Along this line let me mention one completely unconsidered contribution of varsity football to the safety and pleasure of the younger boys who are in the kindergarten stages of their football careers. The meticulous care given to the design of varsity protective equipment has established a standard influencing the lowest priced goods. None of the leading makers of football goods expect to make money on the shoulder, chest, hip and head protective devices that many a father buys his young son thinking that the equipment is more a make-believe item of the child's athletic apparel than a factor of substantial protection.

Late last spring I noticed on the cost sheets an increase in the cost of a very cheap shoulder pad in our juvenile lines. Investigation revealed that research had been made into the effect of perspiration on dyes, with the conclusion that more expensive material and dye was required to protect the sweating youngsters. Our men had followed a lead suggested by college football authorities.

This, of course, is only a minor, though possibly significant, indication of the extent to which collegiate football works for the benefit of all youngsters.

But, instead of this influence of the game being publicized we read such statements as that widely circulated one which maintained that it cost about ten times as

Continued on page 172

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Why Kick Football?

Continued from pages 65-171

much to put a youngster into a major college football game as it does to enter a horse in the Kentucky Derby.

As I recall, it was said that back of each boy in the varsity line-up was an expense of $50,000 at the larger schools having conspicuous football teams.

Major John L. Griffith, commissioner of the Big Ten, looked into that allegation. He determined from extensive investigation among major colleges, that the average cost of putting a player on the field was $356 for the season. This $356 included equipment, coaching salaries, overhead on the stadium and every other item that possibly could be charged up to the expenses of the game. A sidelight of that investigation shattered the popular misconception of fancy salaries for football coaching.

Another of Griffith's research jobs exploded the theory that collegiate football is susceptible to a synthetic build-up of interest and over-emphasis of the gate. The Major charted the combined football attendance at major college games over a considerable period. The attendance curve corresponded with the Dow-Jones chart of industrial stock prices.

Profit in college football has been pointed out as a sinister thing. As a matter of cold fact, it is the profit of college football that keeps the intramural athletics going at many large universities.

You'll see, sometime this winter, athletic financial statements of the Ivy league schools and other prominent eastern universities again showing that the football net income has virtually carried their constantly expanding intramural athletic programs. This income has been a bright spot in the financial picture of endowment schools, particularly.

This intramural athletic problem is especially serious now. Asa Bushnell, executive director of the Central Office for Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics, reminded 250 athletic directors and football officials at an N.C.A.A. Rules Committee meeting, of the mistake made when colleges abandoned athletic programs during 1917; a mistake they later realized penalized the kids and the country. He counseled extension of intercollegiate and intramural sports as an aid to the nation's selective military service program and a boost to national morale.

How sound his statement was became evident when reports on the physical condition of draftees revealed urgent need for more comprehensive athletic programs among boys and girls of collegiate age.

But how are these extensions going to be financed? The critics of collegiate football's commercialism haven't suggested any substitute for football as a revenue producing sport. In the Southeastern conference the advance estimates of 1940 gate income were well over a million dollars brought through the turnstiles by the five hundred young men who constitute the pigskin squads of the Southeastern loop's thirteen schools. The net of that income will assure active intramural athletic development among thousands of youngsters who are not qualified to engage in intercollegiate competition.

A close-up of football's support of other college athletics was made by Herbert Simons, a sports writer for the *Chicago Times.* He reported his research and conclusions in a series entitled *Touchdown Dollars.*

Mr. Simons found that there were 30,089 participants in Big Ten intramural athletics during a recent normal year, in addition to 8,500 competing in intercollegiate sports. The intramural programs ranged from twelve to twenty-five sports and engaged 43.4 per cent of the entire student body of the midwestern universities comprising the Big Ten.

His investigation confirmed, in comprehensive detail, that the public interest in intercollegiate football was responsible for financing virtually all athletic activity outside of football at the major schools. This included girl's athletics. Basketball in most cases does better than break even financially, but not to the extent that it can contribute substantially to operation of the broad sports program for the general student body. There is another, and unique, exception to the usual case of football income carrying the bulk of the sports load for the student body. At Wisconsin the boxing competition in a recent year, showed a profit of $7,991. Badger basketball turned in a $3,474 profit. Football produced a revenue of $97,005. Nine intercollegiate sports schedules were operated at a loss at Wisconsin, as were, of course, the intramural sports. Wisconsin's crew operation showed a loss of $2,278.

The football income was a vital item in paying the salaries of twenty-one full and part-time coaches, much of whose work was devoted to increasing participation in the school's intramural program.

Incidentally, the Simons investigation revealed a lack of basis for the football critics' charge that the welfare of the players is neglected because the stadium financial commitments must take precedence. In numerous schools such as the University of Illinois the stadium is free from indebtedness. The Illini stadium, built in 1924, seats 70,000 and cost $1,700,000. The money was contributed by alumni, students and other friends of the school. University stadium financing shows a far more successful and conservative financing picture than does general business during the past eighteen years.

Obviously, since the football revenue supports the intramural program, the requirements of stadium financing must have been (where such requirements exist) without the necessity of forced draft on the football squad. Other athletic plant expansion generally is financed, in greater part, from football earnings. The golf courses at Ohio State University and the University of Michigan; skating rinks, tennis courts, women's field buildings, swimming pools and squash courts at many universities throughout the country, owe their existence to the football income.

In the Big Ten the 1939 football revenue of $2,003,737.03 accounted for 82.5 per cent of the athletic revenue. At Ohio State, football accounted for 90.6 per cent of the athletic receipts and required only 25.3 per cent of the athletic budget. That school receives no athletic appropriation, so sports—intramural and intercollegiate—are financed without any curtailment of the scholastic budget. It is easy to realize that state universities wouldn't have much luck if dependent on state legislatures for athletic funds.

An idea of the financing requirements of a school's sports program is obtained from the University of Chicago figures. In the last year of the Maroon's Big Ten football competition, Chicago drew only $14,058.37. The school's athletic budget was $121,186. The deficit was $55,000, which the university met out of its general fund.

The University of Chicago in 1939 had a male enrollment of 3,652. Only about eight hundred of the students were eligible for intercollegiate football competition. Notwithstanding the University of Chicago's withdrawal from intercollegiate football competition there are fifteen sports remaining on the school's sports calendar and fifty per cent of the students participate in intercollegiate or intramural athletics. The per cent possibly is not up to that advocated by Plato as the physical fitness ideal of his theoretical Republic, but it does indicate—especially in comparison with other universities' intramural participation data—that the University of Chicago student body is not alarmingly sedentary.

Now for a brief and factual appraisal of the charge that collegiate football engages in a reprehensible and unremitting campaign of proselyting and violation of the amateur spirit by unreasonable payments to athletes.

The man in the street can see the reason for minor league baseball having salary limits, but does not realize that university football, for the same fundamental reason of preservation of competition, must observe rigid limitations to the financial help given athletes. Were such restrictions not observed the smaller schools long ago would have discarded intercollegiate football.

The Big Ten in 1922 engaged Major John Griffith as its commissioner, an office now fairly common amongst the various collegiate athletic groups. In addition to the statistical and other service functions performed by the commissioners' offices is that of maintaining constant and impartial surveillance over the collegiate athletes financing.

In the Big Ten athletes are allowed no financial help, either in the form of scholarship, campus jobs or school loans, that is not extended to students who are not members of any athletic squad. In some conferences the athlete is favored to the extent of board, room, tuition, and books. In others, a small cash payment is permitted, mainly in lieu of room and board. It is argued, and I am certain the argument is validly and conscientiously advanced, that the lack of student employment opportunities at the small schools justify the cash payment to student athletes.

No one who is aware of the nature of the human being would believe that the official restrictions absolutely prevail. However, it must be remembered that the situations are locally watched and administered by the scholastic, not the athletic, departments, and a completely formal and competent vigilance is maintained. But, it has been repeatedly discovered by quietly and thoroughly conducted investigations that infractions of the code are not favored by the coaches. A coach can have losing teams and keep his job, but that coach's reputation is damaged badly should it be determined that he not only has been guilty of paying players, but, in addition, making bad buys and losing games.

Curiously enough, the investigations have revealed that alumni most active in recruiting players for their alma mater and arranging for these players' income beyond the legitimate nature, are alumni who very seldom were prominent in athletics or in other varsity activities when in school.

It also must be borne in mind that many schools, especially the state universities, are not desirous of showing any profit out of athletic department operation. Hence the football net income is speedily applied to the sports program for students who are not members of the gridiron squad. It is not difficult to appreciate that a considerable net profit from athletic operations of a state university would find its way into political coffers promptly. Consequently, without the incentive for making a profit the necessity of "buying" players becomes minimized.

Again, the reasoning of the situation shows that the basic popular appeal of football as a game and as a spectacle accounts for its magnitude, instead of football's prominence being the result of any coldly plotted commercial operation. We are forced by cold logic to realize that no youngster could be made to play football if he didn't want to, any more than any spectator could be made to attend a game he didn't care to watch.

In checking the confirming facts we see such data as the Big Ten

Continued at top of page 174

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Why Kick Football?

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statistics showing that varsity and freshman squad members constitute 7.6 per cent of the schools' enrollment. The financial aid received by these athletes is 5.3 per cent of that received by the entire student body. Plainly there is a leeway for more financial help in scholarships, university loans, or jobs through the campus employment bureaus, for the football players should they feel in need of it. As many know from their personal observation and from newspaper stories, the football player, because of his reputation, finds it easier than the average student to get the better off-campus jobs in almost any college town. Legitimately and openly the football youngster is aided in financing his scholastic career.

The coach, as good a judge of youthful human nature as you'll ever see, wouldn't be especially anxious to have a squad member who felt that he had to be pampered as a payroll pet. Such a situation most certainly would not make for harmony on the team.

Fortunately for football, its tremendous popular appeal is more than adequate to finance the multitudinous details of entertaining the public as a sideline to permitting the boys to share in the entirely honest glorification of clean competition. The football budget must provide for coaches' salaries, game expense, (ticket selling, additional seats, gatemen, police, laundry, ushers), officials, playing equipment, printing and advertising, ground maintenance, medical assistance and supplies, team travel, scouting, medals and awards, equipment, repairs, rain and liability insurance, and miscellaneous items of a number too numerous to specify. Each penny is accounted for by an audit frequently consulted by those who seek the truth about the commercialism of college football. #

With Love, from Smiley

Continued from page 58

this was how it would be. In the solitary night watches, through the sweating toil of the suns, he had marked out the pattern of an inexorable Fate. The balance of the scales demanded that the torture years for Smiley should be Ben Diamond's years of joy, and his gloating had foreseen the scheme of them.

In misty visions he had watched Ben Diamond, his past discarded, climb to a fine new eminence of position and wealth and esteem. He had seen Ben Diamond's luck riding high and handsome, and the stacked chips at his elbow rising tall. And then, with four aces in his fist and the biggest jackpot to be won, up would pop the Joker.

Up Smiley! With a gunblast and one unerring bullet.

This was the inevitability that Smiley had never doubted. It was the certainty that had guided him since the prison doors gaped. He had made no attempt to seek Ben Diamond out, to follow his vanished trail. He had found a job of work and waited, nursing the hate that now filled his existence. When men talked, he listened, and eventually he heard.

A cattle buyer spoke to a cow-camp cook, and by sundown Smiley was on his way. That his journey should end on the eve of Christmas was no part of Smiley's plan. Fate had arranged it, even as it had been ordained that one should be housed and the other homeless, that one should shiver in the other's warmth, that the wealth of all Ben Diamond possessed be matched by Smiley's poverty.

Smiley shifted his head an inch to peer within the room.

It was a big room, neat and stolid, rich with the trophies of respectability. The rugs were thick on the floor and the furniture reflected the lamplight's sheen. The gold-framed pictures on the walls, the shawl-draped organ there, confirmed what the gabbling townsmen had told. Porter VanErb's Spur iron, one remarked, had more money behind it than any on this range. And this Ben Hyatt, another said, was a lucky man, more ways than one, to be hitching up with Porter's daughter.

Smiley's head drew back with a jerk, but no intentness of his listening could winnow words from the murmur of the voices. His quick glance had counted the number gathered there—five—and had glimpsed a blur of faces. He had noted a sprawl of legs in silver-studded boots, and the muscles in his arms were crawling.

But not yet! The anticipation of this instant had lived with him too long. The flavor was too cloyingly sweet to be gulped in a single swallow. His lips writhed in that fleeting grin, and he forced his eyes from the corner of the fancy boots to the opposite side of the room. His bleak stare surveyed the figure posed stiffly in a horsehair chair.

Cowhand dressed for company. Tow-haired, youngish, ill-at-ease. His fingers were laced in his lap and he wiggled a booted toe. His glance went swiftly around the room and he disengaged his fingers. He was about to rise, his mouth was moving—

Johnny Shetland sank back in the chair and firmed his lips in a tight line. He couldn't leave now, not before the presents were handed around and Mrs. VanErb had served them a bite. They'd know something was wrong, and he didn't want that. He didn't want questions and a lot of foofawraw.

And suddenly he knew that what he really wanted was to ride out from here, to take his foot in hand and ramble, to hit a lick for

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there or yonder—for anywhere, so long as it put the Spur and this shortgrass range behind.

Tomorrow—? No, but the next day, maybe. Or say the first of the month.

He listened to the rumble of Porter VanErb's talk, shrugging when the rancher glanced across at him. A good man to work for, Mr. VanErb. He liked to crowd things a mite too hard, to heat too many irons in the fire, but most ways he was a fine, square-shooting boss.

As bosses go. For a man content with wages. For a man with his head in a sack and no ambitions of his own.

When you were a half-grown kid, playing around the Willow Creek school, there wasn't any other world beyond the Wigwam Hills. There wasn't any brighter future than a riding job with the J-Cross or Spur, drawing a top-hand's pay. But now at twenty-seven, foreman of the biggest spread in the southern counties, with cash in the bank and a spot of land free and clear—well, what did you have when you came right down to figure?

Take a man like Ben Hyatt there, who'd traveled places and done a thousand things and seen enough of life to scrape the moss off his horns. A man like that was bound to amount to something. You'd never see him sitting around like he'd swallowed his tongue.

In company Ben Hyatt could jaw out the Bible with the preacher's wife, or dance an Irish jig, or join the youngsters playing Blind Man's Buff. He was a mixer, a go-getter. He had an eye for seeing what he wanted, and a nice, polite fashion for shoving things out of the way.

Like Janie—

They called it a whirlwind courtship. It happened in less than three weeks.

Johnny Shetland looked down at his hands and slowly unclasped the fingers. The outer rim of his vision saw the polish of Ben Hyatt's black boots and Janie's small, neat button-shoes huddled primly beneath the flounce of her skirt. And that was the way it would be, the boots and the shoes side by side. Ben Hyatt and Janie.

He wished they would pass the presents out. He thought of the boys in town and wondered how late they'd hold him here. It was custom for the foreman of the Spur to go to the main house on Christmas Eve and accept the little gifts Mrs. VanErb had wrapped for the bunkhouse hands. This was Johnny's third Christmas.

And his last.

This wasn't like those other times. Those years gone by, there'd been fun in the parlor here. There had been jokes and music and common talk and you were one of the family. Janie was always larking around, singing or laughing or plaguing a man, always up to something. But she'd been just a kid then—seventeen, eighteen—and now she was a woman.

With a ring on her finger, sitting beside her man.

And you knew then she'd been growing into a woman all along. You saw what a moon-flushed owl you'd been, what a cud-chewing cow. You knew now what had been in your heart all the while—yes, now when there was no use of knowing . . .

The wind had a faint mournful voice, whipping a frosty spume from the eaves of the house. The moon was lost in gray billows of cloud, and Smiley smelled a storm before morning to blot his getaway. He hunched his shoulders and moved his glance to the woman in the rocker, prolonging the taste of his triumph.

She was a fat and fusty hen of a woman, with glasses perched upon her nose and her chin sagged down towards her gray taffeta bosom. She rocked in a slow, patient rhythm, her fingertips soothing the seam of her dress. She would cackle, Smiley thought, or collapse in a swoon when his bullet blasted her window.

Fluttery little gray hen a-rocking.

The measured motion gave Ada VanErb a lassitude that bordered on sleep. She had the temptation to close her eyes completely and let herself be wafted into the soft dimness that her mind could almost see. The best and happiest of worlds was the glowing, boundless depth you found between sleep and waking.

She blinked and gave her head a tiny shake. She straightened her back and spread her feet to suspend the rocking.

The table lamp near the organ cast a yellow glow upon the tree and upon the pendent silken balls of decoration. It was for Janie's first Christmas she had fashioned them, and the cloth of the blue ones had been snipped from the hem of her faded honeymoon dress. All the gay colors were faded now, the red and greens, and even the memory of how they used to be.

And it was better so. There's mostly sadness in memory.

In a little while they'd be cutting and stitching Janie's own wedding clothes, and perhaps the years would move on faster when she was gone from them. It was such a little while ago, Janie, that I pounded my bed with the pain of you. You sat in my lap with a toy from your first Christmas tree, and that was only the other day.

She tried to think how the days would merge together, monotonous without Janie, and the months and the seasons speed, but she knew they would not. The house would be empty, with loneliness come to take her place. Twelve miles away would be her new home, an easy drive, but sometimes a single mile can stretch to infinity.

Janie, little Janie. Mrs. Ben Hyatt.

"I would like you to feel, Mother VanErb," he had said, "that rather than losing a daughter you are gaining a son."

That was what Porter always

Continued on page 176

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The bonfire's heat for poor McGee = The . . .

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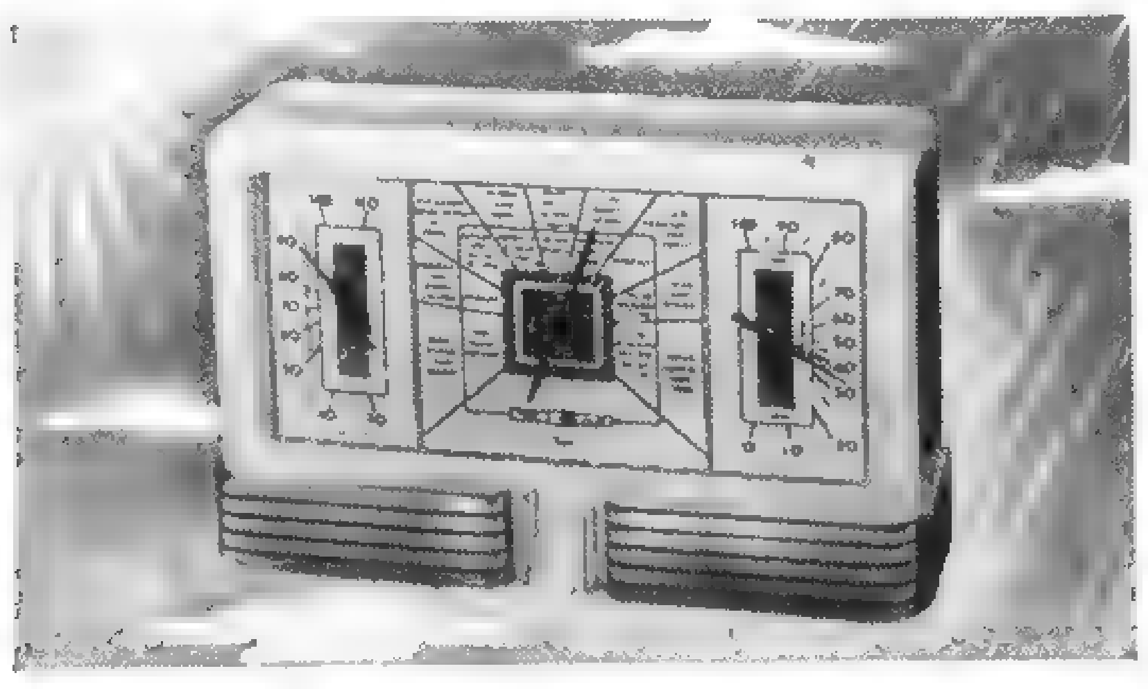

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Taylor INSTRUMENTS

With Love, from Smiley

Continued from pages 58-175

had wanted, a son. She remembered him in those barren years, with their first born dead, when her fear had been she would give him no child at all. And then, at thirty-five, the miracle of Janie.

She peered across at her husband, saw him thump a fist against his knee to emphasize some point of politics for Mr. Hyatt. In a moment he became aware of her look, and she tilted her head slightly. He arose and put fresh logs into the stove.

A good man, Porter VanErb. An honest, solid, upright man. A good father and a good husband. Steady as a rock, they had always said of him. When Ada Farrel first saw him, a black-haired snip of a thing, she hid a smile behind her hand at the sprout of his beard and his beaver hat. He was such a solemn, laughless man, with his folded arms like a judge and his frowning stare that disapproved the dancing, that you couldn't imagine—

"You need an older man to tame you down," her father had said, and perhaps there was truth in that. The ten-year gap of age had proved to be the least of the differences between them.

And so it might be with Janie and Mr. Hyatt—a sensible, down-to-earth marriage. He was a handsome man, and well respected, and the polite, easy ways he had might turn the head of any woman. She could have wished that Janie had waited a bit, until she knew him better and her heart was sure, but girls had their own minds these days, and Porter had no objection.

It would be for the best. It was bound to be. A man to make her own home for her, and clothe her body and earn her bread and father her children—what more could a woman ask than a good, strong, decent man to share her life?

Sometimes it might be that you wished he shared your heart as well. You would not hold to a stranger's hand then, when you walked that far world between sleep and waking. When the cold years came you would not sit alone to rock and dream—

She rocked.

But love is just an easier way of dreaming . . .

Beyond the window Smiley crouched, with keen bright eyes and his wiry body tense as a hunting panther's. To inhale the bite of the frozen black air and breathe it warm against the scarf, spreading a tingle across his cheeks, was a vividness of sensation. To be alive tonight, and at this window now, was a sheer delight that made his sinews shiver.

His scornful gaze dismissed the fat gray woman and traveled on to the bearded man. He saw a stocky, slope-shouldered body that age had not bloated. A bald forehead jutted to bushy brows and the prow of a righteous nose. Cowman. Well-fixed. He waggled his head when he talked, and while he listened he thumbed his iron-gray whiskers.

Porter VanErb stroked his hairy cheek, nodding. Hyatt was right, dead right, by God! In another few years, the way these nesters kept crowding in, there'd be no grazing range. There'd be no water seep in a hundred miles without some granger's wire around it. There'd be cabins and cropped lands in every winter valley.

He'd said the same himself, more times than one, but Hyatt had a way of putting it. He had a good sharp brain in his head as well as a tongue to tell the story.

Let the Cross and the K-Bar and those other outfits sit tight and twiddle their thumbs. If they couldn't see the writing on the wall it was their funeral. The Spur would fight for its rights and a chance to grow. Now was the time to hit 'em hard, to squeeze 'em out, to scatter 'em tumbleweeding before they got dug in and rooted.

Fight had put the Spur where it stood today. He'd fought the droughts and the blizzards, the epidemics and crooked politics and the rustling crews. For every foot of land he held he'd paid with honest work. For every head of stock he grazed, for every dollar in the bank, he had sweated and scrimped, endured and labored. He had poured too much of his life and strength into the Spur to see it hobbled and hampered now, and cramped for elbow-room.

Breathing space was the term Ben Hyatt used, and he hit the nail plumb center. With another good slice of winter range the Spur could accommodate twice as many head. He'd often said that his natural boundary ran clear west to the river, and from the start he'd planned to stretch that far some day. Provided he lived, of course, and that things worked out. You're never as young as you used to be.

If Janie had been a boy—

But no help for that. The name might die out, but the Spur could survive. There'd be grandsons to carry on the strain and be proud of the VanErb brand.

He glanced at his daughter and the tall man close beside her. They made a well-matched pair. He'd never thought she'd have the common sense to pick a man like Ben Hyatt.

Hyatt didn't know cattle like Johnny Shetland, of course. He'd never be what you'd call a real working range man. But just the same he had a long head on him. He had the get-up-and-go. When you talked nesters to Johnny Shetland he shrugged and said they'd peter out, given a little time. No foresight, no ambition, that was the trouble with Johnny. Ben Hyatt was more on the VanErb style. He'd wade right in and give 'em thunder.

Yes, he was the man for Janie all right. Sober, steady, well-liked all around. Janie's young, of course, and flighty, but marriage makes a

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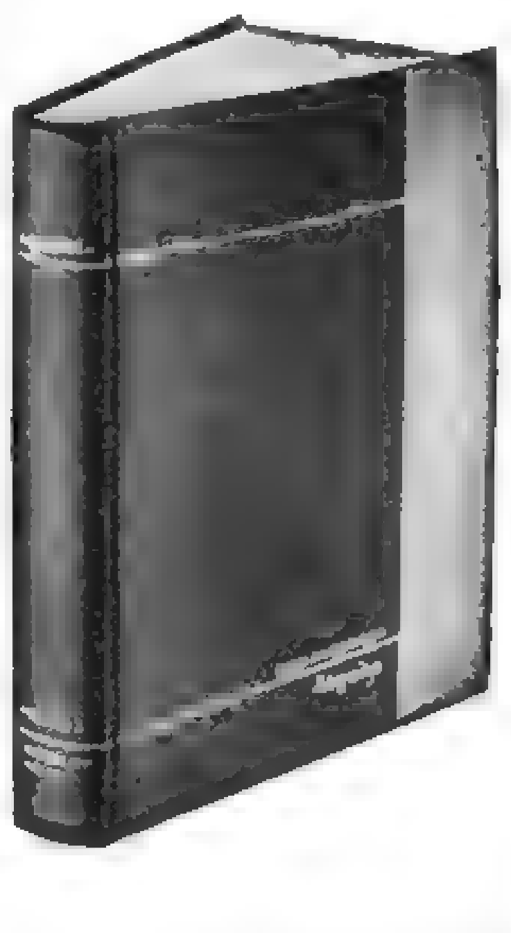

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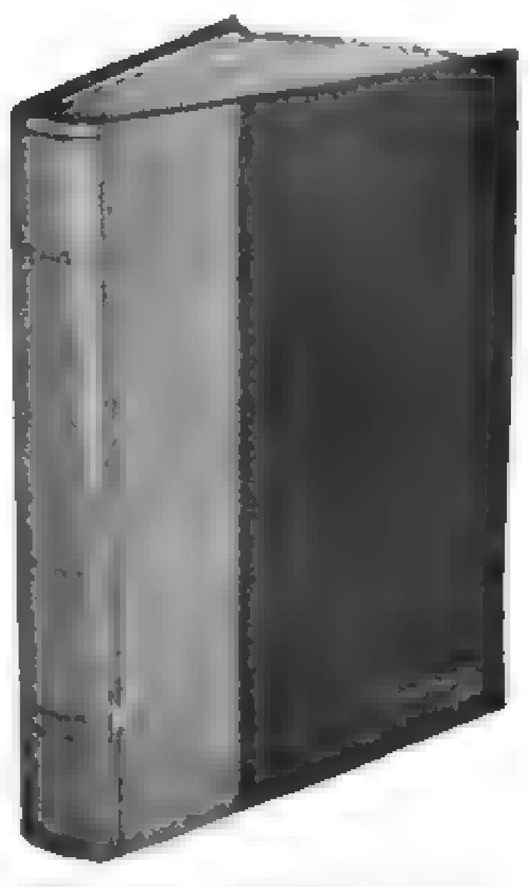

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woman bloom. There's no more difference between their ages, hardly, than there was with me and her mother.

He stretched thick arms, leaning back in his chair. Ben was hoorawing her now, prodding for some music on the organ. Ben knew how to handle her.

He yawned. Must be getting on towards ten. Half the hands would be drunk in town by now, and there'd be a pretty fix if that storm blew up before morning. Christmas was fine for the young ones and the womenfolks, but it was just another cold day in the cattle business . . .

The snow crystals crunched, a brittle whisper, with the slight shift of Smiley's stance. He had a keenness tonight, a tight-strung perception, that tuned him to infinitesimal sounds and sights and sensations. He could see the minute patterns that the frost etched on the glass, and hear the smaller voices in the wind's chill whimper. The sense of power, expanding within him, was a force almost too strong for one small body.

From this opposite side of the window, the lift of his eyes would give him sight of the man in the silver-studded boots, of the face that his hate had visioned down the years. The waiting had been long and grim, but here was payment for it to the last brown penny.

One bullet in the back, one gush of pain, and the slate sponged clean for Smiley. It was the pattern predetermined. Some men would have planned to show their faces an instant, to give Ben Diamond one gasp of realization as he died, but they were not the breed of twitch-lipped Luther Burdick, called Smiley. For him the murder of his enemy was a miser-hoard that must not be shared an iota.

His mittened hand touched delicately against the wall of the house, and the fingers thrust inside his coat were calmed by his heart's steady beating. The slow turn of his head saw a movement of color within the room, and a slender young girl crossed over to the organ.

Her pink party dress was flared and flounced, and she held herself proudly. Above her pert face the dark hair was massed. Her tall Spanish comb winked its brilliants.

The organ gave an angered groan and her first notes had no harmony. She glanced back quickly over a lifted shoulder, and the sonorous music began:

Si-ii-lent night—

He's lying, Janie thought. His guitar isn't broken and he knows I know it. He's just being stubborn and hateful, spoiling the whole party, sitting there with his long-nose sulks. Well, let him, let him, and see who cares! Some men will never be anything but big spoiled babies.

Nothing had worked out right tonight—nothing! It was more of a wake than Christmas Eve. Mom there half asleep in her chair, Dad and Mr. Hyatt just jawing and jawing—and you, Johnny Shetland, you might be a holed-up possum for all you seem to care.

You might at least look at me when you think I'm not watching, or say a little something to show you realize. Don't I matter anything at all? Will nothing open your eyes, you fool, and *make* you see?

But what's the use? Maybe he doesn't want to see. Maybe a man gets too used to you when you've trailed around after him since you were twelve. Maybe your puppy-love was all he wanted, and he'd find himself another girl when the time came for the other kind.

And you had your own pride. A grown woman can't act like a pig-tailed brat, chasing after a man. You can give just so much, and go just so far, and after that there's nothing unless you can see just a little sparkle.

Could you come right out and tell him? Could you show him the shoe box you hid in your room, with the broken shank of his spur in it and all his little presents laid away? What language did you have to know to tell him something you'd already said in a thousand different ways?

No use, no use. Even now he wouldn't see. When he watched you flirting at the social he'd only grinned. He never said a single word when another man started to call, and he was least surprised of all when Dad announced the engagement.

She flashed a backward look and saw that Mr. Hyatt was smiling at her. He was humming the tune with the music, smiling.

Mrs. Ben Hyatt . . .

It didn't seem real. You'd never meant . . . But just the same, there were other girls who envied her. There were ten of them who would jump at the chance. He knew how to treat a woman, bowing with his pretty speeches, offering his arm. The whole town had stood and gaped that Sunday morning she drove to church in Ben Hyatt's buggy. Everybody looked up to him. Dad said he was twice the man of any young fellow around.

Except, except . . . But maybe it was like that with all the men. Perhaps it was shyness that made you afraid when they held you so, and kissed so hard, and you saw that far, deep burning in their eyes. What did you know of kisses, hard or tender? How can you say what love may be when all you've known is puppy-love?

But it was so different, Johnny.

She bent her head and her fingers spread for the chord. She joined her voice to Ben Hyatt's soft baritone:

Sle-eep in heav-en-ly pe-eace—

And with that music humming in his ears, and the cold dark breathing hard against him, Smiley turned his ferret eyes to the fifth in the room, to the face above the silvered boots, to the final thrill that his cat-and-mouse whim had been delaying.

He breathed with a sigh, mouth jerking.

This time it was no nervous twitch. It was zest and glee and

Continued on page 178

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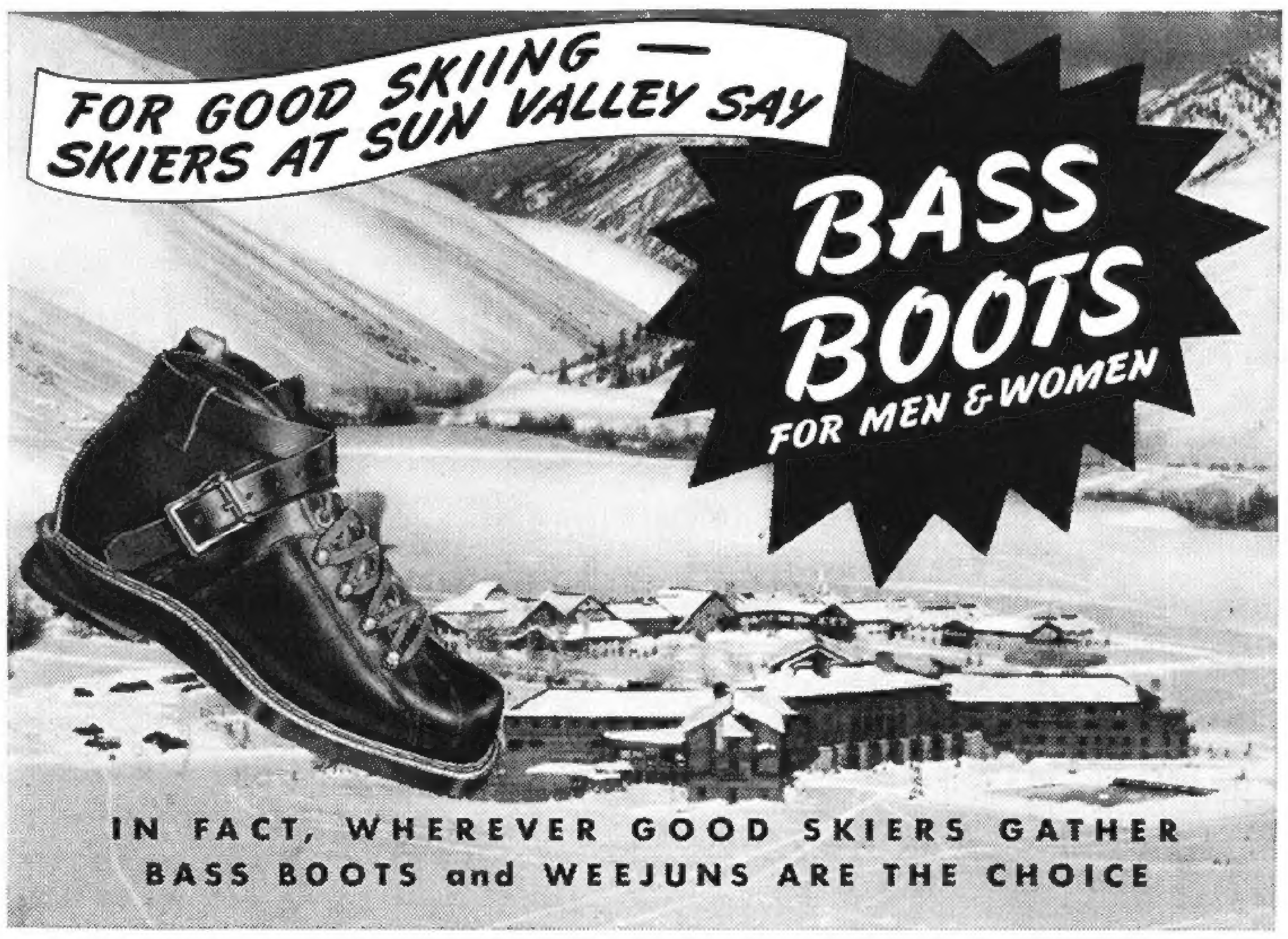

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With Love, from Smiley

Continued from pages 58-175-177

victory that distended the blue lips of Smiley. The fingers that gripped the butt of his gun convulsed, but that was the scope of his passion. He stared at the man he would murder tonight with a little more than vague curiosity.

The years had been kind to Ben Diamond. They had silvered his temples with the lightest brush, but his bold, strong features were youthfully unlined and no ounce of fat was added to his midriff. His big pale hands still had the muscle to strangle Smiley or break his back, and that thought was Smiley's pleasure.

He sat at his ease, his arms crossed on his silk-shirted chest, moving his head to the tempo of the new song the organ played. He was warm and jolly and satisfied, but he would never know the luxury that Smiley's fingers felt, withdrawing the revolver slow, inch by inch from beneath his jacket.

With his boots outstretched and his head perked back, Ben Hyatt hummed a tune. Ben Hyatt of Prevost County. Mr. Ben Hyatt, the rancher.

He thought of other Christmas times, of crowded saloons and riffling cards and caw-voiced harpies who wept rouged tears with their singing. He remembered the mornings after, and thanked his God.

Let other men reach for the moon. Here in this room was enough for him. Here were the solid possessions, the comfort and security and respectability of life. They were realities you could put your finger on. You could count them over and know it had been worth the struggle.

The hardest part was conquering yourself. When you'd settled your mind and charted the way, you had the old percentage working in your favor. Just remember to keep your head, that's all, and never crowd your luck.

This business here was proof enough of the way that things worked out.

Old VanErb was supposed to be a tough nut to crack, but he would be the easiest to handle. Let him take the bit in his teeth and run his head off. If he wanted a few grubby nesters smoked out, Ben Hyatt was his smokeroo. There'd be some shooting, and some would die, but that was a small price. When a man is building a fortune to drop in your lap it's horse-sense to humor him.

The mother—no, he could see now there'd be no trouble there. She'd follow wherever the old man pointed.

He glanced over idly at Johnny Shetland, dismissing him. If that young buck had the brains of a sheep-tick he'd have moved in long ago. It was plain to see the girl liked him. There had to be some reason why she jumped so fast at the first half-joking proposal of an older man.

But no matter. Ben Hyatt's ring was on her finger now, and Ben Hyatt was no greenhorn. He'd learned to protect himself in the clinches, and he had a few aces up his sleeve if ever the need should be.

For the happy wonder was that he loved the girl. All the cold remoteness of his mind could not gainsay the fact. From casual interest to mild amusement to thoughtful regard—no, he could not tell when or how it happened, but he watched the sway of her shoulders now, the soft sweep of hair above her slender neck, and knew she was all the women he had ever desired. Her slender body in his arms and her lips against his own were a tense remembrance he could taste in his throat.

And he would have her.

What were a few years? He'd show her that the years had merely added wisdom to his love. They had bred a strength and tenderness for her joy that no clumsy young cub could offer. She would learn the gentleness he had, the understanding, that would bridge her growth from girl to woman. He would teach her patiently the way to happiness.

He stood abruptly, moved by the depth of his thought. He crossed to the organ and stood there, his fingers lightly touching the pink puff of her shoulder. His back was towards the window.

Smiley smiled. The steel of his oiled and burnished revolver was a dull gleam lifting. His feet were spread for steadiness, and he placed the long barrel carefully, resting it on the rigid crook of his left arm. He found his target and sighted it well. He would not miss.

In that instant his hate and his misery were a swelling ache inside him. His malevolence damned not Ben Diamond alone but all of them in the room.

The fusty old woman was all the housewives, the prim old hens of the townships who stared distaste at such as Smiley, begrudging him use of their streets. The glum young puncher was the youth that Smiley never had, and the bearded rancher had the grim face of the juries that calmly sentenced a man to lingering hell. The girl was decency and affection and a hundred things young Smiley never dared to dream.

To blast them from their smugness now, on this night of nights, to shatter their warm security, to stampede all their peace and their humdrum plans, was an ecstasy that possessed him. To topple his murder-avalanche into their placid pool was Smiley's scorn and defiance of them, his flouting of a world that had born him for hate.

He narrowed his eye and cocked his head and all his slight body was frozen in his concentration.

"Merry Christmas," he breathed "With love, from Smiley!"

And his eager crooked finger squeezed luxuriously upon the yielding trigger. ⧺

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FORREST LEWIS (above) is an independent tobacco expert. Like most other independent auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, he smokes Luckies.

These men see with their own eyes that Luckies buy the finer tobaccos.

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

Luckies – the smoke tobacco experts smoke